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*The Pilgrim of
Our Lady of Martyrs*



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THE PILGRIM
OF
OUR LADY OF MARTYRS
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

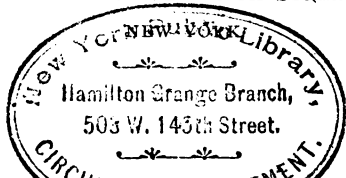
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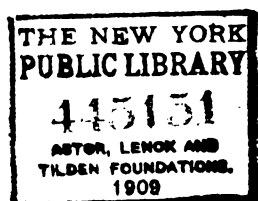
The Interests of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs,
Auriesville, to the Cause of the Martyrs who
died there, to the American and other
Missions, past and present.

TWENTIETH YEAR. VOLUME XX.

1904

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OF

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THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XX YEAR.

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 1.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Beginning with this issue as announced in the December number, 1903, **THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS** will be edited quarterly, January, April, July and October.

This change in the number of issues yearly involves no change in the character of the magazine nor decrease in the number of pages throughout the year. On the contrary, with more time between the issues, we hope to improve the contents and to sustain the interest of our readers.

THE PILGRIM will still be published to promote the beatification of Father Jogues and his companions, Goupil and LaLande, of Kateri Tekagwitha, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Daniel and Garnier. It will also contain the annals of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, and accounts of the pilgrimages there; passages from the history of the Early Missions in New York and Canada, and records of missionary work in our own day, short poems, stories and, for the first time, illustrations.

The advantages of this change our readers will easily perceive, but they will not appreciate them thoroughly until they shall have read this first number for January with improvements they will all heartily commend.

A RELIC OF THE HOLY CROSS.

To the great kindness of the Rev. P. J. Chandlery, Secretary to the English Assistant of the General of the Society of Jesus, we owe it that the Shrine now possesses its own relic of the True Cross, which was received from Rome as a most precious gift Christmas Eve, 1903. As our friends are aware devotion to

the Cross is specially cultivated at Auriesville in memory of Father Jogues, who considered himself a citizen of the Cross because he was born under the shadow of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross at Orleans, France. When he could make no other profession of faith or satisfy his devotion in no other way he was accustomed to plant crosses in the woods about Auriesville in order to have his oratory everywhere. Father Chandlery is truly our benefactor and we owe him our fervent prayers.

A LECTURE ON THE SHRINE.

In concluding a lecture on Father Isaac Jogues, at Johnstown, New York, where he is now pastor, the Rev. John W. Dolan, for a long time pastor of St. Cecilia's, Fonda, in which parish the Shrine is situated, spoke as follows: "No Catholic will ask why we should be so anxious about the beatification of these great servants of God. It is for us a family as well as a national affair. To the men and women who made the beginnings of our history Catholic we owe unceasing gratitude; to cherish their memory is the best part of our heritage; to the most distinguished of them who make our entrance and first foundations in America a splendid record of heroism and saintliness we owe a devout remembrance that can never rest satisfied until it shall be permitted to manifest itself in public veneration. Divine Providence blessed our soil with the miracles of grace that made a Jogues, a Tegakwita, a Brebeuf. It has worked the miracle of compelling even biased non-Catholic minds to proclaim their esteem for these heroes in terms so reverent as to sound almost like those of religious worship; the same Divine Providence can and will, in answer to our prayers, attest what it has done in sanctifying their souls, by miraculous proofs of the glory to which their sanctity entitled them.

"You will pardon, I feel certain, my seeming trespass on your patience, whilst a word commendatory of that noble order of priests, of whom Jogues was so particularly bright a star, is spoken.

"Pioneers in thought, in self-sacrifice, in exploration, in civilization—how great a debt we owe to the Sons of Ignatius Loyola. Fearless, bold, intrepid, with their souls aflame in love for their fellow-man. No obstacle daunted them, no danger checked them, no death repulsed them. We of America, of creed or no creed, of Catholic or non-Catholic persuasion, but

as honest men, seeing the truth, must acknowledge it and say 'God bless them.' They entered a world, unknown to civilized man—where all things, the climate, the people and the face of the country, conspired against them.

"They were armed, as their brethren throughout the world, with a breviary and a crucifix and the apparel necessary for the mysteries of religion; with deep faith, consuming charity, unbounded zeal and indomitable courage. The salvation of souls was their only aim, and therefore they stopped not to gather the glittering pebbles beneath their feet, nor to seize a share of the vast commerce which grew up around them. Along the course of mighty rivers they pursued their mission; into the dark and dense forests they fearlessly penetrated, on the shores of the beautiful lakes and inland seas, unknown save to the red man, they reared the cross; and wherever the Indian found game to hunt or fish to catch, thither the missionary also went.

"Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, not a lake discovered, not a forest penetrated, but a Jesuit led the way. They laid the foundation for every town celebrated in the annals of French America; they traversed Maine; they explored the northern and western parts of New Hampshire, Vermont and New York and named many of their rivers and lakes; they went through Michigan; they planted the cross on the shores of Lake Superior; they penetrated into the wilds of Wisconsin and caused the hymn of Catholic praise to rise from the prairies of Illinois; they descended the Mississippi and preached the word of God to the tribes as far south as Arkansas. What could avail to deter them from dying, if need be, to prove their love for the fellow-man? 'Neither height, nor depth, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,' could make them shrink from duty's call.

"They preached the true doctrines of Jesus Christ, 'that if we would be his disciples we must take up our cross and follow him.' That doctrine so hard, so foolish to the world. They preached the same doctrine that St. Paul did to the Corinthians of old, the aristocrats of thought, the votaries of taste, the favored, earthly companion of the deities of Olympus; for it was to that wealthy, that highly cultured and intellectual people that a poor despised and outcast Jew, as the poor despised and outcast Jogues in later life came to America, the doctrine is of

another poor, despised and outcast, Jesus of Nazareth. The doctrines of the three are identical.

“The world of to-day denies and divides and rejects them, as unworthy of serious minds.

“But why did the intellectual pagan world accept them? Why did Dionysius, the chief of the philosophers, say that they were true? Why did kings and princes bow their crowned and glittering heads in humble acceptance of the fact? Why did jewelled ladies of the court, clad in the purple hues from India, and breathing the sweet perfume of Arabia, why did they, at once, renounce it all and accept a religion that made of earth a thorny path, a mortified and humble preparation for the life to come? Why did tender womanhood—maidens in the youthful flush of girlhood like Cecilia whom music has wreathed with melody, and Agatha and Agnes whom painting still hands down immortal in the breathing tints of life, why, why did they go forth from palaces and homes of wealth which modern taste but faintly imitates, why, why did they go down those marble steps breathing only prayers as last farewells to tearful friends and relatives, and walk boldly and joyfully to the axe of the executioner or the fagots at the stake, and the wild beasts howling in their dens—why when from the wild roaring sea of the assembled populace, in tens of thousands crowded in the amphitheatre the loud shouts of hatred and of cries for blood went up, as savage echo to the beasts that clawed and crouched waiting for their prey? Why did the sweet-faced Perpetua who, but yesternight, became a mother in her prison cell, go forth with her new born nurseling on her breast, baptized only with her tears of love, hand it to an attendant that stood at the gates of the arena and then with face so calm that Raphael's inspirations are but darkling shadows and with eyes that saints and angels open on the beauty of their God, walk down to awful death before the jeering throng?—and this in testimony of that faith which men will dare deny—and when the leopards sprang upon her prostrate form and their savage fangs did clutch and crunch the little hands and tear the soft pink flesh, while bone on bone was heard to break and crackle down in the grey dust, beneath the wild beasts' grasp, the cold, pale moon revealed in silvery light the calm white bosom of the Christian martyr, there came at once a lull of awful stillness, and then were heard from afar the gentle breathings of the Christians' prayer—‘May He who

died forgiving all they did, look down forgivingly on all this wrong.'

"The good Father Jogues, priest, patron, martyr, was wont to find surcease from sorrow in that grand old Latin hymn which turned into English runs, 'Thou art, O God, the life and light.'

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty, in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

" 'O fear not,' speaks our own Longfellow,

" 'O fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.'

" 'This living martyr, half-clad in shaggy furs, kneeling on the snow, among the iced rocks, is alike a theme for the pen and a subject for the pencil,' quoth Parkman.

"Christian heroism, gentleness and nobility were predominating elements in the beautiful character of Father Jogues. His modest, thoughtful and refined nature shone through the delicate moulds of his finely chiselled countenance. Though slight of frame his activity was so great that few or none of the Indians could surpass him in running. His power of endurance was remarkable. He was also a man of surpassingly fine literary tastes and an accomplished scholar. In the historical firmament of our Empire State his name shines like a beautiful star.

" 'The hero of a faith sublime
He lived on earth—but not for time.' "

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

J. H. W., Chelsea, Mich.....	\$ 1.00
A Friend, Rev. Father Thompkins, S J.....	10.00
K. D., Providence, R. I.....	50
A. I. H., Hinsdale, Mass.....	1.00
E. F., Providence, R. I.....	1.00
M. L., Boston, Mass.....	5.00
J. O. B., Chester, Pa.....	50
M. J. Mc, Soldier, Cal.....	1.00

FATHER DRUILLETES' VISIT TO BOSTON.

BY THE REV. CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTAIX, S. J.

WHEN Father Jogues was at Auriesville he wrote to the Governor of Quebec : "The Iroquois intend to capture all the Hurons, to put many of them to death along with their chiefs and to absorb the rest into their own tribe."

Part of this plan was already carried out. The Hurons were scattered ; many had been tomahawked, and others had surrendered to the victors. Then the Iroquois turned their attention to the Algonquins and the French settlers. Against the latter, religion had a great deal to do with their hatred, and the refugee Indians at Three Rivers used to call the Iroquois : "enemies of the prayer."

At the head of the Iroquois was a half-breed Indian, the son of a Dutchman and a squaw ; a man of fine physique, cunning, and brave. His men were everywhere, in the woods, and hills, and valleys along the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, sniping the laborers in the field as well as the hunters and fishermen ; in a word anyone, Indian or French, who was outside of the stockade. It was a veritable man-hunt. Quite near Three Rivers they attacked a party of sixty and killed several. The post itself was so closed in by them that the inhabitants thought they were saved only by a miracle. They prowled around Quebec and the Isle of Orleans, but Montreal, which was further off, was particularly beset and it is a wonder the inhabitants were not all massacred.

In this alarming condition of affairs, Maisonneuve, the Governor of Montreal, set out for France to procure recruits and to revive the confidence and patriotism of the associates of Our Lady of Montreal, while the Governor of Quebec who could not hope for any government help from France on account of the war of the Fronde addressed himself to the neighboring English colonies and asked for an alliance against the Indians.

There were about 40,000 English in the colonies of Boston, Plymouth, Connecticut and New Haven, united in the Confederation of the United Colonies of New England. Forty villages depended on Boston. Plymouth had twenty, and New Haven, ten. New Haven was the least important.

The Assembly, called the Commissioners Court, which met at Boston decided all questions of peace, war and treaties, and each colony was represented in it by two deputies. No determination was arrived at unless at least three colonies assented. Home matters were regulated by particular councils made up of the Governor and select men, and all had a General Agent in London who was to look out for their interests.

In 1647, the Commissioners Court had shown a desire to enter into commercial relations with the French. For some reason or other these advances resulted in nothing. Two years later, another attempt was made, and a perpetual treaty was proposed between the two colonies which was to be independent of ruptures between their respective mother-countries. The Council of Quebec determined to accept the treaty, but on the condition that the colonies would make war on the Iroquois, and they commissioned Father Druilletes to go to Massachusetts to sound the disposition of the authorities on the matter.

Father Druilletes had just passed three or four winters in the smoky wigwams of the Indians three or four hundred miles away from any French habitation. No missionary had worked with greater success among the savages. His words were as persuasive as his works of charity and devotion. The Indians among whom he lived, spoke of the wonders he wrought; and this esteem as well as his eminent virtue fitted him for the work of the embassy. The French shared with the savages in this opinion of the priest. He spoke Indian as well as the Indians themselves and knew the country where the Government was sending him.

Provided with a passport from the Governor of Quebec, he set out on the first of September, 1650, along with Noël Négamnat, the chief of the Christian Algonquins of Sillery, and Jean Guerin, a man known for his devotion to the missionaries.

They went up the Chaudière, down the Kennebec and arrived at Nanantsouk, the Norredgwock of to-day, which was the first village of the Abenakis, and from there proceeded to Kousinouc, then to Boston and finally to Plymouth.

It was December by the time they reached their destination ; but cold and snow and ice did not stop them. Before the end of the month they had finished their business and after passing the winter among the Abenakis, reached Quebec the June following.

Major General Gibbons, Dudley, the Governor of Boston and Bradford, the Governor of Plymouth, had received them very courteously. All three as well as Winthrop, the Governor of Connecticut, were in favor of the commercial treaty and of an offensive and defensive alliance. They did not know the disposition of the New Haven Colony, though they had every reason to suppose that it was not adverse ; but could not pronounce definitively, as it all depended on the Commissioners Court which was not in session but was soon to convene.

The Council of Quebec requested Father Druilletes to return along with Godefroy, a member of the Council, and explain to the Boston Assembly the advantages of both treaties. On their arrival they found the mind of the Englishmen completely changed. All accepted the commercial treaty ; but all opposed the offensive and defensive league. The Governor of Plymouth was afraid of drawing the wrath of the Iroquois on his colony and had influenced the others. The French Commissioners had nothing to do but return home.

In this second visit, Father Druilletes met the Minister Eliot at Roxbury. Eliot was styled the "Apostle of the Indians." He received the priest in his own house, treated him with respect and affection, and begged him to stay all winter.

The failure of the delegates who were sent to Boston to negotiate a treaty with the English corresponded with a series of events which almost threatened the existence of French domination in Canada, and suggested at least to some the abandonment of the entire colony.

The old Governor, M. d'Ailleboust, was replaced by M. Lauson, who arrived in Quebec October 13, 1651.

Lauson was undoubtedly a good Christian, upright and well intentioned. Charlevoix, in his "History of New France," and the missionaries in their private correspondence accredit him with all that, but there they stop. He had no experience ; he lacked decision of character, had poor counsellors and no backing in his administration ; he was too old ; was financially embarrassed, and was preoccupied with establishing his numerous family ; he found the colony in a deplorable state, and was unequal to the emergency, which demanded a masterly hand ; he could not rely on either the Hurons or Algonquins, and feared for his life at the sight of an Iroquois. The English, on the other hand, were banking on the defeats of the French, and wanted nothing better than to see them quit the country. Mazarin was too much engrossed with the troubles of the Fronde and his European wars and was unable to send help to the colonies, though he was apparently anxious to come to their rescue ; finally the colonists, though brave and resolute, were unequal in numbers to the enemy, and were strung out along the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Tadoussac.

On his arrival Lauson set himself to reform the Department of Justice, and instituted several new official posts to effect his purpose. But that same year the affairs of the colony drew to a crisis. The Governor of Three Rivers and fifteen of his soldiers were killed in an attack on the Iroquois ; many notable men were taken prisoners ; Father Buteux received two bullets in the breast, and his body was flung into the St. Maurice ; Father Poncet and another Frenchman were trapped near Quebec and carried off into captivity ; the little garrison of Montreal were attacked night and day, though they succeeded in holding their position ; the harvests were destroyed ; many of the scattered settlements were set on fire, and trade brought to a standstill. Father Mercier writes that Montreal had not bought a beaver for a year ; five hundred Agniers were besieging Three Rivers, and would have captured it had it not been for the heroic resistance of the new Commandant Bouchef and the skilful manœuvre of Bellepoire. It was on this occasion that Marie de l'Incarnation wrote to the Ursulines of Tours : "The enemy have so ravaged the country that it looks

as if we should have to return to France. But we hope that M. de Maisonneuve, the Governor of Montreal, will bring us help from France, whither he has gone for that purpose."

A few weeks later, de Maisonneuve landed at Quebec with a band of one hundred soldiers whom the Montreal Company had bound themselves to support for five years. On the same vessel were Father Jerome Lallemand and Margaret Bourgeois who was destined to found the Congregation of Our Lady at Montreal.

The new reinforcement however gave no aid to Quebec or Three Rivers. The soldiers were destined for Montreal and the abandonment of Canada which Marie de l'Incarnation feared would undoubtedly have taken place were it not that a momentary truce just then supervened, in answer no doubt to the multiplied prayers of the afflicted colonists. Peace was asked for by the Agniers at the very moment when they seemed irresistible. The Onondagas united with them and came to Quebec to request the Governor to bury the hatchet.

Nobody was deceived by the offer; for the Indians often petitioned for peace without laying down their arms. Every body knew that the most trifling circumstances might stop the negotiations, and even after the treaty was made it was sufficient for some marplot or medicine-man, or discontented chief to tear it to pieces in an instant. Even the dream of some crazy Indian could dig up the hatchet. Nevertheless the gravity of the situation made the colonists most ready to come to terms. Peace was accepted on condition that Father Poncet was liberated. He had already been tortured; had one of his fingers cut off, and all his nails torn out; he had been forced to run the gauntlet and was now living in an Indian hut owned by an old Iroquois squaw.

The Agniers brought him to Quebec where the Onondagas awaited them to sign the treaty. It was in the month of November, 1653, and on the assurance of the Iroquois to let the grass grow on the warpath. Lauson accepted their offer and promised the Onondagas to send Father Le Moyne to visit their settlements, and also to set free the prisoners taken in war.

Father Le Moyne was born in Beauvais, October 22, 1604,

and entered the Society of Jesus at Rouen when he was eighteen years old. Immediately on his arrival in Canada in 1638 he was attached to the Huron Mission and was conspicuous for his activity and zeal first among the Arendahronons and then at St. Joseph's among the Attiguenonghecs.

RAMON.

IT was in Texas, fifty years ago, that he came to us, the little Ramon, my foster-brother. No, not here, señor, not on the plains; but up in the hill country, north of San Antonio: the beautiful hills, through which ran the silvery Guadalupe. Ah! you should have seen that stream—its clear, shallow waters dashed over a stony bed, while along its banks hung long, trailing vines and branches of trees—in some places tall pecans and magnificent cypresses, standing like solemn sentinels, and casting dark, cool shadows across the dancing waters below. Northward the low lying river bank was changed to steep, rocky cliffs, along the summit of which ran rough mountain trails, some of them impassable except to us native Mexicans and our sure-footed burros.

It was one morning when the hot Texas sun beat down on the bare brown earth, lending a soft haze to the distant hills, that word came to my mother that the Señora Fernandez was very ill; and had sent for her to come to the rancho, some five miles from where our cabin stood on the banks of the river, just below the Zoeller hacienda. I was a boy then, about ten years old, and my baby sister, Dolores, had just died. I missed the little *hermana* very much in those days.

It was a week before my mother returned, and then she said that the kind señora was dead and had left a little son, and that she must return to the rancho and take care of it. She bade me be a good child and mind the grandmother, which I readily promised and remembered only indifferently well.

After that the *madre* was gone for several months, and as she could not come to us, I used to walk the five miles to the rancho twice a week to see her; and that was how I came to

know and love my little foster-brother, Ramon. He grew into a beautiful child, sturdy and strong; but very backward in talking, he was. When he was three years old and full of fun and mischief, he would only utter inarticulate little cries. Then the señor, his father, became anxious, and one day, with his Irish nurse, he took little Ramon to a distant city to see a great physician. They were gone a month, and when they came back the baby greeted me with smiles and outstretched arms; for indeed he loved me, señor; but Don Fernandez looked so sad; and soon I learned the reason; for my mother told me that the great doctor had said our little Ramon was deaf and dumb.

Oh! I used to pray to the compassionate Christ and the blessed Saints to cure him. When I lay on my back under the blue sky, with Ramon tumbling over me, sometimes I would hear a mocking-bird sing in the trees nearby, and it seemed too hard that my foster-brother could not hear it, too.

"The child is happy," my mother said; "don't fret about him, Santos; the blessed Saints will find some gift for him in place of what has been taken away."

They tell me there are wonderful ways of teaching the deaf now, señor, that those who are born deaf and dumb can be taught to speak; but it was not so when Ramon was a boy, and hence I heard his father tell Padre Francesco that his education was going to be a "problem."

It was when my foster-brother was seven years old and I was seventeen—a big fellow I was—that there came to our hill country the Señorita Carlotta Malo. She had been born and brought up in Mexico, educated at a convent, and then the death of both parents left her alone and penniless; so she came to our country to teach in the school under Padre Francesco and the good Sisters. Yes, the school was up on the hill, not one building, but several, and in the smallest of them—a low, white, wooden structure, shaped like a church—the señora taught the little ones—bare-legged Mexican boys and girls, some Indian half-breeds and a few native Americans of Irish and German descent. It was no easy task, but the Señorita Carlotta loved them all, and that, perhaps, was the

secret of her influence. I see her now, the dark eyed señorita, with her low forehead, on which her magnificent black hair grew wavy and thick, with her sweet smile, and her voice that had a tender sound when she addressed her little ones, like the tones of the Blessed Mother, perhaps.

It was the Padre who suggested to the Señor Fernandez that perhaps the Señorita Carlotta could teach our little Ramon ; and indeed it was wonderful how well she succeeded. In the morning she taught her class of children, and then after the noon dinner I used to put Ramon on his donkey, and together we would climb up the hill to the door of the little school house where the señorita would be waiting to receive us, and where Ramon was always happy to come ; for indeed they loved each other passionately, those two, and were never so contented as over their lessons through the long golden afternoons.

How did the señorita teach, you ask ? By some divine or miraculous gift, I think, señor. She began by placing some object before Ramon, a cat, a dog, a leaf from a tree, then she would spell it in writing and make Ramon go over and over the spelling. I heard her tell the Padre it was object teaching first and the alphabet afterwards. He was wonderfully quick to learn, our little Ramon, and so eager about everything. He began to bring me things ; an old horseshoe found in the road, a bit of stone from the quarry and every day a new flower, making signs to me that I must write them down for him, which I found a laborious work ; for although I had been to the Padre's school, I liked not a pen, señor !

It was when Ramon was eight years old that the fine hotel for guests from the north was built, and shortly after a rich Protestant Señor, whose wife had died in San Antonio, built a Protestant Church in her memory and put it in charge of a friend of his, the Reverend Luke Mueller.

A gentle, kindly old soul was this Protestant Padre, though not like our beloved Padre Francesco. He had had a wife for one thing, and strange to say she had been a Spanish lady, though not a Catholic, the Padre said. My master, the Herr Zoeller went often to the Protestant Church, and so did

the guests from the north, who frequented the hotel in winter. Besides this there was a sprinkling of the German farmers and their families. It was a prosperous church, as the northern señor who built it had also given it an endowment. Next to the church was a native Mexican adobe house, and this the Señor Americano had bought, and fitted up as a residence for the German pastor, and here he lived with his son and only child, Edgardo.

I liked not that young man, señor. He was twenty-two years old when he came to our hill country. His mother had given him a Spanish name ; but it covered not a sound, loyal Spanish heart, nor was the young man like his good old white haired Padre. He was a handsome fellow enough, but with crafty eyes, and cruel looking hands that had a way of tightening over anything he touched, that spoke of a relentless and determined nature.

He speedily became very popular at the hotel, and in fact with every one except the Señorita Carlotta. I rejoiced to see that she, at least, seemed to share my dislike for him.

It was not long, however, before I began to see that the Señor Edgardo had lost his heart to the handsome señorita. He followed her everywhere, and was not rebuffed by the coldness with which she received his attentions—then I began to find out that some one else loved the Señorita Carlotta, none other than the Señor Fernandez, little Ramon's padre. His had been a lonely life since his wife died, with no one at the rancho but the Mexican hands and the little son who was too young to be a real companion, though the señor loved him devotedly. Small wonder, then, that his heart went out to the Señorita Carlotta. Did she love him in return, I thought? He was a young man still, not more than thirty-five, and handsome. Better than that he was a noble Spanish gentleman, keeping up all the traditions of his race for courtesy and hospitality, on his American rancho. Well, time must show, I thought, and meanwhile I would watch. I knew the Señor Edgardo was wild with jealousy when he saw the good padre of Ramon so often with the señorita.

One afternoon the Herr Zoeller, for whom I worked, sent

me up the mountain with butter for the hotel. I had packed it on one of the burros, and ran along by his side, slashing my whip when the animal moved too slowly, or came to a standstill, as was often the case. Arrived at the hotel I delivered my butter to the *cocinero*, and then remembered that I had half a dozen bottles of wine which the Herr said had been ordered by one of the guests at the hotel.

I went upstairs to the Señora Elliott's room. She was a northern lady, who was wintering at the hotel with an invalid husband, and they had just been joined by their niece, a young señorita from New York. Just outside the señora's door I paused, for I heard voices, and presently I made out that the Señora Elliott and her niece were on the gallery that opened off their rooms. This gallery commanded an easy view of the Protestant *Iglesia* and the *Predicador's* house. "Who is that white-bearded old man," said a fresh, gay voice, "who is just coming out of that fascinating little adobe house?"

"That, my dear," said the Señora Elliott, "is the Reverend Luke Mueller, our pastor, and a most worthy man. You must hear him preach next Sunday."

"The Reverend Luke Mueller," said the clear young voice, "and he lives in that Mexican house. Oh! Auntie, what a combination, how absurd. It's enough to make the ghosts of dead and gone Mexican's rise up in their might, to have a Protestant divine living in that old house, which, if it could speak, would tell so many old-world tales."

"Gracie," said the señora, "your head is full of romance."

"Not romance, auntie, but common sense. The Luke Muellers should live in brand new parsonages built of brick and stone."

"Perhaps," said the señora, "the Luke Muellers of the world have romance as well as other people."

"And does he live alone, said the Señora Grace, "or, perchance, has he a wife as good as himself?"

"No," answered her aunt, "his wife is dead, and he only has one child, who lives with him, a grown son, Edgardo."

At this the young señorita went off into such a peal of laughter that I must needs laugh too, though I knew not the cause until she spoke.

"Oh, auntie, auntie," she gasped. "Edgardo Mueller! what a combination; it's worse than the Reverend Luke and the adobe. Edgardo! does not that conjure up in your mind a dark-eyed impressario who would walk the stage, or serenade his lady love on a moon-lit night;—and Mueller! shade of some little German professor, with his pipe and his beer, and endless *isms* at his finger ends. Oh! auntie, if you have many more such things in Texas I shall die."

"Grace," said her aunt, "you are incorrigible."

"Well," said the Señora Grace, "I've already seen Padre Francesco, he at least seems to belong to this enchanting region."

"I suppose so," said the señora; "the Franciscans grew up with the country."

By this time I thought it well to make my presence known, so I rapped loudly, and the señora bade me come out on the gallery. My errand was soon despatched, and I turned to leave with a side-long glance at the pretty fair-haired señorita.

"Auntie," I heard her say, "the boy is charming, such grace, and such a head. I would say his name was Pedro Castro, or something equally fine; but after my late experiences, I won't commit myself for fear it may be Daniel Brown or something equally unsuitable."

"His name is Santos Trego," answered the señora. "He works for old Zoeller, who has a large wine and butter ranch down by the river."

Here I lost the rest, and, returning to my burro, we were soon going down the mountain trail. Fervently I wished that the Señor Edgardo would transfer his affections from the Señorita Carlotta to the Señorita Grace. She, at least, might tease him into a little less conceit, I thought.

And now, señor, I have to record as dark and wicked a deed as ever disgraced this fair world that the Almighty has given to His children; but so it was, and out of the darkness and sin of this tale there shines forth one pure, unsullied light, the love and heroism of my little foster-brother, Ramon.

It was one golden afternoon in late October, when Ramon

was ten years old. For weeks the fields had been white with cotton and the harvesters were kept busy picking and binding the white, fluffy cotton, which ever and anon escaped from their hands in small bits and floated away on the breeze. Ramon loved these harvestings and was never so happy as when, his lessons over, he could run off and join the men and women in the fields. All of them knew and loved him.

That memorable day I had been sent by the Herr Zoeller several miles to look at some cattle which he wanted to buy, and I was returning home just before dark when, at a turn of the road, I came upon two figures.

I recognized them at once, the *Señorita Carlotta* and the *Señor Edgardo*. They were talking, and I saw at once that the *señor* was pleading his cause. It was in vain. Gently, but firmly, the *señorita* answered him, reminding him that she had never encouraged his suit, and that he must positively now and forever take a final no.

Somehow, this reply seemed to goad the young man into a fury.

"I will win you," he said, in a terrible voice, "if not by fair means, then by foul."

"You forget yourself," she answered, proudly.

"Yes," he said, bitterly, "it is easy to talk so. It is because you are in love with that black-eyed fellow, *Fernandez*, that you will not have me."

"You have no right to speak to me so."

"It is not a time for soft words," he answered.

"I think *Edgardo Mueller*," said the *señorita*, "that enough has been said on both sides. I have given you my answer; and I forbid your addressing me again. Now please stand aside and let me pass."

"You shall not," he said, seizing her arm.

In a second I had cleared the space between us, and had knocked the fellow down. He was up in a second, and then followed a hand to hand fight between us. I was the stronger of the two; but the young *señor* had been trained in athletics and fencing, and I had not. Gradually he was pushing me back toward some woods that bordered one side of the road.

Over my shoulder I had been carrying a long lasso which I had taken with me to catch and examine, at close range, the cattle my master wanted to buy. In the scuffle this rope had fallen to the ground, and had become entangled in my feet. This it was, as much as the señor's superior fighting tactics, which finally threw me down. In a second the Señor Edgardo was on top of me, one hand holding my two hands in a vice, while with the other he drew out the rope, and in spite of my struggles he bound first my hands, and then my feet; having done which, he hauled me up by a tree, and proceeded to fasten me firmly to its trunk.

"Now, you low-lived Mexican," he said, "this will teach you to interfere in another man's quarrel. You can stay here till some one sets you free."

I cursed him in good Spanish. What was the villain going to do next? We were a long distance from any hacienda, and it was probably the knowledge of this which had prevented the señorita from running away during the time that the señor and I were fighting. Well she knew that he could catch up with her; besides, as she afterward said, she did not want to desert me. She had walked the country unharmed hitherto. After her lessons were over with Ramon, she had a two-mile walk to the long, low house, on a distant range of the hills, where she boarded with the doctor and his wife. But our people would never harm a defenceless woman, and who would have thought of the *Predicador's* son playing such a part!

You ask what the young man did next, señor. Alas! alas! he cut off what was left of my long lasso and sprang toward the road, where the Señorita Carlotta still stood. I saw her glorious eyes flash on him in scorn, but there was no fear in her proud carriage as she stood there erect and beautiful. She knew now that she had to deal with a madman and a fiend, but there was no weakness in her mien.

"Stir a step," he said, "and I will shoot you, and shoot to kill."

I could have laughed at the fellow's melodrama had I not known the awful seriousness behind it all. It seemed only an instant later that he seized the señorita roughly, and throwing

her down proceeded to bind her limbs securely with what was left of the lasso.

In vain I strained at my cords with impotent fury, in vain I cursed the señor, and promised to kill him when once I was free.

It seemed an eternity, and yet it was only a few moments when, having fastened the last cord, he stood up.

"Señorita Carlotta," he said, "you are, as you perceive, lying right in the road ; in half an hour it will be dark, about the same time the stage from the city passes here. In the rapid descent down this hill, and with the noise of the wheels, and the blowing of the horn, the driver will neither see nor hear you. It is needless for me to add that he will undoubtedly run over and kill you."

Oh the cold deadly calm and hate in the man's voice !

"Edgardo Mueller," said the señorita, "think twice before you have murder on your soul."

"I take the risk," he answered, with a sneer.

"What have I done," said the señorita, "to call for such terrible vengeance?"

"It is not what you have done," said the man clenching his hands ; "but what you shall not do. Think you I will leave you to be won by another ? No, if I cannot have you no one else shall. The coach is heavy, the wheels they cut deep, the horse's hoofs they are strong. They will crush and grind that beautiful body, and mar that lovely face, until nothing is left but a miserable, shapeless, writhing mass."

The man's eyes and voice were terrible. I shuddered, and the sweat broke out on my brow. As to the señorita she said not another word. I think she had turned to the Father of mercies, and the holy saints for support in her extremity.

It had come to me that when the man was gone I might shout for help ; but he was far too clever to forget a single detail of his revenge, and now he came toward me, and in spite of my protestations, proceeded to bind a long silken scarf, that he had taken from the señorita's shoulders, around my mouth and head. To this day, señor, I cannot bear the sweet odor of violets, because it recalls to me the faint subtle per-

fume of the flower that clung to the señorita's silken scarf, bound so firmly across my clenched lips and teeth.

The wretch stepped back after his work was done, and surveyed us with a cold, sardonic smile.

"Farewell, Carlotta," said the mocking voice, as he passed down the road, leaping and running as if a thousand devils were after him ; and indeed, I think all the legions of hell were let loose in that hour.

"My poor Santos," called the señorita, "pray to the blessed saints for me, there is nothing else we can do."

Oh ! to have pulled off the gag that bound me. Must the poor señorita die without one word of comfort ? In those few moments, señor, I suffered such agony as the good God alone knew of. Well, if the villain had deprived me of speech, he had not made me deaf. My ears, sharpened by suffering, caught, far off, the patter of small feet ; and then clear and sweet, borne by the breeze, came a silvery whistle, and my heart cried out : "Ramon, my little foster-brother Ramon !" perhaps help was near.

Long ago the señorita had given the child a silver whistle and had taught him how to use it, and it was an understood thing between them that if he could not find her, he was to blow his whistle, and she would know by the sound where to find him.

Up the road came the rapid, springing little feet, and now he has dashed right past me, not seeing me however, for I was just inside the woods off the road.

Ah ! thank God, he has found the señorita. With a strange inarticulate cry, he dropped on his knees by his beloved teacher. From my tree I could see him. He began tugging at the knots frantically with his slender brown hands ; but they refused to yield, although the boy exerted all his strength. Then he tried to drag the poor señorita off the road, but although her physique was magnificent, she was heavy, and the child was only ten years old. I saw it was useless ; that he could not move her. All this time the señorita could not use her hands to say a word to the child ; neither of us could tell him of the fast approaching danger—of the coach whose horn

I now heard, and that would soon begin rolling down the hill.

It was before the days of a railroad in that part of the country, señor. Twice a week the coach came from the city bringing the mail and passengers, and then it went on twenty-six miles beyond our little country, hence the driver was always in a hurry. The señorita lay midway between the top and bottom of a long hill, down which the coach always rolled rapidly. There was only one chance in a thousand that in the fast gathering dusk the driver would see that some obstruction was on the road, or if he saw, that he could check the momentum of the coach in time.

All these thoughts flashed through my brain in a few seconds. Little Ramon had sunk on his knees again by the señorita, and, with his arms around her, was pressing his soft cheek against hers.

Again the horn sounded. Was it some miracle from heaven that just as the echo died on the air little Ramon sprang to his feet and commenced running up the road toward the fast approaching coach—Yes! he knew and understood now.

I heard the creak of the powerful wheels, the lash of the driver's whip, as Niccolo urged his horses along the road, invisible to us, on the other side of the hill. What happened next Niccolo afterward told me amidst laughter and tears. The dark had descended suddenly, as it does in the south when twilight is ended. My little foster-brother had no lantern, he could not cry out or attract the driver's attention, therefore, he did the only thing possible under the circumstances, and sprang at the head of the horse nearest to him, as the coach rolled on. They were going very fast Niccolo said; but not for nothing had Ramon been my play-fellow. It was I, señor, who had taught him to run, to jump, to vault in the saddle, to chase a flying broncho; and I knew his young sinews were as steel. Like a flash he sprang at the foremost horse, and then hand over hand, while the animal plunged and reared, and Niccolo pulled at the reins and shouted, Ramon drew himself up till he was on the horse's back. It seemed only a second later that he had vaulted from one horse to another, and was

over the dash board, and almost in Niccolo's lap, the while he seized the reins and tugged at them with all his might. He would have been stupid, would Niccolo, if he had not known by this time that something was the matter, as he quickly applied the brakes. The excited passengers were all shouting and asking questions, and some of the men had already leaped out, when the coach finally came to stand-still a few yards from where the señorita lay. Our brave little Ramon ! At the risk of his own life he had saved her. In a moment he had them all around the señorita, and strong hands loosened the cruel cords, and bore her to the waiting coach, while others, directed by her, came and set me free.

That is all, señor. A dark and hideous deed ; but the Father of Lights watches over His own.

Yes, they married and were happy, the Señor Fernandez and the sweet Señorita Carlotta. I remember how our Ramon danced for joy that day.

What became of that villain, Edgardo, you say ?

Speak not of it, señor, for it stirs my old blood. We never saw or heard of him again, though for years, in spite of the warnings of Padre Francesco, I was ready for him. But he had been foiled—the man whose heart was black and whose arm was strong—foiled, thanks to God and the Blessed Madre, not by me ; but by the child whose great infirmity was only measured by his great courage and love—my little foster-brother Ramon.

GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

JESUIT AND DOMINIE.

THE illustrations that illumine the history of the Indian Missions of North America are not all lurid with the flames of human bonfires, nor dark with shadows that conceal a savage foe. I have in mind one whose light is from the hearth of a large Dutch living-room, with rough walls in odd contrast to its imported furnishings. The attention of the family group, silhouetted against the glow, is directed toward the stranger half-hidden in the shadow cast by the projecting chimney piece. The ravages of famine, the torture and over-exertion are concealed by the ampleness of the Dutch costume bestowed on him by the settlers of Rensselaerwick, whose hearts were moved to pity by the plight of the unfortunate French missionary, who had escaped his Mohawk captors just as they were debating whether or not he should be burned at the stake. Under other circumstances, the Jesuit would have received scant courtesy at the hands of these staunch Reformers, for prejudice was a large part of piety in the seventeenth century—but as it was the sufferings and necessity of a fellow-Christian appealed irresistibly to their kindest instinct—and they were liberal of their guilders for his ransom. When the Mohawk chiefs, deaf even to Van Curler's entreaties, rode furiously into the fort and demanded the surrender of the prisoner, the dominie himself, forgetting differences of race and creed, offered shelter and a place of concealment in his own house until a ship should come up the river, on which the hunted man might escape to Fort Amsterdam and thence to France.

Six weeks elapsed before the boat arrived. Meanwhile, Father Jogues sat with the dominie and his family about the evening fire, always well back in the shadow for fear of some possible spy, for no one was more conscious than he that his presence was a source of danger to those who harbored him. In the dim light he might have been taken for a parishioner in from a neighboring bowery, except that, now and then, at

the climax of a legend learned in the camp of his Huron converts, and recounted for the benefit of Hellegard, Dirrick, John and Samuel, as the dominie's children were registered on the list of the good ship "De Houtlyn," some explanatory gesture would reveal to their fascinated gaze the mutilated hands of the Mohawk's captive.

When Samuel, aged eight, had passed the point of intelligent comprehension, and the group broken up, Jesuit and Dominie would sit far into the night comparing experiences, discussing now colonial interests, now questions that agitated the world they had left, or often in friendly argument demonstrate or disprove each the pet theories of the other in science or philosophy. We can imagine in the heat of argument, the Dominie often found it necessary to refer to the eight folio and nine quarto volumes, a well-selected library according to the standard of the reverend Classis of Alkmaer, for the "last word" on the subject under discussion.

In spite of his inborn conviction that Jesuits were a pernicious class, the genial Reformer yielded unconsciously to the attraction of a winning personality, and forgot the Jesuit in the man. There could be little danger of moral deterioration, he decided, in daily contact with this mutilated refugee whose courage and purpose had withstood the hideous test to which his mangled hands and emaciated frame bore witness—a man who, in his zeal for souls, asked for time to debate within himself whether or not he abandoned a post of duty by accepting an offer of escape from death in the most horrible form ingenious cruelty could devise; and as to contamination in matters doctrinal, Johannes Megapolexis was sure of his own strength. Besides, the Dominie found much pleasure in the society of his guest. They had common ground as men of learning and workers in the same field, and if gratitude deepened the attachment with which the priest regarded his charitable host, the other must often have congratulated himself upon the opportunity to entertain so congenial a companion—perhaps the rarest pleasure that lightens the lot of the cultured pioneer.

Certain it is that there was no manifestation of prejudice toward Father Bressani, when, in the following year, "beaten,

mangled, mutilated, driven barefoot over rough paths, through briers and thickets ; burnt, tortured, wounded and scarred . . . he, too, was at last humanely rescued by the Dutch," and found care and shelter in the same household that had afforded an asylum for Father Jogues. Before the expiration of his six-year contract with the patroon of Rensselaerwyck, the Dominie once more had occasion to play the Samaritan to these victims of the Mohawk's revengeful hatred for the Indians of French allegiance and all who enjoyed their friendship. Father Poncet's account was hardly necessary to quicken the kindly feeling entertained for him by the society on account of his benevolence toward Fathers Jogues and Bressani. After he had established himself at Fort Amsterdam, Simon Le Moyne, in one of his southern excursions, paid him a visit of grateful acknowledgment, and great cordiality seems to have been manifested on both sides.

While the relationship in these chance meetings of the ministers of opposed creeds was purely social, and mutual delicacy forbade any encroachment upon fields theological, the Jesuits took advantage of the aftermath of correspondence to do their duty as spiritual directors, and the Dominie was not wanting in admonition once the relationship of host and guest had ceased to exist. A suspicion of this seems to have troubled the reverend Classis from whom he had received his call. Disquieting rumors had reached them of the friendly footing on which their representative had met these Papists and the brother in danger received prompt warning. His reply to their communication is calculated to allay any fear they might have entertained as to his susceptibility. This clean breast of the whole affair affords a characteristic glimpse of the nature of the passes between the chance opponents.

After an account of Father Bressani's escape, the writer goes on to say the Jesuit "wrote me a letter as the previously mentioned one (Father Jogues) had done, thanking me for the benefits I had conferred on him. He stated also that he had not argued, when with me, on the subject of religion, yet he had felt deeply interested in me on account of my favors to him ; that he was anxious for the life of my soul and admon-

ished me to come again into the Papal Church, from which I had separated myself. In each case I returned such a reply that a second letter was never sent me." Well and wisely done most loyal brother !

Later Le Moyne, he continues, "came here to the Manhatans, doubtless at the invitation of Papists living here, especially for the sake of French privateers who are Papists, and have arrived here with a good prize. He represented that he had heard the other Jesuits speak much of me, who had also highly praised me for the favors and benefits I had shown them ; that he, therefore, could not, while present here, neglect personally to pay his respects to me and thank me for the kindness extended to their society. He told me that during his residence among our Indians he had discovered a salt spring"—a description of the spring here—but "whether all this is true or a mere Jesuit lie, I will not decide." Will you exonerate me *now*, reverend Classis, from any suspicion that may have lurked in your mind as to my credulity ?

"Alas, he told me that he had lived about twenty years among the Indians. When asked what fruit had resulted from his labors, and whether he had taught the Indians anything more than to make the sign of the cross, and such like superstitions, he answered that he was not inclined to debate with me, but wanted only to chat. . . .

"On his journey (back to Canada) when at Fort Orange, he did not forget me, but sent me three catalogues : The first, on the succession of the Popes ; the second, on the Councils ; and the third, was about heresies, all written out by himself. He sent with them also a letter to me, in which he exhorted me to peruse carefully these catalogues, and meditate on them, and that Christ hanging on the Cross was still ready to receive me, if penitent." But in further proof of my imperviousness to his persuasion, you have "the letter herewith forwarded, which was sent (him) by a yacht going from here to the river St. Lawrence in New France"—and to which "I know not if I shall receive a reply." We can but conclude that this demonstration of strength in temptation sufficed the Classis, since there is record of no further correspondence on the subject.

PAULINE L. PEYTON.

OUR LADY'S TRIUMPH.

LIKE us in all but sin,
The Lamb, our life to win,
Died ; and His maiden mother,
Like Him as was no other,
Bows to the same decree,
Through Death's dark portal enters in
To meet her love, her life, and be
With Him through all eternity.

Our moon hath hid her light,
Shrouding this earth in night.
How sweet her presence ! E'en to gaze
In silence on her beauty was a feast.
To hear her gentle voice
Made the sad heart rejoice ;
And when it ceased
Heaven's door closed with it and the songs of praise
Suddenly hushed. Both voice and face
Recalled another.
She, His mother,
The Virgin full of grace,
Who gave Him all His manhood, gave beside
Her very look, her tones,
In Him all deified,
Which would have moved the stones
Their God to hail
With loud hosanna ; so thinly did they veil,
Save only to the deaf, the blind,
The mighty Godhead in His flesh enshrined.
She loved to breathe His name,
And all that came
Drank of the Gospel waters at their fount ;
For none so well
As she could tell
The lovely story of His life and death,
The silent years at Nazareth,
The witness from above,
The voice, the dove,

The sermon on the plain or on the mount,
The parables of love,
The sacred words that fell
Upon her ear
—And she so near,
When on the Cross He gathered His last breath.

No joy to her so sweet
As to behold Faith's blossom in the heat
Of charity expanding, pain and woe
Counted as naught ; for in that mighty Spring
Men's hearts, so long athirst,
All quickened by divine Love's glow,
As buds, were nigh to burst,
And o'er the world their new-found fragrance fling.
That joy be hers until the King
Make up His jewels. Then will she
Shine above all in sinless purity.

Around the Virgin's tomb
Gather the chosen twelve and hear
Angelic strains. No room
For thoughts of grief or fear.
Raptured, they listened to the song
That wafts their maiden queen along.

Angels.

Where is thy sting, O Death ?
Where is thy victory ?
She who gave mortal breath
To the Eternal—she,
Though now she slumbereth,
Cannot corruption see.
Lo, on thy sleeping eyes,
E'en as we sing to thee,
Visions of light arise,
Peace that shall lasting be,
Gladness that never dies,
Life for eternity.

Who on thy tender breast,
Child of thy purity,

Laid Him and took His rest,
He who was made of thee,
He whom thou lovest best,
Calls—oh, so lovingly !

Christ.

Rise and make haste, my love,
Winter hath fled away,
Beautiful—O my dove !
Rise, for our land is gay
With vine and flowers. Above
Thou shalt be crowned to-day.

From earthly mists into primeval light
On through the starry firmament they sweep,
A bridal company, all robed in white.
The stars of morning, as of yore,
Singing together dulcet tones and deep,
Shout : “ Here are we,” and pour
Their mellow beams along the way
That leadeth to eternal day,
While all the sons of God with lute
And harp and psalter and flute,
Fair maid, at sight of thee,
Make joyful melody.

Angels. First Choir.

Who is this that cometh up
From the desert flowing
With delight,
Leaning on her beloved, glowing
As the moon at night ?

Second Choir.

'Tis His bride who gave the cup
From pomegranate welling,
Spiced wine,
New from the wine-vat and sweet smelling,
To her love divine.

Third Choir.

'Tis that fountain sealed up,
 Well of living waters
 Lily rare,
 Rearing her head 'mid Eve's daughters,
 Among thorns all fair.

Full Choir.

Lift up your gates, ye princes, and let in
 The King of Glory. Lift your gates ;
 For He is nigh, and with Him one
 All heaven awaits,
 The maiden without sin,
 Mary, the mother of God's only Son.
 Lift up your gates !
 Lift up your gates !

Lift up your gates, ye princes, and let in
 The King of Glory. Greet them loud
 With hymns of joy. The Lord was slain ;
 Laid in His shroud.
 One heart that knew no sin
 Lent Him that blood He shed the world to gain.
 Lift up your gates !
 Lift up your gates !

Those golden doors swing open and within
 The saints stand ready with their harps of gold
 To welcome God's own Mother. Thus of old
 The ark was brought to Sion with the din
 Of sackbut, cymbal, psaltery and song.
 That ark of Setim overlaid with gold
 Was but a type of thee ; for not the Law
 But Him who gave the Law 'twas thine to hold.
 See ! the first man and woman lead the throng ;
 A wondrous meeting, full of mystic awe.

Adam and Eve.

Woman of prophecy whose heel
 Hath crushed the serpent's head,

Thy name to us did God reveal ;
And when upon the cross He bled
He gave that name to thee,
O woman of all prophecy !

The Church on Earth.

Kyrie, eleison.
Kyrie, eleison.
Christe, eleison.
Christe, eleison.
Kyrie, eleison.
Kyrie, eleison.
Christe, audi nos.
Christe, exaudi nos.

Adam and Eve.

Mother of all the living ! King
To whom all live ! We twain
Down at your feet our homage fling
And find ourselves in you again,
Adam divine, pure Eve,
Winning our ruined race reprieve.

The Church on Earth.

Pater de cœlis, miserere nobis.
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis.
Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere nobis.
Sancta Trinitas Unus Deus, miserere nobis.

Noë.

O mother maid, in thee
That olive-branch I see
Brought by the dove to me
In the dark days of old.
In thee, all clad in light,
I see the rainbow bright
That cheered my aching sight
With mercy manifold.

OUR LADY'S TRIUMPH.

Angels.

Sancta Maria,
 Sancta Dei genetrix,
 Sancta Virgo virginum,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Oro pro nobis.

Abraham.

"In thee and in thy seed"
 --Thus spake the Lord—
 "Shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."
 Then, daughter mine, God speed !
 His holy name be evermore confessed,
 Out of whose word
 Hath sprung this mighty deed.

Angels.

Mater Christi,
 Mater divinæ gratiæ,
 Mater purissima,
 Alleluia.
 Mater castissima,
 Mater inviolata,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

Moses.

Ark of God's covenant with men
 In whom Himself abode !
 I made an image of thee when
 We trod the weary road
 Of exile, and within I laid
 The tables of the Law,
 The manna and the budding rod ;
 And o'er that ark I saw
 Hover the glory of our God
 In fire and cloud. Pure maid,

Thou art the ark, the rod, and He
 Thy blossom, the life-giving bread,
 The great Lawgiver, like to me,
 The Paschal Lamb whose blood for all was shed.

Angels.

Mater intemerata
 Mater amabilis
 Mater admirabilis,
 Alleluia.

Mater Boni Consilii,
 Mater Creatoris,
 Mater Salvatoris,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

David.

Awake, my harp ! Awake and sing with me
 The song we sang of old.
 My tongue once more is as a scrivener's pen ;
 For now mine eyes behold
 The King whose throne shall be
 For ever. David's son is He,
 All beautiful above the sons of men.

Angels.

Virgo prudentissima,
 Virgo veneranda,
 Virgo prædicanda,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

David.

And on His right hand, with variety
 Surrounded, clad in gold,
 Standeth the queen, her beauty all within
 In holiness untold,
 Then sing, my harp, with me
 How dear unto my King is she,
 The one pure child of Earth that knew no sin.

OUR LADY'S TRIUMPH.

Angels.

Virgo potens,
 Virgo clemens,
 Virgo fidelis,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

Isaias.

A root hath risen from the stem
 Of Jesse, and a flower
 Hath from that root sprung up. O God
 Thy mercy, like a summer shower,
 Hath crowned the desert's arid sod
 With lilies as a diadem.

Angels.

Speculum justitiæ,
 Sedes sapientiæ,
 Causa nostræ lætitiæ,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

The Shepherds.

In Bethlehem we found the child
 Upon his mother's breast.
 On bed of straw in a rude manger piled
 She laid him down to rest.
 The cattle near were lying,
 And in the starlight flying
 God's armies sang of peace to men.
 Lo, now as then
 The mother is her son beside,
 Both son and mother glorified.

Angels.

Vas spirituale,
 Vas honorabile,
 Vas insigne devotionis,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

Simeon.

O maiden Mother, Son divine !
How many thoughts out of how many hearts
Have by your sorrows been revealed !
Lo, now those sorrows all are healed,
And aged Simeon no more departs,
But in eternal youth shall sing
The praise of Him who was a sign
Once contradicted, now the King
Of peace ; for here, O Lord, all hearts are Thine.

Angels.

Rosa mystica,
Turris Davidica,
Turris eburnea,
Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis,

St. John Baptist.

Dear Mother of my God, I heard thy voice
E'er yet mine eyes beheld the light of day,
And hearing knew my Lord within thee lay,
And leapt for love that bade my heart rejoice.

Angels.

Domus aurea,
Foederis arca,
Janua Cœli,
Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

St. John Baptist.

Thy gentle word, because the Word of God
Spoke by thy tongue, from sin delivered me,
Making me like above all men to thee,
Thou holy path where Satan never trod !

Angels.

Stella matutina,
Salus infirmorum,
Alleluia.

Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum
Auxilium Christianorum,
Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

St. John Baptist.

If all mankind, as thou didst sing that day,
Shall call thee blessed, I who owe to thee
More than all others will their leader be,
And gladly yield me to thy gentle sway.

Angels.

Regina Angelorum,
Regina Patriarcharum,
Regina Prophetarum,
Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

St. Joseph.

Mary, on earth God gave thee to my care,
And, all unworthy, I was true to thee,
Sharing thy joy, thy grief, as now I share
Thy glory ; for we two shall ever be
Bound by His love thy virgin womb did bear.

Angels.

Regina Apostolorum,
Regina Martyrum,
Regina Confessorum,
Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

St. Joseph.

Jesus, my God, I bore Thee on this breast
 And heard Thee call me father. Now we three
 Are evermore united. Ah, how blest
 Are they who dwell in your sweet company !
 Yet is my joy deeper than all the rest.

Angels.

Regina Virginum,
 Regina Sanctorum omnium,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

When thou shalt stand, O Virgin, in God's sight,
 Remember to speak good for us and turn
 His wrath away.
 Think on thy children fighting the good fight,
 And when we pray
 Be unto us a mother, till we learn
 To look to thee as sailors in the night
 Look to their beacon. O'er the stormy deep
 Ever, bright star, thy faithful vigil keep.

Angels.

Regina sine labe originali concepta,
 Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii,
 Alleluia.

The Church on Earth.

Ora pro nobis.

The Blessed Virgin.

My soul doth magnify the Lord
 And my spirit is made glad
 In God, my Saviour, Lord, how sad
 Was Thy handmaid when the sword
 Smote upon my heart ! But now
 Gladness gleams on every brow,
 When they see
 My Lord and me,

Saint and angel all avow.
 Me, the mother of my son ;
 Hail me all the blessed one.
 Blessed in good sooth I am ;
 But my blessing is from Thee
 Whose dear blood upon the tree
 Won this wealth of grace for me,
 O my Jesu ! O my lamb !

The Church on Earth.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, parce nobis, Domine.
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, exaudi nos, Domine.
 Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.
 Christe, audi nos. Christe, exaudi nos.

Angels.

Woman clothed with the sun,
 With the moon below thy feet !
 Thou art worthy—there is none
 Worthier found ; and so we greet
 Thee our queen. In thine own right
 Thou shalt rule this land of light.
 Crown her, Lord, the Angels' Queen.

The Church on Earth.

Queen of men
 On earth, and when
 In her beauty she is seen,
 With all grace upon her brow,
 Pleading at Thy throne, do Thou
 God of mercy ! heed her prayer.

Angels and Men.

Crown her, Lord, for she is fair.

Angels.

Lo, the twelve stars round her head
 Tell of beauty all within.
 Faith and hope and love are wed
 In a soul that knew no sin.
 In the flame her gold was tried.
 Look, O King, upon Thy bride.
 Crown her, Lord, the Angels' Queen.

The Church on Earth.

Queen of men
 On earth, and when
 In her beauty she is seen,
 With all grace upon her brow,
 Pleading at Thy throne, do Thou,
 God of mercy ! heed her prayer.

Angels and Men.

Crown her, Lord, for she is fair.

C. W. BARRAUD, S.J.

A VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

THE official report (*Missiones Catholicæ*) of the condition of the Catholic Missions, published by the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, comes down only to 1901. It is not hard to realize the difficulty of having exact and complete details concerning the enormous field which the report endeavors to cover. Hence we may be sure that there are inaccuracies here and there ; and, especially, owing to the difficulty in obtaining exact information, or indeed any information at all, from very distant places, or from places where perhaps an accurate census is not easily made, the numbers given in the *Missiones* are, we may believe, frequently too small. The Catholic population of the United States, for example, is put at 10,309,970, whereas it must have been much greater ; and, to mention an instance noticed accidentally, the number of priests in the largest British West Indian Island, Jamaica, is given as eight, while there were nearly twice as many ; and the same may be said of the Sisters and the schools. Amongst the million Catholics in Indo-China we are told that the catechumens, or persons under instruction, are not computed. This, of course, makes a great difference in the numbers reported as belonging to the Church. British East India is said to contain 1,214,415 Catholics, exclusive of the 534,000 in the dioceses subject to Portuguese jurisdiction. Other authorities, however, estimate that there are three millions and a half of Catholics in the British possessions.

Whatever may be the shortcomings of this much-compressed volume, it makes a profound impression upon the reader, giving, as it does, a general and fairly complete view of a mission system which embraces the whole world, all knit together, all radiating in entire unity from Rome, and all governed from there.

The Congregation de Propaganda Fide, as our readers probably know, has jurisdiction over all mission countries and those yet considered as mission countries. Amongst the latter are the United States, and even Great Britain and Ireland, where a regular hierarchy is established. At the head of the Propaganda is Cardinal Gotti, and attached to it is a special Congregation for the Oriental Rites. These Congregations consist of a large number of Cardinals and specially chosen Consultors, with various inferior officials. There are, moreover, two or three special commissions, one of which, for instance, is charged with the supervision and correction of liturgical books of the Oriental Rites. In the special College of Eastern Philology there are courses in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Armenian, Syriac, Coptic and Slav literature. These, with other languages and the ordinary university courses, are also taught in the great central missionary College of the Propaganda, founded by Pope Urban VIII in 1627. There are, besides, in Rome, several other missionary colleges of various Rites, including one for Greek students, one for Armenians, a Ruthenian and a Maronite College.

The great mission-field of the Propaganda is divided between the various Rites. Chief amongst these is the Latin, followed in nearly all Western Christendom, and in the greater portion of the East, notably in the wide missions of India and China. The Oriental Rites are chiefly five—Greek, Syriac, Abyssinian, Armenian and Coptic. But the Greek is fivefold—Pure Greek, Greco-Roumanian, Greco-Bulgarian, Greco-Ruthenian, and Greek-Melchite. The Syriac is fourfold—Syriac Proper, Syro-Chaldaic, Syro-Maronite, and Syro-Malabaric. In the Ethiopian or Abyssinian liturgy, not the common language of the people, but an idiom called Ghez, is employed. The ordinary speech of the Armenians is chiefly Arabic, but

in the liturgy the language is old Armenian. Similarly, the Greeks use the ancient form of their language. There is an Italo-Greek colony in Sicily and Southern Italy which employs the Greek liturgy, and there are two seminaries for the training of clerics. The Bulgarians and Ruthenians employ in their religious services the old Slav dialect. The Christians of the Malabar coast in India, while they speak English and their native language in ordinary intercourse, use the Syriac in their liturgy.

As we look at the table of the missions, or the mission atlas of Father Werner, S.J., the vision that arises before our fancy is amazing. From Norway and Sweden to Greece, from Turkey to Japan, from Algiers to Cape Colony and through all the Polynesian islands, from Alaska and Northern Canada to Patagonia, over all the measureless tracts extends a close-knit and perfectly organized mission system, under appointed chiefs, with bands of specially trained volunteers, men and women, with small earthly resources, but with unlimited self-sacrifice and enthusiastic devotedness.

In a little more than two years, beginning with January, 1898, the *Missiones* informs us that dioceses were erected in Australia, Wales, Canada and India. Vicariates Apostolic were created in South Africa, Manchuria, Madagascar, Indo-China, and China; Prefectures in Peru and Oceania.

In Southeastern Europe and in the Nearer East, the dioceses and patriarchates are interwoven as the Rites are. In Constantinople, for instance, there is an Armenian Patriarch, Greeks subject to the Delegate Apostolic, and a Patriarchal Vicariate of the Latin Rite. In Palestine we have Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Melchites, Maronites. The Balkan Peninsula, from Bosnia, Servia, Wallachia to Greece, has about a million of Catholics; Greece about 35,000. In the Turkish Empire, in Asia, the Latin Rite comprises the Patriarchate of Jerusalem, the two Archdioceses of Babylon and Smyrna, the Vicariate of Aleppo and the Prefecture of Rhodes. Of the 7,086,000 inhabitants in those ecclesiastical divisions, 129,680 are Catholics of various Rites. The largest body of Catholics in Persia are the Chaldeans, numbering 13,700. There is a Vicar Apostolic in

Arabia, with a small band of missionaries, working amongst 1,500 Catholics and others. Even Thibet has members of the Catholic fold, about the same number as in Arabia. The vast Chinese Empire is divided into nearly forty Vicariates or Prefectures, with probably a million Catholics, exclusive of those under instruction for Baptism. Corea, land of martyrs, is a Vicariate Apostolic, with about fifty missionary priests and 42,450 people professing the Catholic faith, besides those under instruction. Japan contains about 60,000 Catholics.

The missions of Africa under Propaganda cover the whole continent, except some of the older Christian colonies, in which have been established dioceses directly subject to the Holy See. The converts in the Propaganda missions are put down at about half a million. Through the West Indian islands, exclusive of Hayti and San Domingo and the islands which lately belonged to Spain, but including British Honduras and British Guiana, there are scattered, according to the very probably too low estimate of the *Missiones*, 370,540 Catholics. About one-fourth of Australia is put down as Catholic in 1901, and 219,210 out of the 3,579,580 who inhabit the other Oceanic islands. The Vicariate of Northern Patagonia contained 90,000 Catholics, and the Prefecture in the southern part, 13,000.

Amongst the faithful of the Oriental Rites in the Nearer East, the Maronites are specially faithful and numerous. They are governed by a Patriarch, eight Bishops and two Patriarchal Vicars. In the territory subjected to the jurisdiction of these prelates, the *Missiones* numbers 277,000 Maronite Catholics. This is clearly below the correct number, since, according to Werner, there were 277,800 in 1890. He gave the whole Maronite Catholic population then as 298,000. The Armenians, united with Rome, he put down at 91,000; the Melchites, 114,000; the Syrians, 20,000; the Syro-Chaldeans, 33,000.

MISSION NOTES.

CATHOLIC GROWTH IN UGANDA, AFRICA.

Bishop Haalon, Vicar-Apostolic of the Upper Nile, published last year a report of the mission land entrusted to his zeal, in which report he showed the great progress made in the preaching of the Gospel.

This vicariate, which was erected by a degree of July 6, 1894, was formerly part of the jurisdiction of Victoria Nyanza, evangelized by Cardinal Lavigerie's "White Fathers." It is now in charge of missionaries from the English seminary at Mill Hill, founded by the late Archbishop of Westminster, His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan, in 1866. As you will see, the mission has made excellent progress under Bishop Hanlon during the past eight years.

In the whole vicariate of Upper Nile, writes Bishop Hanlon, we found, on our arrival, only about two hundred Catholics ; and scattered here and there perhaps a thousand catechumens. Of very insignificant numbers, for the most part, in their numerous villages, they dared not show their desire to worship with Catholics, for fear that they would be driven from their houses and from their banana plantations. We sought to gather them in small bands, and place catechists among them to instruct them ; when, as they had anticipated, many of them were driven out by their Protestant chiefs. That persecution forced us to protect them before the native judges, and to make representations in their behalf to the authorities of the Protectorate, and we finally had the satisfaction of seeing our catechumens reinstated in their possessions.

From that moment pagans, and even some Protestant catechumens, began to join our little bands, and the work commenced to go forward briskly. Our first station, which has flourished remarkably, we established at Mengo, the capital.

Usually the first domicile for the priest is a very simple temporary quarters under a tent ; after a while he has a cabin, then a house of reeds or canes, and eventually a more substantial adobe house of sun-dried brick.

A school is also required in each station, to teach children, and adults as well, to read and write. They are intelligent, and quickly

master their elementary studies. A dispensary is equally necessary.

Good opportunities are urging us to commence new stations, for which we are not yet prepared, in the Basaga and the Bukeddi countries, neighbors of Uganda. The people there listen readily to religious teaching ; and several of their chiefs have asked me to send missionaries. The Protestants, always quick to profit by teachable dispositions on the part of the natives, are hastening to occupy those districts ; and if we are not careful the conversion of those people will be delayed indefinitely.

We cannot now describe in detail the diverse occupations, and the serious struggles against Paganism and the steady opposition of the Protestants ; against sickness, also, and marsh fevers. Death, alas, has seized many victims from among our apostolic laborers of the Upper Nile.

The following table will show plainly the fruits of our labor, and the growth in our number of Christians and catechumens :

PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

	1895	1896	1897	1898	1899	1900	1901
Catholics	200	500	1,200	1,970	3,529	5,654	7,994
Catechumens	1,000	4,800	6,300	6,930	9,947	13,048	17,800
Stations.....		2	3	3	4	4	10
Churches, Chapels.....		4	4	4	4	6	10
Priests.....	4	4	11	11	11	22	22
Schools		1	3	3	3	4	7
Dispensaries.....			3	3	4	4	10
Baptisms, adults.....		261	588	578	748	843	1,417
Baptisms, children.....		85	121	225	875	1,288	1,239
Confessions		5,520	12,074	16,766	19,963	21,494	36,294
Communions		4,019	10,887	15,920	19,680	21,152	36,690
Confirmations.....		232	610	588	665	779	801
Marriages		2	20	30	74	91	86
Children in School.....		30	105	167	177	410	500
Deaths		14	15	38	64	66	264

You can thus see at a glance the steady growth of our mission in the Uganda country.

IN THIBET.

The English government, it is said, is about to gain a foothold in Thibet, in order to offset the Russian advance in the Far East. The *Irish Annals of the Holy Childhood* give the following interesting account of that little-known country :

The mysterious country of Thibet, which one of our most daring

explorers, Mr. Savage Landor, calls "The Forbidden Land," is not without its Catholic Mission. However, it is one of peculiar difficulty in many respects, owing to the capital town, Lassa, and the entire country being the headquarters of the jealous and suspicious sect of Buddha, whose Grand Llama or Chief Priest lives at Lassa in great state and power. Supposed to be a tributary province of China, Thibet is really governed by the Llamas, who form, as it were, a redoubtable theocracy greatly feared by the people. When Propaganda in 1808 endeavored to establish the Vicariate of Indian Thibet under the Capuchins at Agra, who, it was thought, could enter the country through the passes of the Himalayas, the project was found to be impossible. Therefore the Mission was erected into a distinct Vicariate, and was placed in charge of the Society of Foreign Missions in 1845. Meanwhile two Lazarist Fathers contrived to reach Lassa via Mongolia, but at the end of a few months they were expelled, and returned to China. The Society of Foreign Missions twice endeavored unsuccessfully to enter Thibet by the Himalayas, and the second time their two missionaries were assassinated on the journey. It was then decided to try and enter "The Forbidden Land" through China, and in 1854 two of the society's missionaries established themselves in the valley of Bonga, on the frontier. In 1857 arrived Mgr. Desmazures, the first Vicar-Apostolic of Thibet; but in 1854 the very few stations erected with such difficulty on the Thibetan frontier were destroyed and the missionaries expelled, one of them being murdered. As for the converts who refused to apostatize they were relentlessly hunted out of the country. As Thibet was considered a tributary of China, an application for justice was made at Peking, but the Imperial Government, secretly delighted at the turn of affairs, declined to intervene, on the pretext that Thibet was not included in the treaties of 1860. In 1873 the implacable Llamas destroyed a mission station still existing on the frontier, and eight years later they procured the murder of a missionary, and in 1887 they exterminated every mission on the borders of Thibet and China. Still the missionaries have not given up their task. In the year 1900 two missionaries from Paris, Fathers Vignal and Moutbeig, were appointed by the Vicar Apostolic to be the assistants of Father Bourdonnec at Yer Kalo, and Father Dubernard at Tse-kon. Meanwhile, as these posts were at an immense distance, wrote Father Moutbeig, they were obliged to wait for fine weather, as it was out

of the question to undertake an arduous journey of more than six weeks' duration, in the snow, then covering the tablelands. They consequently remained at Ta-Tsien-Lou, the headquarters of the vicariate, and a town situated on the banks of two great torrents fed by the snows on the adjoining mountains. The valley is extremely wild and picturesque, and the long and narrow town is cut off by high walls from the three defiles that terminate here. Being on the Thibetan frontier, the town is governed by the highest grade of civil and military Mandarins, having complete ascendancy over the petty King of this district, who humbly holds his crown from the Chinese Emperor. Ta-Tsien-Lou is a very important market, where caravans from Thibet bring tea and other merchandise on the backs of their long-haired yaks or oxen, and there is also a considerable trade in musk. Notwithstanding its exceedingly remote situation among the mountain ranges that divide Thibet and China, Ta-Tsien-Lou actually possesses a European colony, mostly English, with two married Protestant clergymen, whose creed, however, does not recommend itself to the Thibetans, accustomed to their llamas, professing celibacy and often making vows of fasting, or of abstaining from wine, etc., thereby rendering the Buddhist cult apparently more perfect than Protestantism. These Easterns comprehend Catholicity much better, though they often remark to our missionaries: "Your religion is excellent, but we have too many vices to practise its precepts." Two Japanese bonzes or priests made their appearance one day on a pilgrimage to Lassa, but the Chinese, too astute not to find out that they were really officers of the Mikado, politely arrested them and sent them home. Near the walls of Ta-Tsien-Lou the gilded roofs of two large llamaseries, or Buddhist monasteries, can be seen rising above their groves of trees, but the inmates are seldom at home, as they are much addicted to wandering about, either begging or carrying on some little commercial barter. They are seen everywhere in the streets, with their shaven heads, and draped in large red cloths or mantles. Their influence over the people would be incomprehensible were it not known that they are the tyrants and usurers of the whole country, and they neglect nothing by which they can increase the fear and respect generally shown to them by their dupes and victims. There are three chief sects of these worthies, who all acknowledge the supremacy of the Grand Llama at Lassa, which is the centre of this idolatrous worship. Though we may be struck with some points of similarity existing between Buddhism and the Catholic religion, it is certainly most

evident that the demon in his infernal malice merely apes the religion he abhors so much by having in Thibet his priests, his monks, his Rome and his adherents. At the end of three months the caravan arrived, and the two missionaries commenced their preparations, while the leader of the caravan was purchasing his tea and bales of cloth for Lassa. The missionaries' cases covered with skins could not be very large, as the paths were often extremely narrow for the baggage mules. Their own traveling garb consisted of a large red cloak worn over their Chinese dress with hood, and a kind of vizor, embroidered in silk to protect the eyes from the glare of sun and snow. The caravan was to set out on the 27th of May, which was the lucky day chosen for its leader by the llamas. Three guides, two of whom were Christians, accompanied the three missionaries, who were obliged to start before the others, as the caravan leader, Guitren, was too tipsy to move that day. They entered one of the three defiles by a road winding up the mountain side, while all around were rhododendrons in full blossom of every color, from pure white to the deepest red, adding additional beauty to the scenery. In the valleys were passed the tents of nomad herdsmen or caravans, while continually were to be seen earthen forts erected against invasions. In the more cultivated districts were large Thibetan houses, very like fortresses, constructed of beaten earth, with flat roofs, and having three or four stories. The lower one is appropriated to the animals, and the rooms on the other floors are lighted by narrow apertures, not even glazed with paper, as is done in China. The family altars are on the roof, where incense is burnt in honor of the spirits, and in a corner are little flags flying, bearing sacred inscriptions stamped upon them. The missionaries at last halted at Tongola, where is a junction of three fine valleys, to wait for the arrival of their caravan. Though the ground was covered with snow, the Fathers explored the environs with their guns in search of game, but could see nothing except the mountains. When the caravan at length made its appearance, the leader, Guitren, said that with two hundred animals he could not possibly travel as rapidly as the missionaries, who, putting their trust in Providence, left Tongola with their guides the next morning, which was the first of June. They struck into a charming valley, covered with fields of maize, and surrounded by well-wooded mountains. The doves were flying round the ruined forts, and the white pheasants could be heard calling to each other in the under-

wood. The valley at last grew narrow, and ended in a large forest of fir trees. The missionaries then halted near a native house before undertaking the very steep ascent of Mount Tongola. Here they noticed that the people had various household objects in enamelled iron that had been brought from India to Lassa. The travellers then commenced their mountain journey, during which they suffered from the extreme rarefaction of the air. On the snow-covered tablelands they met the escort of an ambassador from Lassa to Peking. This personage was said to have poisoned himself on the journey to China with gold leaf, in order to avoid answering the embarrassing questions of the Mandarins respecting Thibetan intercourse with India. Not a sign of grass or vegetation was to be seen anywhere on these immense tablelands that extend far out of sight into Mongolia on the right ; while on the left rise interminable ranges of snow clad mountains.

A FINE OFFER FOR THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

NEW LONDON, CONN., August 3, 1903.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR :—Having read with great interest your article in *The Messenger* for August, "Is the Best Indian a Dead Indian?" I beg to say that I am willing to be one of six to subscribe \$100 each for the much needed chapel for the Yanktonais Sioux, as stated on page 150 ; or, if that cannot be done and \$400 more be raised, I will make up the balance to \$600.

REV. H. G. GANSS.

AN EDIFYING LETTER FROM GUAM.

AGANA, GUAM, September 28, 1903.

SIR :—Your letter of the 8th inst. to hand, very thankful for the papers and hoping in God that some time in the near future that I will be able to return the compliment. You cannot for a moment imagine the pleasure it gives me to know that although I am so far away from civilization that I am always remembered by my fellow members of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. This island is, you might say, out of the world, and it is very few religious papers or books that we ever get, and that is the reason that I wrote to *The Messenger*, and also on account of being a member of the League I thought there would be some religious books or papers which would be very welcome. All the inhabitants of this island are Catholics, and they have great respect for an American who is a Catholic. There are two priests here ;

one is a Spaniard and the other is a Chamorro. They are both very nice gentlemen, and I go to see them every day. They cannot speak very good English, but they understand everything or anything that relates to the Catholic Church. I serve Mass sometimes; often they request that I would on account of knowing how to speak Latin. I go to confession once every month, and I devote my time mostly to reading some books and magazines that I get from some of the officers, and it made me feel overjoyed when I received those papers. I read the full account of the Pope's death and also about the election of our new Pope. I gave the papers to one of the priests and he asked me as a favor to make him a present of that picture of Pope Leo XIII. Those two priests here feel proud to know that there are so many Catholics in America, and that is the reason they like to see an American paper, because it is very seldom they get any papers; and another thing, they are very poor; they teach all the children of the island. They hold school twice a day in the church, two hours in the forenoon and three hours in the afternoon; besides this they hold services in the church every night. Mass is said every morning at four o'clock. Sunday morning they hold two Masses, one at four o'clock and one at seven. So you can imagine how much work these two holy men have got to attend to. I take up a collection every three or four months amongst the boys of the garrison to help them out, and I always remember them when I get any religious reading matter from America.

Father Paloma and Father Luis wish to be remembered to you and all the members of the League. Hoping this note will find you enjoying good health and happiness, I remain, as ever, a true member of the League of the Sacred Heart.

I also send my best regards to the League and I am very thankful for the papers.

Yours respectfully,

J. N. O'SHEA.

THE CONFRATERNITY OF ST. GABRIEL.

DEAR REVEREND FATHER :

You may remember that some time during the spring season you kindly sent the name of Mrs. L. Withington, of Dayton, Ohio, to Mrs. Isabel Whiteley, saying that you thought that this good woman, who was seeking the truth, seemed to be a fit subject for the Confraternity of St. Gabriel. Acting on your sug-

gestion, Mrs. Withington was written to by the secretary, and correspondence, literature and books were sent, etc. The happy result is that, after having been duly instructed by Rev. Fr. Hickey, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in Dayton, Mrs. Withington was baptized last week (Tuesday), and received her first Holy Communion on Christmas Day. Mrs. Withington is most anxious that you be told of her happiness, as she considers that you were instrumental in bringing her into the fold by sending her name to the Confraternity; and I am sure that a few words of encouragement from you would give her great pleasure. Thanking you for past favors and begging a continuance of same, I remain, dear Reverend Father,

Very respectfully yours,

(MRS.) MARIA BOUCHARD,

Cor. Sec'y Conf. of St. G.

39 Vernon street, Worcester, Mass.



MARY IMMACULATE

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XX YEAR.

APRIL, 1904.

No. 2.

THE INDIANS AROUND SYRACUSE.

BY CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S. J.

FATHER LE MOYNE was possessed of a robust constitution coupled with a joyous disposition which humored every caprice and peculiarity of the Indians. He understood their character and was well up in their curious code of etiquette which could not be infringed without evoking a storm of public indignation. Only Father Chaumonot surpassed him in knowledge of the Iroquois-Huron dialect. He had made a special study of it. He was a marvellous mimic also; and it was a great accomplishment for him in the eyes of the Indians to have at command the voice, gestures and attitudes of their greatest orators. Their figurative language, their picturesque conceits he could employ with elegance and ease. His long acquaintance with Father Bressani had made him master of Indian genealogy, the exploits of the great captains of the five cantons, the names of families and distinguished personages and the social organization of the people which was such an astounding commingling of savagery and civilization.

As Father Chaumonot had to remain near the Hurons on the Isle d'Orleans, the choice of ambassador to the Onnondagas fell on Father Le Moyne. No European had ever yet ventured into that part of the country. He set out for it July 2, 1654. At Montreal a young Frenchman joined him, and at the end of the month they were on Lake Ontario. Hardly had they set foot on the Iroquois territory when they saw themselves surrounded by a band of Huron captives who had remained true to the faith which they had received.

As far as the village of Onnondaga the progress of the missionary was like a triumphal procession. "On the road," he writes, "people were continually coming and going to see me and bid me welcome. I was brother to one, uncle to another and cousin to a third. I never had so many relations. At about a quarter of a league from the village I made a speech which gained me quite a reputation. I named all the captains, families and important persons. I did it with an Indian drawl and every bit like a chief. I told them that peace walked with me; that I averted war in distant nations and that joy was my boon companion. Two chiefs made a speech at me when I entered the village and with such smiles all over their faces that I hardly recognized them as savages. Men, women and children were all effusive in their demonstrations of respect and affection."

On August 10 there was a great assembly of Onnondagas, Oneiouts and Tsonnontouans. Father Le Moyne talked for two hours "strutting up and down like an actor on the boards of a theatre and frequently interrupted by thunders of applause." An Onnontaerrhonnon chief replied to him. "Listen, Ondessonk," he said. That was Father Le Moyne's Indian name. "Five whole nations speak by my mouth. I have in my heart the feelings of all the Iroquois tribes and my tongue corresponds to my heart. You will say to Onontheo: We wish to know Him of whom you speak, who is the Master of our lives and whom we do not know. We conjure you to choose on the shores of our great lake whatever place you think best and to build there a French house. Put yourself in the heart of our country since you already are in the heart of the people. Thither shall we go to be instructed and from thence you may go whithersoever you wish. Have for us the care of a father and we will repay you with the submission of sons."

Quite touched by these delightful manifestations which at that time were really sincere, Father Le Moyne set out for Quebec to explain the situation to his superior. He then, at the request of the Governor, betook himself to the Agniers to assure himself of their sentiments with regard to the French and their allies.

While he was going up the Richelieu, Fathers Chaumonot and d'Ablon had started on what is now the Oswego River and had arrived at Onnondaga where they established a resi-

dence to the great delight of the Onnondagas and the Huron captives. The latter knew Father Chaumonot of old, for he had gone through a hard missionary apprenticeship in their country. He was such a master in blending the poetic and figurative Indian conceits with his own literary knowledge as to be a continual source of wonder to his savage listeners. His companion d'Ablon was making his first steps in his missionary career.

Dablon or d'Ablon was born at Dieppe in 1619, and was in all the vigor of youth when he entered the forests of the New World about which he had been dreaming since childhood. His apostolic vocation was pronounced when he was on the benches at school and it was in view of his future career that he began then to learn to play several musical instruments. Father Chaumonot says he was quite an artist.

It was an old device of the Paraguay missionaries, who had ill luck, however, at the beginning; for the Indians used to take them for magicians and fled in alarm at their approach. At their wits' ends these musical apostles determined to sail up the rivers singing their sweetest canticles on the way. All joined in the chant, priests and converts together. Attracted by the song the Indians would come down the long mountain sides to listen to them. Little by little they learned the songs and joined in the general music, and when they found the missionaries sweet and gentle it was not difficult after that to listen to the instructions and ask for baptism.

But unhappily the Canadian Indians had very little music in their souls. The tomahawk and arrow did not fall from their hands at the sounds of the sweet strains of voice or instrument. They never thought of swimming after the canoes to listen to the hymns that were extolling the glories of the Creator. Nevertheless their rude natures were not altogether averse to the melodies of the human voice or the sweet sounds of flute or violin. At Onnondaga Father d'Ablon established a choir of young Indian girls who sang in his chapel and the people came in throngs to hear them. "Father d'Ablon's flute" says Chaumonot, "was a wonder for them. It could talk and had wit enough to repeat all that the children had been singing."

Although d'Ablon did not speak Iroquois he was of great assistance to the chief missionary. The chapel was so continually filled that they had to celebrate mass and say their

office at night. The Huron captives especially availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them. Several times a day Christians, pagans and catechumens came to the chapel for instruction, and between times the missionaries made the rounds of the wigwams. On Sundays and feast days they taught catechism anywhere and everywhere. As soon as a crowd was gathered they began.

Their work was crowned with such success that they thought the moment propitious to establish the French post which the Onnondagas had expressed to Father Le Moyne the desire to have. Father d'Ablon therefore set out with some Onnontagaronons and Sonontonaeronons and after much fatigue reached Quebec about Passion Sunday, 1656. They laid their request before the Governor, and the Father Superior and succeeded in getting fifty-five Frenchmen among whom were four fathers and three lay brothers. Dupuy, who was the commandant at Quebec, headed the expedition.

At five leagues from Onnondaga near Lake Gannentaha and on the banks of the Oswego River was a hill which commanded all the surrounding territory. Far from the Iroquois settlements and surrounded by stockades it could be made a position of great security for a garrison. It was in easy communication with Montreal by the Oswego and Lake Ontario. It was surrounded by woods, lakes and prairies. The forests abounded in game, and Lake Gannentaha was full of fish, and at a little distance were the salt lakes which Father Le Moyne had discovered.

With the assent of the Onnondaga chiefs, Commandant Dupuy fixed the French post at that place. He planted his palisades, built a chapel and soon Fort St. Mary's of Gannentaha recalled the memories of old St. Mary's of the Hurons. Hurons and Iroquois came from all sides to visit the houses of the Europeans and the relations of the civilized and the savage were apparently most cordial. While one missionary was instructing the sight seers around the fort others were scattered about the habitations of the various tribes. The Gospel was preached everywhere and the seed was not sown on barren soil. According to the account of Marie de l'Incarnation Father Menard alone baptized four hundred persons and the others contributed their share in like proportion.

These beginnings gave bright hopes for the future. Never-

theless the missionaries felt a little uneasy. They knew too well the fickle Iroquois nature and their impressionable credulity to nourish any fond illusions, which a bit of bad humor, or a dream, or a caprice might shatter at any moment. Moreover, while the mass of the people were favorable they were surrounded by rogues and traitors; namely the Huron apostates who were continually calumniating the missionaries. Some of the chiefs also and the medicine men had always remained bitter enemies of the Europeans and hostile to the teachings of the faith. The practice of polygamy and divorce was something they objected to having stopped.

Thus the work of evangelization was not carried on without difficulty and danger. "We try to keep our head up," writes one missionary, "amid perils and insults and jeers and calumnies and even tomahawks and knives which are not infrequently brandished above us. We are constantly expecting a massacre, and if that be God's will, may His name be blessed. The love of Christ and His gospel and of the poor souls around us keeps us in the midst of these flames; for it is not an uncommon thing for us to see men roasted and eaten." These intrepid missionaries were neither roasted nor eaten but they came very near it as we shall see.

The Agniers did not at all like to see this French post in the midst of the Iroquois nation. It menaced their trading with the Dutch and English who also were very much provoked. It was a barrier against the extension of their commerce with the west and north on the great lakes and was a declaration of possession on the part of France of the whole territory south of Lake Erie and Lake Ontario as well as of the country beyond. They began by working on the fears of the Agniers who listened very willingly, for in spite of their protestations of peace they had not yet buried the hatchet. Tricky and deceitful they were asking for peace only to avoid a blow or to make ready for offensive operations.

At the very time, for instance, while Father Le Moyne was visiting their country as ambassador and was received at Ossernenon with every demonstration of joy, three hundred of their warriors were attacking the French at Pointe Sainte Croix, twelve leagues from Quebec. They had solemnly promised the missionary to respect the Hurons and Algonquins below Three Rivers and yet three months later they attacked

the Hurons at Isle d'Orleans and carried off sixty prisoners. Later on they put to death Brother Liègois at Sillery. On the Ottawa they wounded Father Garreau who was going with Father Druillettes and three Frenchmen to the Michigan Indians. Father Garreau died later at Montreal from the effects of the wound.

These facts made it pretty plain that the Agniers could not be trusted. The hatred they nourished for the French and the miserable remnants of the Hurons burst forth again when they saw a white settlement made in the heart of their own country, and, without letting their game be discovered, strove might and main to induce the Onnondagas to drive the newcomers from the country or to massacre them.

There were at that time numbers of young braves among the Onnondagas who were eager for a fight especially since the defeat and dispersion of the Eries. This was easy, as treaties had no power over individuals. The Agniers kept urging them to fight. The young chiefs who found inactivity irksome and who wanted to increase the number of their scalps joined with the restless braves and little by little, without the missionaries being aware of it, the war spirit took possession of the other nations and as soon as the minds were hot, the Agniers called the ancients of the Confederation to a secret conference. This was in 1658. Twelve of their warriors had been made prisoners by the French colonists and were kept as hostage in Quebec, and three young Agniers set out from Ossernenon to demand their liberation.

The council decided to come down on the French of Gannentaha and on the missionaries as soon as the Quebec prisoners were released and in case Onontheo refused the captives, they would kill some of the French and offer the others in exchange. The same resolution was taken in an assembly held in Onnondaga.

A few months would have sufficed to bring about a complete and radical revolution in the minds of the Iroquois, so fickle, inconstant, and capricious were they. The plot against the garrison of Gannentaha would have certainly succeeded, if some friendly chiefs had not given a hint of what was going on. There was not an instant to lose. As flight was the only way to escape death and as it was important to profit by the breaking of the ice on the rivers, the colonists secretly built

a number of canoes and other boats and on the eve of their departure had recourse to a singular stratagem in order to conceal their design.

A young Frenchman who had been adopted by an Indian chief pretended to have a dream in which he was warned if he wished to escape death to have a banquet where every one was to eat all he could. "You are my son," said the chief, "we don't want you to die. Prepare your feast and we will eat it all." The Iroquois and some Frenchmen were invited. None failed and the Frenchmen furnished the music to enliven the occasion. The repast went on deep in the night. While they were gorging themselves, the people in the fort were quietly carrying their boats and provisions to the water's edge. Finally the wearied braves fell off asleep and when they awoke in the morning, there was nothing but a deserted fort on the hill; the Frenchmen of the feast having also joined their friends on the river. The Indians awoke when the sun was high in the heavens. They saw no one come out from the stockade all morning though they heard a more than usual barking of the dogs. At last they approached, broke in the doors, but the Frenchmen were far away, and on April 20, 1658, entered the fortress of Quebec, bringing the missionaries with them who, as the *Relation* of 1658 declares, saw that "their captivity and death would have been more harmful than profitable to the general cause. They followed the wiser course and withdrew to return when the times were better."

Thus ended this first Iroquois mission begun three years before under such favorable auspices; and with it ended, so to say, the childhood of the French colony and the first heroic period of the evangelization of the Indian tribes of North America.

A new epoch opened for the colony and the Church of Canada. The civil administration, the military government, the religious methods, all were about to be modified or transformed. We are about to enter upon a new era which resembles in nothing the thirty-five years which we have been studying. But before recounting the events of this new period it may be of advantage to cast our eyes over the past in a rapid resumé of events in the colonies and in France from the beginning up to the time at which we have now arrived.

DERELICT.

He set His eye upon their hearts.—Eccles. xvii, 7.

THINE eye weighs heavily to-day, dear Lord—
Heavy upon my heart. Methinks it sees
Too clearly there the weakness I would hide
Even from Thee. Thy kindness, in a mist,
Lingers beyond the gateway of my fears,
Stayed there by doubting fancies that will come
When days are empty and the night full long.

Thine eye weighs heavily upon my heart—
My heart that is so set on earthly things,
So rash, so careless, so unwist of Thee.
Lift up, Oh Lord, Thy guarding eye, and leave
Me in the dust of my abasement here.
In the wide darkness of Thy love withdrawn
I will a-think me. Here my shrinking soul
Shall proper raiment seek; while silence waits
Trembling upon the gracious lips of prayer.

Darkness! . . . I faint! I cannot pray! Not this—
Rabboni—Saviour! Not this silence drawn
Like winding sheet about my haggard soul!
I sought not this—it were a sweeter thing
Methought, to be alone with only prayer.
But prayer has fled when that Thine eye was gone!

HELEN MORIARTY.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE OF FATHER JOGUES.

The new Vice-Postulator of the cause of Father Jagues and his companions and of the missionaries who died for the faith in Canada, the Rev. J. E. Désy, S. J., has begun his work actively, and with all that has been prepared for him by his predecessor, the Rev. A. Melançon, S. J., and Father Jones, Archivist at St. Mary's College, Montreal, he hopes to have the ecclesiastical court of inquiry meet very soon in Quebec. Among those who will be invited to give testimony before this court are the Abbé Lecoq, Superior of the Sulpitian Seminary, Montreal, the two priests just mentioned and perhaps also His Grace, Mgr. Bruchesi; from Quebec, the Rector of Laval University, Abbé Lindsay, a Sister of Charity, an Ursuline, and several prominent citizens, among others M. Dionne, librarian of Parliament; from New York, the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J., John J. Wynne, S. J., from the Albany diocese, the Rev. John Walsh of St. Peter's Church, Troy. In Paris, PP. Rochemonteix, Rouvier and Brucker will be asked to testify. We recommend the favorable issue of this process, so long desired and carefully prepared, to the prayers of our readers.

CATHERINE TEKAGWITHA'S ANNIVERSARY.—THE SHRINE UNINJURED.

Mass will be said Wednesday, April 13, the anniversary of the death of Catherine Tekagwitha, and this year, among other intentions, it will be offered in thanksgiving for the protection of the place from wind and storm and flood, which were so disastrous during the past season. Nowhere, it seems, was the damage greater than just below the shrine between Fort Hunter and Amsterdam, where the canal bank has been almost totally destroyed, and yet, we are informed, that the shrine and grounds escaped without noticeable damage.

RELIC OF THE HOLY CROSS.

A reliquary of gold will be made for the relic of the Holy Cross which we received from Rome last autumn. The material has been sent to the goldsmith, and we expect to have the reliquary in good time for the summer pilgrimages.

FATHER DOLAN'S DEATH.

The news of Father Dolan's death will sadden all our readers and the friends of the shrine. For years he was a welcome visitor there and his relations with all who met him were the friendliest possible. Several times he preached to the pilgrims and he never failed to officiate yearly at some of the services, always to the edification of the worshipers. His parishioners at Fonda and later at Johnstown, always felt at home when at Auriesville, chiefly because of his cordiality with all connected with the shrine. We have published at length the sermon preached at his funeral by Dr. Maguire, and we trust it will move all our readers to remember him kindly and to recommend his soul to the Mother of God to whom he was devoted with such simple and filial piety.

THE MISSIONS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The Rev. Arthur Jones, S. J., Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, and Archivist at St. Mary's College, will exhibit in St. Louis the many relics, maps, documents, etc., which illustrate the history of the missions in New France and the lives of the missionaries.

THE LATE REVEREND JOHN W. DOLAN.

Solemn and imposing were the requiem services celebrated in St. Patrick's Church, Johnstown, last Tuesday morning, over the mortal remains of the lamented and beloved pastor of that congregation, the Rev. John W. Dolan.

Long before the hour of the intoning of the Office for the Dead by the assembled clergy, the sacred edifice was filled to its utmost with sorrowing parishioners and many non-Catholics, friends of the departed, who united with the bereaved flock in deploring the loss of their beloved spiritual father and friend.

The evening previous to that day hundreds of persons of all classes and creeds repaired to the church to look upon the calm, peaceful face in death. The body was robed in priestly vestments and the hands held a chalice. The various societies of the parish had delegations to keep watch during the night.

Many dear friends of the departed priest from Albany, Troy, and other towns of this diocese, arrived in Johnstown that morning to be present at the solemn obsequies, and among the large body of priests was Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., the devoted director of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville. In the death of Father Dolan, Auriesville loses a devoted friend and advocate. The deceased often lead his people to the sacred shrine when he would officiate on each occasion at the Solemn Ceremonies connected with the pilgrimage. He was always ready to assist the Jesuit Fathers in their blessed mission of paying honor to our Lady of Martyrs and of advancing the cause of the Mohawk Valley.

The chanting of the solemn Office for the Dead was begun at 9.30, and at 10.30 o'clock Right Rev. Bishop T. M. A. Burke began the celebration of the pontifical requiem mass. The bishop was assisted by Vicar-General Swift of Troy, as assistant priest, Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., of New York, and Very Rev. John L. Reilly, of St. John's Church, Schenectady, as deacons of honor; Father Murphy as deacon; Father Walsh, of Schenectady, as sub-deacon, and Father Delaney, secretary to the bishop, as master of ceremonies.

Rev. Francis J. Maguire, LL.D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Albany, and a life-long friend of the deceased, delivered the eulogy. Dr. Maguire said in part:

"'In my Father's house there are many mansions . . . and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am, there ye may be also.'—John xiv, 2.

"Religion teaches us that the most sacred and honorable condition of character among men is that of the Holy Priesthood. The Prophet Malachias, in ii, 7, calls priests 'Angels.' 'For the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth, because he is the Angel of the Lord of hosts.'

"Let us be reminded also that when the Eternal Father desired to make known the glory of His Only Begotten Son,

Jesus Christ, the High Priest of the New Law, He gave Him this title and confirmed it with an oath—as in 109th Ps., 4 v.,

‘The Lord has sworn and he shall not repent, thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech.’

“How sublimely sacred this wondrous dignity of the Priesthood, which God has been pleased to confer upon men. If we would realize more perfectly the magnificence of the priestly character, let us seek it in the King whom the Priest represents, and in the office which he fulfills. He is the representative of God among men. St. Paul in 2nd Cor., 20th v., declares to all ‘We are therefore ambassadors for Christ; God, as it were, exhorting by us.’

“We are gathered to-day for the solemn obsequies of a priest of God some of you from distant regions of the State, all of us bent on the sad duty of expressing by our presence and our prayers our sympathy with the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese, in his loss of a worthy laborer in the work of God, our sympathy with the people of this congregation in as much as they have suffered the loss of their beloved pastor.

“While deep down in the hearts of most of us priests there is sympathy for one another, because we realize that, with these obsequies passes away forever from our companionship and observation a brother priest who was united to us by tender ties—whose ministrations were for the greater glory of God and the Christian name. And, brethren, if the life of our departed fellow priest was of value to our diocese, and if his decease be personal affliction to us, his fellow priests, do you not hear from all sides resounding testimonials that his priesthood was a powerful agent of good, while his actual good deeds redounded to the bettering of our common humanity.

“Strong and deep then is the impulse which prompts us to bow in submission to this sad dispensation of our Heavenly Father, but which also prompts us to thank God for the inspiration and aid with which He has been pleased to illustrate in our day and place by the life of this priest the virtue and power of Christianity.

“I have referred to the loss which our Bishop and diocese has sustained by the death of Rev. Father Dolan. In the great work of the Universal Church each priest bears a part in every sense important beyond human computation. ‘Because

thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will place thee over many.' Who understands the fullness of meaning of these words? Only in God's day of revelation may we comprehend the value of the mission of even the least servant in the vineyard of Christ. Neither may we fathom the true extent of loss which is entailed on a diocese when a good and zealous priest is called from his labors by death.

"True, according to our stern discipline, the priest is called to serve and he is of all else a servant of the people where-soever God's interest may be in question. He labors and suffers and dies, and another comes to take up the burden which he has laid down, or to finish the furrow in the midst of whose plowing death has found a laborer. Because you realize and appreciate these facts, brethren, your hearts are heavy to-day.

"And, at least for the time being, your sense of affliction is such as to merit and receive the sympathy of this large assemblage of ecclesiastics, as well as of your fellow citizens of every religious denomination in this old historic municipality. You have lost your pastor and Shepherd, and he was a good Shepherd to you, worthy of your love and respect in life, as he is worthy of your tears of sorrow in death.

"I have known Father Dolan since his childhood. He served my first mass in St. Mary's church, Albany, in May, 1872. This fact, perhaps, as much as the remarkable manner which is sometimes noticeable in servers in the sanctuary, caused me to be interested in him, and I was glad when later on he informed me that he would like to become a priest and devote his life to the service of God and salvation of souls.

"By an arrangement with his pastor, the illustrious late Father Walworth, I assumed the care of his education. He proved a diligent student indeed, improving as he advanced, evincing a power of intellect which made him excellent among his fellows, but also developing a spirit of consistent piety, which exacted the sanction of his superiors and secured his ready promotion to the lesser orders and to the Holy Priesthood.

"His ordination occurred in December, 1882. I prefer to pass over the years of his student life, all the free time of which was spent in my home, and during which I was frequent

witness of his nobility of character. His docility, deference and respect were ever marked by the affection and dependence of a child—even unto that moment when from his death bed he called me to perform for him the last offices of religion.

“He was, I might say, my first born of several into the ministry, and although he may have been corrected or disciplined like the others, if it became necessary, he was never long unmindful of the duties of a becoming and perfect gratitude, or in any sense a source of anxiety to me.

“As you know, Father Dolan, although a native of Albany, sprang from a stock which had suffered much for civil and religious principles through many generations.”

Dr. Maguire then referred to a number of sad incidents in Father Dolan's life; the drowning of his college chum, while both were in bathing in the river here, and later the loss, one by one of his father, mother, sister and brothers, and said he had been sorely tried. Continuing he said:

“But, Oh! So resigned when the final summons came, and so well content to lay down the burden which he had borne so patiently and well since the day of his ordination. I would gladly magnify all the good of which I have been witness in the life of this dead priest from his early days. But you have in your hearts and minds to-day, brethren, a more potent eulogy than any I might utter.

“You are, I am sure, willing witnesses of his excellence. You have heard him tell in peerless eloquence the truths of God and you were thus helped in your spiritual life. You have heard him sing in passing sweetness the praises of God in divine worship. He has taught you and sung with you the beautiful hymns of the sacred liturgy. It has been yours to share in the benefits of his priestly ministrations, or to rejoice in his friendship and the advantages of his conversation.

“But he has ever been to you the true priest, and you have realized or you will live to realize that his ever glowing hope was to lead you nearer to God and to eternal life. Even you, fellow citizens, who have not come within the circle of his religious influence, will be glad to tell that his consistent citizenship and zeal in every movement for the public good rendered him worthy the esteem and the regret of all good men.

"It is not for us to canonize the departed, and I will not attempt to do that. Father Dolan's creditable reputation was not confined to the immediate locality in which he labored. It has been said that 'goodness, judgment, courage and fidelity are the noblest elements in a great life.' I think he possessed all those in a remarkable degree, and I believe he has made an impression for good on many of which the great book of life bears unfailing record.

"And now let me ask you for the charity of your prayers in behalf of Father Dolan's soul. He loved you as parishioners, and especially your little children, as you may learn better later. Oh, teach them to pray for the repose of his soul—that the great High Priest Christ may receive him unto eternal rest—now at last re-united to his dear ones, to be separated from them no more and to be endowed with the crown which the Just Judge has laid up for all who serve Him."

The Vatican and Catholic Star, March 5, 1904.

Owing to the storm that had prevailed on Monday, trains from the west had been delayed and in consequence the remains of Father Dolan did not arrive at St. Agnes' cemetery until after 6 o'clock, Tuesday evening. Many people from Albany and Troy were at the cemetery in the early part of the afternoon awaiting the funeral cortege, but on learning of the delay returned to their homes.

On the arrival of the body at the cemetery it was placed in the vault and a brief service was held by the clergy present.—*Requiescat in pace.*

AT THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

ETHEL'S SACRIFICE.

ONE bright March morning some years ago, a rosy-cheeked little miss pressed the electric button at the Convent entrance. Her travelling-bag bore the evidence of having been hastily packed: the contents bulged out a little over the straps and these tightly embraced several extra parcels that might apparently have been easily stowed away in some inner remote corner. However, with a very dignified bow, she saluted the portress and gravely inquired: Could she see the Superior at once on important business?

Half an hour later, the Class of Protection had a new member and Ethel, having gained her point with Mother Superior, wore her most grandiose air as she looked around on the band of girls assembled for noon prayer. Ah, yes! There was Mamie, smiling back at her friend! Oh, for a tête-a-tête! But the Our Father's seemed interminable.

At recreation, when the girls dispersed about the class room, making the walls ring with their merry laughter, Mamie welcomed Ethel; but she said:

"I'm sure, Ethel, your papa will never let you stay here, nor your grandma either. How in the world did you ever manage to get in?"

"Oh," said Ethel, "Mother Superior didn't want to take me, but I told her plainly I'd just run away from home and then they'd be sure to put me in to have me locked up. So she said to send a special messenger to papa and I could come in until I heard further. Oh, Mamie, dear, I'm so glad to be with you!" and the girls hugged each other.

Mamie's parents had died a short time before and the little one had been placed with the nuns for safety. The removal was intolerable to motherless Ethel, who had been Mamie's next-door playmate since both could remember, and with Mamie, in school girl loyalty, she now decided to cast in her lot. Mr. Lincoln received a shock in the missive which announced Ethel's step, though he could not refrain from smiling at the language in which the intelligence was couched. He read in her girlish chirography:

"Dear Papa: I really can't live without Mamie and so I am going to stay with her until I get tired of the convent. I think the nuns are lovely anyhow in their nice white habits, with their ivory rosaries and silver hearts and everything. You know they say travel is good for a person's education, and I think the change will help me to get up decimals. Mother Superior says I can't stay without your consent, but be sure to come to see me every day, darling papa, and always bring me a large fruit cake to treat the girls with. A thousand kisses to my own papa from his darling ETHEL."

There was an animated scene in the convent parlor and then Mr. Lincoln consented to leave his spoilt child with the sisters, "for two or three months only," he stipulated sharply, only half reconciled by Mother Superior's assurance that she expected Ethel would get homesick long before that period had elapsed.

Ethel's loyalty, it is true, underwent a severe trial when she found she was not permitted to go down to the city to buy new ribbons, nor even to the nun's quarters to watch for the postman. Ah, that postman!!! Nevertheless, they were happy days that the child Ethel spent at the House of the Good Shepherd. Even the medicinal round of study grew more agreeable to her taste when administered by gentle Mother Lucy, who taught the girls of the Protectorate Class. But, by and by, Providence willed that Mamie's aunt, who lived in distant Kentucky, should call at the convent and bear her tearful niece away; and then Mr. Lincoln had little trouble in inducing his forlorn little daughter to return home. He found her more obedient and pliant than of yore and their hearts grew together in that felicity of friendship which is sometimes found between a solitary parent and his only, much-loved child. Grandma, too, had no reason to complain of Ethel who assiduously applied herself to the "higher branches" and enlisted her leisure in such airy creations of fancy work as suited her poetic frame of mind.

She had a rich contralto voice over which Prof. Alandé waxed eloquent. "Mademoiselle has a fortune in her voice. Why, each vibration is a revelation of heaven. By all means, M. Lincoln, your daughter must be an artiste. The drawing room stage is something not disdained by the elite. Such depth, such wonderful elasticity *must* come forward."

Ethel tranquilly pursued the lengthy course of study, a little elated by the praise she received. She loved to pour out her beautiful voice in prelude or song but the technique was tedium itself, and the accompanying language course, though less monotonous, grew wearisome at times.

When she was twenty-one, Prof. Alandé summoned his star to a *musical* at a suburban centre over which he presided. He prided himself upon the exquisite Parisian accent with which this young American lady could render his favorite *chanson* "*Chantez, riez, dormez.*" It was January, 1903, and the small pox was rife at A—. Ethel had a dim foreboding of evil as she bade her father good-bye and grasped the old-time valise, now most daintily packed. Mr. Lincoln would have gone to witness his daughter's triumph, but felt unusually fatigued and unwell.

"It is nothing," he assured her, "the next concert I am with you. Now, little queen, remember, I am jealous of your roses, so bring every one back to me."

The *musical* was a success. A veritable Hebe, Ethel looked in her simple mull dress, the impression of an innocent face and girlish figure enhanced by the childlike composure which graced each gesture. As encore she sang "The dearest spot on earth" and, at the words,

"I've taught my heart the way to prize
My home, sweet home,"

she raised her drooping lashes and her eyes swept the distance, as if to rest upon the whitewashed cottage where her father sat and thought of her. But, was it more than the inspiration of song that made her gaze loath to remain even there! She looked above, beyond, and her eyes saw nothing but the lonely, love-tenanted tabernacle. The audience applauded, while the singer grew sad.

Returning next morning, breathless with excitement, Ethel darted into the library, certain of finding her father there at that hour; but the room was deserted. She went in search of grandma whom she found ill in bed, quite overcome by anxiety: then she heard the terrible tidings. Mr. Lincoln had been taken with alarming symptoms; the doctor had pronounced the case small-pox and the patient, in accordance with civic regulations, had been conveyed at once to the

Isolated Hospital. Ethel staggered as the horror burst full upon her. Her father sick unto death in a place where attendance was, at best, comparatively scanty; and, more frightening thought! she recalled that he had lately shown atheistic tendencies. Would he die neglected, unprepared? The fear was intolerable: and, after telephoning her cousin Anna who lived in the opposite quarter of the city and consigning grandma to her care, she set out for the Isolated Hospital.

Of course, admittance was denied her. The matron's assurance, "though Mr. Lincoln is very ill, he has a good constitution, and we hope for his recovery," brought no calm to her troubled spirit. Her tears were falling fast, as she sighted the car for home and doubtless, caused her to read EVERSON AVE. not ANDERSON AVE. on the signboard. Crossing the car to the farthest corner, she drew her veil closely around her face and gave herself up to bitter reflections.

"Anderson Ave., change cars, please." The words were a new thunderbolt and looking out she saw not the neat, familiar street, but the high bricked wall, spreading orchards and the convent which had been her home for a brief period in happy, careless childhood.

"It is Providence," she said to herself as a sudden thought came to her mind and the blood pulsed quickly to her heart.

That evening Ethel was again an inmate of the House—this time as a candidate for the habit of the consecrated penitents. For weeks poor aged Mrs. Lincoln was nearly beside herself with grief at what she considered Ethel's heartlessness: but, when the happy news came that Mr. Lincoln, after receiving the Last Sacraments, had gradually improved and was now fast recovering, joy made the most efficacious of tonics, and, despatching Anna with the good tidings to Ethel, she contentedly awaited the latter's homecoming.

Anna approached the grille with a feeling of disgust. "Those miserable bars!" she exclaimed after the first greetings. "Now, my fair cousin, get your hat and we'll go back in time for grandma's tea at five."

Ethel was very pale but calm.

"Anna," she said, "I am not going home. I have decided to become a Consecrate. So, now, be prepared to see me take habit next Magdalen's Day."

"Habit! Magdalen's Day!" gasped Anna. "Surely,

Ethel, you don't mean it. Think of your home, your art. Professor is enthusiastic about your success the other evening. With such a future before you, how can you think of giving up the world?"

"Now, Anna," reasoned Ethel, who loved and admired her cousin, "what after all can the world give me? Don't you remember.

“ ‘ Did ever, on painter’s canvas, live
The pow’r of his fancy’s dream?
Did ever poet’s pen achieve
Fruition of his theme?
Did marble ever take the life
That the sculptor’s soul conceived,
Or ambition win, in passion’s strife,
What its glowing hopes believed?
Did ever racer’s eager feet
Rest as they reached the goal,
Finding the prize achieved was meet
To satisfy the soul? ’

How often we used to con over these lines! Tell me, Anna, has genius ever brought anything but suffering in its train? And my voice—granted it has the merit you suppose—a little cold, a slight catarrh and its beauty is at an end. No. I hope to put my life to a better use than to spend it in chasing the mirage of human applause.”

“But, Ethel,” remonstrated Anna, “such a convent to choose! How can you live in this dreary house?”

“’Tis my trysting place with the Divine,” Ethel murmured and paused a moment lost in thought. Then she added cheerily:

“Why, Anna, I sing and do fancy-work all day. Very like Our Lady’s life in the temple, isn’t it? and not so hard after all. Now, darling, leave me and comfort our poor grandma.”

“If she were only a nun out and out I wouldn’t mind,” sobbed Mrs. Lincoln, when she had heard Ethel’s strange decision, but a Consecrate! What’s that? I know she can’t ever be an abbess or even a teaching sister. And such a voice as she had. What’s come over the child?”

“She can’t make her perpetual consecration for at least

four years, Mother Superior told me; so let us hope she'll soon get tired of it and come out," Anna answered, consolingly.

But when Mr. Lincoln saw his daughter, her face radiant with its spirituelle and rapt expression, he divined her purpose; and, pressing her to his heart, he could only murmur brokenly:

"My child! My child! A greater than Iphigenia has lived!"

"HOLY GHOST DAY" IN HONOLULU.

WHITSUNDAY or Pentecost is the "Holy Ghost Day" of the Portuguese and there is no community of that nation where it is not observed with great unction and, as far as possible, with all the old customs of their native land.

In Alameda County, California, the mild climate has attracted many Portuguese as settlers and this day is each year celebrated with many an interesting ceremony, but in Honolulu the fiesta gains much in picturesqueness by its tropical setting and by the presence of many Hawaiians who are always ready to rejoice with him who rejoices as well as to mourn with him who mourns. Many years ago large consignments of Portuguese were brought as contract laborers from the Azores to the Hawaiian Islands. Naturally they were not selected from the flower of the population of those old colonies of Portugal and the consul appointed to look after their interests reported to the Hawaiian authorities, "they are a lot of thieves and cut-throats, I can do nothing with them." Thanks however to the tact and wisdom of the good bishop of Panopolis, whose see is the Hawaiian Islands, all this is changed and to-day the Portuguese of Honolulu are an industrious, law-abiding class of citizens, owning a good deal of property. In former times the coming of "Holy Ghost Day" was a signal for a dreadful orgy, but finally the bishop succeeded in bringing the original religious observances of the day into their proper prominence. Now the entire day is spent either in the Cathedral or in the pretty, palm-shaded courtyard adjoining it. In this court great preparations are made for the festival. For two days beforehand the Cathedral, the adjacent church buildings and even the trees flutter with Portuguese,

French and American flags, the latter very prominent in honor of the new territorial government, the French for the nuns and priests of the Mission of the Sacred Hearts of Mary and Jesus, maintained by the Society of the Propaganda and which has done much good in the Islands during its forty years' establishment there. The evening before Whitsunday the Portuguese renew their vows to the Church, to do reverence to the Sainted Queen Isabella of Portugal whose special day this is and to pay homage to the Holy Ghost at His shrine erected in front of the bishop's residence and against the stone fountain with its ferns and mosses. This shrine represents the palace to which Queen Isabella journeyed eight hundred years ago and where she vowed always to observe as a day of solemn feasting this festival of the Descent of the Holy Ghost, for whom she had a peculiar devotion.

She laid her crown and sceptre on the altar and provided gifts and alms for the poor. The observance of this day has never since been omitted among the Portuguese folk. On Saturday evening before "Holy Ghost Day" the bishop, the clergy and the officers and members of the Portuguese Society (*Irmandade de Santu Espiritu*) preceded by the government band and followed by great crowds march to the shrine erected in the Cathedral courtyard where the food contributed by charity is brought to be blessed. At seven on the following morning the blessed food is distributed to the poor. At ten the bishop holds a high pontifical mass. Before him is carried the deep crimson banner of the Holy Ghost with its embroidered dove and the crowd presses forward to kiss it. All contend for a place near the banner and so often has it been kissed and handled that it hangs in tatters. In the bishop's hands is the crown commemorative of that laid upon the altar by the Royal Saint and into this rattles Hawaiian silver till it is filled to the brim. In former years this procession used to go about the streets in Honolulu and even the nuns from the cloistered convent walked in it, never on any other day in the year leaving their own secluded grounds save when one of their number was borne to the cemetery just outside the town.

At one o'clock twelve old men—six Portuguese and six Hawaiians—are to be fed at an elaborately decked table on the dais in front of the shrine. Shading the dais is a bright striped canvas awning, the supporting posts wound with Portu-

guese, American and French bunting and fluttering with the banners of the various Portuguese societies. Long before the hour the court is crowded with a gaily dressed crowd, all quiet and orderly. The older Portuguese women wear the ugly Hawaiian "holoku" and on their heads a bright yellow silk handkerchief, tied under the chin and villainously unbecoming. The "holoku" is usually white. The young girls dress in the latest American fashions, though the colors are too vivid for any but tropical skies. Many of them are pretty and all are clean, prosperous looking and well behaved. There is an occasional Chinaman or Japanese, full of eager curiosity and many Hawaiians, whose presence is always to be counted on for any festivity, but mine is so far the only white face, for in Honolulu where there is as yet no color prejudice, the Portuguese never think of calling themselves white.

The dais is railed about and approached by a narrow flight of steps and one end of it is bound by the shrine on which rests the crown and sceptre, amid the gayest profusion of artificial flowers. Along two of its sides are benches for the twelve guests who presently arrive, all in the new white trousers and bright blue shirts, a part of the day's dolo. In the centre is the long table covered with a white cloth and adorned with great care. Above it hangs from the canvas roof a great structure of fruits and nuts—I notice that they are mostly Californian—ingeniously arranged into two large cones meeting at the base and tapering off at either end. Placed in alternate rows are first cherries, then almonds, next plums, then walnuts and so on, the fruit gradually increasing in size till the middle row of big oranges is reached, then dwindling again to the other end. This is suspended in the middle of a wooden hoop covered with the Portuguese colors and from this are hung four decanters of red wine. On the table just below is a great platter of "Holy Ghost Bread," shaped to a rude resemblance of a dove. More fruit and flowers are on the table and at each plate is a folded napkin, a knife, fork and spoon and a small decanter of wine. Also, beside every plate is a large loaf of bread—the French *pain du ménage*.

The band strikes up the Marseillaise in compliment to the bishop's nationality and he mounts the dais accompanied by the Portuguese and French consuls. The twelve old men have meanwhile been sitting patiently waiting for the bishop's ar-

rival. At his approach they walk forward to the table, three young Portuguese of the Sodality of the Holy Ghost marshaling them in order and hastily whispering to them some instructions evidently imperfectly understood by the Hawaiians who sit down when they should stand up and the contrary, so that they have to be sharply prodded to make them rise in time for the bishop's blessing. He is a noble, ascetic looking old Frenchman—since dead—and as he pronounces the brief grace, one old Hawaiian who is entirely blind, manages with much urging to stumble to his feet just at its conclusion. Then the Portuguese consul makes a short speech, apparently very satisfactory, turning to the Portuguese side of the table as he speaks. Next the French consul says a few words in his native tongue, pointing his remark at the old Hawaiians who listen with great propriety, though naturally, with but little comprehension of his meaning. Raising the glass of wine before him as do also the bishop and the other consul, he gives the rather startling toast, "I drink to the Holy Ghost and to this patriotic and religious festival!" The three gentlemen withdraw and the old men seat themselves at last to the full enjoyment of their feast. They are quickly served by the three young sodalists wearing white suits and blue sashes. The first course is a soup, steaming hot and my eyes are immediately fascinated by the blind Hawaiian who is a familiar figure in the streets of Honolulu. He is very fat and though his only mode of livelihood is imitating the whistles of the various steamers which enter the harbor, he looks well nourished and content. One often meets him hurrying toward the wharves with his bag of whistles. He is considerably younger than the other beneficiaries, but his infirmity entitles him to a place among them. He is known as the "Blind Boy of Hilo," though he has long ceased to be a boy. His neighbors eat their soup with their spoons, quite in accordance with custom, but he, resting both fat elbows on the table lifts the deep plate to his mouth and drinks it in great and very audible gulps, quite unmindful of the crowd watching each mouthful from the dais and from the courtyard below. In the course of my long waiting I have—rather to my consternation—been slowly pushed to the very front, very near the table and feel that I am embarrassingly conspicuous but am too deeply interested to care much. The soup removed, there is a short delay,

evidently while the soup plates are being washed, for they enter again, this time well filled with fish, flesh and fowl and various vegetables. Again, the "blind boy of Hilo," disdains the utensils of civilization and plunges both fat brown hands into the plate, deluged with gravy and feeds himself greedily. One feels that this artless old gentleman should have had his dinner served in a nose bag. The wine glasses have been filled and for a while each man's attention is wholly absorbed in the business before him. A little old Irishwoman who has just slipped in beside me sighs several times very ostentatiously, finally breaking out into a half sob, "ah ain't it a sad sight!" It seems to me so *very* much the contrary that I ask her why. With a doleful sniff she answers, "ain't it sad to think they can't have this every day?" I am of the opinion that their days would not be much longer in the land should they gorge themselves to this extent more than once a year, but not wishing to make myself disagreeable, I assent, looking as mournfully sympathetic as possible for I see that she is worth drawing out. I ask if she has lived long in Honolulu. "Three year. It's a quare country. I like the climate but iverything ilse goes agin me. I've three sons and fifteen dollars a day comin' in reg'lar, but divil a penny saved. To be sure it's a house of plinty, but it's some day they'll be among these ould min."

The other old men have all finished eating and drinking, only the "blind boy of Hilo" is still diving into his plate with both hands, it having been many times replenished by one of the young sodalists, who has also as delicately as possible each time attempted to insinuate into the dripping fingers the spoon and fork, only to see them tossed contemptuously aside in favor of the members which have the claim of priority. Feeling very comfortable and happy after a good and sufficient meal and much cheered by the wine, the old Portuguese and their opposite neighbors begin to exchange jocose remarks across the board, indicating with their hands the greatly decreased space between their stomachs and the table. Soon the attention of the whole table is fixed on the "blind boy," as is also that of the bystanders, and many a glance of laughing scorn is cast at him. Beside him sits a handsome, high-featured old Hawaiian, his white hair standing erect—age gives such an air of dignity to these natives. He has a face of great intelligence and keenness and reminds me

strongly of "Fighting Bob," who has lately passed through Honolulu. He has a stately carriage of the head and his manner till now has been grave and dignified, but having at last leisure to observe his neighbor he lifts his hands in mock horror, breaks into a broad grin and turning to me with a grimace of disgust, says, in broken English, "He eat wiz he fingers!" Very likely, however, for all his assumed repugnance, his own table manners at home are very similar, as anybody will know who has ever seen a Hawaiian "Luau."

Then the old Irish woman says, "ah, thim other min oughtn't to be laughin' at the poor man and him blind. Sure, he can't see to find the fork." Just then the "blind boy" reached out his hand toward the decanter, grasps it with no preliminary groping about and she goes on, "well, now, for bein' blind he's right handy at findin' the wine, ain't he?"

The attendants tie each man's loaf in the clean napkin provided for that purpose, putting in every package the customary gift of a dime to which is added a fifty cent piece from the two consuls.

Soon after dinner is over confirmation services are held in the cathedral, a fine large stone building with arched and frescoed roof and during the rite the doors are locked to prevent annoyance by the coming and going of the crowd. Beside the door as I enter stands a young Chinawoman in her poly-chrome native dress and carrying a young baby. A pretty Portuguese girl says to her, "are you going to have your baby baptized?" She answers, "yes, I am waiting for my husband." There are many more babies in the cathedral and for a while all seem to be crying at once. Scores of girls and boys are awaiting confirmation and as the bishop advances in gorgeous vestments and carrying his crosier, row after row kneel at the railing to receive the sign of the cross on their foreheads and retire to make room for others. The ceremony at an end, the doors are opened and the throng makes its way out into the courtyard where one of the sodalists stands in front of the shrine and auctions off the fruits and flowers.

The "Holy Ghost Day," which the turbulent immigrants from the Azores once spent in noisy revels, often ending in fierce quarrels, has passed decently and profitably in various religious and charitable exercises and in harmless feasting.

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THE MISSIONS.

TRADITIONS AND LEGENDS OF THE COPTS ABOUT THE JOURNEY AND RESIDENCE OF THE HOLY FAMILY IN EGYPT.

THE Copts are the descendants of those ancient Egyptians who, since the first centuries of Christianity followed the teachings of our Saviour, and consequently preserved the ancient traditions of the Church in Egypt. These traditions are read in their divine services and, although not to be considered historically true, because since its separation from Rome through the schism of Dioscorus, the Church of Egypt has fallen into error, these plain narratives are pleasant and edifying reading.

When flying before the persecutions of Herod our Lord Jesus, in company with His mother, and Joseph, the carpenter, came from Jerusalem to Egypt. Salome wished to accompany the Holy Family. The first city which they entered was Basta, the ancient Bubastis, to-day called Fell-el-Basta, in the neighborhood of Zagazig.

It was on the 24th day of the month Bashness (May), about the noon hour, when they rested under the shade of a tree. Thereupon Mary went to the inhabitants to get a little water for the divine Child. But when nobody was found willing to give her water, she began to weep. Her divine Son, seeing this, wiped away her tears with His little hands, and with His finger made a circle on the ground, from the centre of which immediately a well began to bubble forth.

Jesus blessed the water, saying: "It will cure all those of their sickness who on this day of the year wash therein, but not the inhabitants of the city of Basta."

One day the Blessed Virgin, taking the Child by the hand, went into the city. When they entered, all of the idolatrous images which were adored in Basta, fell to the earth. The priests became frightened and wanted to lay hands on Jesus and Mary, but the Holy Family were warned by a good man, named Klom, with whom they lived. Jesus blessed Klom and they hurriedly left the city. Arriving at a well in the neighborhood of a tree, they stopped. Here the Blessed Virgin washed the

divine Child and His tiny clothes. Thereafter the place was called Mahammah, or place of bathing, and it bears the name to this day.

From there they turned to Belbeis. After entering the city, our Lord awakened a widow's son who had recently died. The boy arose and said: "This One is truly God, the Saviour of the world, who has taken flesh from this Virgin, a mystery surpassing human understanding." At these words and in view of the miracle, the inhabitants believed in Jesus Christ and confessed that He was the true God. The boy passed through all the neighboring villages and related everywhere what had happened.

Thereupon they came to a place called Matarijeh, or Ain Schemo, that is, well of the sun. Joseph had a staff from Jericho on which he supported himself. Our Lord took it, broke it into several pieces and planted them in the ground. Then, with His hands He dug a small trench in the earth, out of which he caused a well to bubble forth which watered the pieces. Instantly there came life into the pieces of the staff, they grew and covered themselves with leaves that spread a sweet perfume about them. Thus originated the balsam-trees in Matarijeh, from which the oil is taken that is used in blessing the altars, the holy vessels and the new Christians.

From Matarijeh they went to Fostat, the present Old Cairo. There they stopped at a place intended for strangers and remained there in a grotto. Jesus said to Mary: "Here they will erect a church in your honor." In fact, St. Mark, who came there afterwards, erected a church which later on was called Abu Sarga, that is, Church of St. Sergius, where Christians venerated the place that was hallowed by the presence of the Holy Family.

From there they boarded a bark and rode up the Nile toward the south. On the fifth day they arrived in the vicinity of a village called Salamud, on the left bank of the Nile, about 330 miles from Cairo, not far from ancient Cynopolis. Suddenly the travellers in the bark gave forth a cry of horror at the sight of a large piece of rock loosening itself from the mountain to the east, which threatened to fall down upon them. Our Saviour stretched forth His hand and held the rock, leaving the imprint of His hand upon it. Since that day the mountain east of the Nile is called Nil Dshebel-el-Kahf, that is, Moun-

tain of the Grotto, and the rock is called Saidetna-el-Kahf, or Our Lady of the Grotto.

The Holy Family proceeded on the west bank of the Nile until they reached Ashmunein, the ancient Hermopolis Magna, about 93 miles south of Salamud and eight miles west of the Nile.

In the heart of the city, mounted on top of a cupola, supported by four pillars, stood an idol representing a horse. Each time an enemy approached this idol the horse began to neigh.

When Christ entered the city with Mary the idol fell from its pedestal and broke to pieces, as well as the rest of the idolatrous images, and the heathen temples crumbled to their very foundations.

Near the city then was a lebak-tree, which trees grow only in tropical countries. It bowed down before Jesus, who blessed it and said: "The worms will not touch you until the end of time. You will remain standing as a witness of my entrance into this city." The Holy Family then passed through the streets of the city; the multitude followed them and said: "Never have we seen a Child like unto Him."

From there the holy travellers came to a village named Philes, the ancient Phylace in Thebai, which to-day is called Darut-esh-Sherif, about thirty-three miles from Ashmunein, on the left bank of the Nile. There they lived a few days with a cabinetmaker named Dianos, a friend of Joseph. The son of this man was possessed by a demon. At the sight of the child Jesus he cried: "What have we to do with Thee, Jesus of Nazareth? We have left Thee in Jerusalem and the neighborhood, and thou hast followed us hither to destroy us."

Jesus commanded the demon to leave the child, and the latter was instantly freed. At the same time all of the idols of the city fell to the ground. The rulers of the city became enraged at this and sent out soldiers to seize the strangers. But they were warned in time by Dianos and they hastily departed early in the morning toward Koskam, to-day called Gossieh, the ancient Cusae, about twenty-eight miles south of Philes and five miles distant from the river.

Upon instigation of the devil the inhabitants of Koskam expelled Jesus from the city. Therefore the Holy Family at first journeyed west toward Meir, about ten miles from Koskam, then toward the south. While they were resting in the

neighborhood of a village, Jesus took the staff of Joseph, which consisted of an olive branch, planted it in the earth and said: "You will stand on this spot as a witness of our sojourn here." Immediately the tree bore leaves and fruit.

At sunset the Holy Family ascended the mountain toward the west, to remain there over night. Two robbers, who had met them before in Basta, surprised them and robbed them of all their small baggage. One of them, perceiving the pain they caused the Blessed Virgin, pitied her. He bought his comrade's share of the booty and returned everything. Then Jesus blessed him. When they were gone Jesus said to His mother: "At the end of my earthly mission I shall be raised on the cross and these two robbers will be crucified at my side. He who has given us back our belongings will be at my right; he will acknowledge my divinity and I will lead him into the heavenly kingdom before his father Adam."

The holy travellers passed the night on the mountain in an abandoned house. In the morning they saw near them a dried up cistern. Jesus blessed it, and instantly it was filled with sweet water.

At this place there is to-day a convent called Deir-el-Moharag, about ten miles southwest of Gossieh, on the edge of the desert. They arrived there on the 7th of the month of Pharemuti, that is April, and remained until the 6th of Labes, or October.

Joseph built there a beautiful house of brick, covered with palm branches and reeds. In that house the angel of the Lord appeared to Him in His sleep and said to Him: "Arise, take the Child and His mother and go back to the land of Israel, for Herod has died."

On the sixth day of the month of Hator, that is November, the risen Saviour assembled His apostles on the mountain of Koskam, in presence of the Blessed Virgin, and divided the nations of the earth among them. On this occasion He consecrated the house He had inhabited, thus making it the oldest church on earth.

Four centuries later Patriarch Theophilus intended to build on this spot a great and magnificent church. But the Blessed Virgin appeared to him, saying: "It is the wish of the Holy Trinity that this place remain as it is, in order that future centuries may recognize the humility that induced us to make this

wretched house our habitation. You shall not make any changes."

We will close these homely narratives with the remark that although an exaggerated striving after the miraculous is apparent in them, we still must consider that it was in the power of the Lord to permit here and there a ray of His divinity to shine forth from underneath His earthly covering of poverty, in order to prepare the Egyptian people for the coming salvation. The words of the Prophet Isaias seem to point to it when he writes: "The idols of Egypt shall tremble before His countenance, and the heart of the Egyptian shall languish in his bosom." (Isaias xix 1.) And again: "The Lord shall be known before Egypt; the Egyptians shall know the Lord on this day and shall honor Him through offerings and gifts; they shall make vows unto the Lord and fulfill them." (Isaias xix, 21.)

WHAT SCIENCE OWES TO CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

How much Catholic missionaries have done for science has been often pointed out and is freely admitted by scientific men. The missionaries were not rarely eminent scholars themselves, and combined with their spiritual labors much valuable scientific research. Spending their lives beyond the borders of civilization, in lands little known to merchant or student, they had an excellent opportunity of enlarging the volume of knowledge by their observations. They had to study new languages, to become acquainted with strange beliefs and customs and races of men, to traverse rivers and trace their courses, to pass over immense distances; and thus natural history, the study of language, geography, and various industries, have been not inconsiderably indebted to them for their development. Many of the missionaries' discoveries are familiar as household words—the Abbé Huc's travels in Central Asia, Father Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi, the earlier Jesuits' accounts of Canada and Japan. But in later times also, and in our own day, excellent scientific work is done or aided by the Catholic missionaries; and such work has often been honored and rewarded by great scientific academies and schools. Thus Father de Deken's book on Central Asia, published in 1894, was honored by the

Geographical Society of Paris, the Dupleix medal being awarded to the author. The Royal Geographical Society of Belgium conferred upon him the golden medal for exploration; and the Royal Geographical Society of Antwerp, a diploma of honor. Father de Deken was long acquainted with travel in the steppes and with Asiatic customs, being familiar also with several Mongolian and Tartar dialects. Transferred to Africa by his superiors, he was planning a similar work on equatorial Africa, when he died at the early age of forty.

Amongst the noteworthy scientific works on China may be mentioned Father David's charts and the various publications during the last twenty years by the Jesuit missionaries of Kiang-nan, on the geography, history and literature of China. The White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie have done much for exploration and archeology in North Africa. The geography and history of Ethiopia owe much to the Capuchin missionary, afterwards Cardinal Massaja, who was the first to write a grammar and dictionary of the Galla language. To Fathers Roblet and Cohn we owe a valuable chartographic work on Madagascar. We have heard much, and well-deserved, praise of Father Algue's great book on the Philippines. The Geographical Society of Paris presented a gold medal to the Oblate missionary of Upper Canada, Father Petitot; and published at its own expense his chart of North America. He is the author of several studies on the customs, idioms, traditions and legends, of the native tribes of the far North. These are but a few of the countless number of missionary observers, who have enriched and are enriching science with their explorations and studies. Everywhere they penetrate, the story is the same.

Our knowledge of the more recently discovered or explored Polynesian Islands—the Gambier, Wallis, Gilbert, Ellis and other Islands, from many of which navigators kept away because of the savage character of the cannibal natives, is largely due to the accounts written by the fearless Marist and Benedictine missionaries.

On the languages of the lately-known people of the wild mission lands we have monuments of erudition compiled by the Catholic missionaries. For instance, Father Perny's Dictionary of the Chinese Language; Father Abinal's, of the

Madagascan; Bishop Palligoix's of the Siamese; Father Desgodin's, of the Thibetan; and so on with similar works on the Corean, Somali, and other little known languages. Equally industrious have been the missionaries in the study of natural history; and many household words recall their work; as, for example, quinine or "Jesuit's bark," magnolia called after the Jesuit Magnol, who classified it, etc. In recent archeological research Father Delattre has become famous in the study of Carthaginian antiquities; the Dominicans, Sebastian and Vincent Scheil, in Assyriology; Bishop Lanouenan in his study of Brahminism: and these are only a few names culled from the multitude. The scientific work of the missionaries in China, the Philippines, India and Madagascar, is better known.

It would take a series of volumes to do justice to the part which Catholic missionaries, in former days as in our own, have played in furthering scientific research and discovery; nor do the more lauded travellers and scientists deny their well-deserved tribute of praise.

RELIGIOUS ORDERS IN THE MISSIONS.

After the destruction of the Catholic missions in the eighteenth century, the old missionary spirit began to revive with the advent of a better age at the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1800, the Congregation of Propaganda, the centre of missionary activity, had under its dependence at Rome 10 colleges of various nationalities, and 7 in other countries. At present there are 15 colleges in Rome, and 17 elsewhere. The Benedictine Order has 3 bishops, 6 abbots, and 600 religious in 44 missions. The Trappists have 16 monasteries and 700 religious in 17 missions. The Augustinians have 3 bishops, 3 missions and 40 missionaries. The Augustinians of the Assumption have 150 missionaries engaged in their special work amongst the separated Eastern Churches in Turkey, and 25 religious in America. The Carmelites have added to their ancient missions in Asia Minor a mission in America and one in India with 80 religious. The Dominicans have 10 bishops and 300 religious in about 40 missions, of which 11 are governed by themselves. The Franciscans have 26 bishops, 22 superiors and about 2,600 religious at

work in 135 missions, of which 42 are under their sole charge.

The Jesuits have taken up, since 1830, 14 missions, of which the most important are in Asia, with 12 bishops and 850 religious, exclusive of 3,000 Jesuits, who labor in a great many vicariates and missionary dioceses. The Lazarists have 10 bishops and 250 religious in their 10 missions, and over 300 religious in other missions. The Society of Foreign Missions (Paris) has in its 31 missions in Asia, 34 bishops and 1,097 missionaries. Of 2,320 apostles sent out by it since its foundation in 1663, more than 2,000 went forth in the nineteenth century. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate (Marseilles) have 10 missions, with 10 bishops, and 300 missionaries, mostly in the frozen regions of North America. They have, besides, more than 200 religious in missions not exclusively confined to them. The missionaries of Picpus (France) have 3 missions in Western Oceania, with 3 bishops, and about 60 missionaries. The Society of Mary (Marists), has 6 missions in Eastern Oceania, with 6 bishops and 150 religious, besides 120 religious in 10 other missions. The Congregation of the Holy Ghost, founded special for negro missions, directs 11 houses, has 5 bishops, 170 priests and 100 lay-brothers, besides 100 other religious in various missions. The foreign missions of Lyons, founded for the most difficult African missions, have 5 missions with 970 missionaries. The White Fathers of Cardinal Lavigerie, evangelizing North Africa, have 8 missions, 4 bishops and about 160 missionaries. We must enumerate furthermore the 2 missions and 160 religious of the Passionists, 1 mission and 500 missionary Redemptorists, the 150 missionaries of the Holy Cross (Maus), the 2 missions with 60 Fathers and 30 lay-brothers of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, the 6 missions and 60 missionaries of the Foreign Missions of Milan, the 6 missions and 70 missionaries of the Belgian Foreign Missions, the 1 mission and 15 priests of the Roman Seminary of SS. Peter and Paul, the 2 missions and 220 missionaries of the English Josephite Fathers, 1 mission of the Oblates of Troyes (France), 15 missionaries of Steyl (Holland), 2 missions and 20 missionaries of the Sacred Heart (Issoudun), and the various missions of the numerous Salesian Fathers of Don Bosco. About 500 other religious missionaries and 500 secular priests must be enumerated in the mission army. A French

authority, M. Ferrière, estimates the number of missionary European priests at 14,000, of whom 11,500 are French, and the vast majority—or rather almost all—are religious. There are some 20 societies of teaching Brothers, with about 5,000 members, at work in the Catholic Foreign Missions.

THE CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA, JAPAN AND KOREA. CHINA.

Prospects of the Catholic Missions.—Bishop Favier, Vicar Apostolic of Peking, reports that during the year 1903, 19 churches, 34 chapels and 90 oratories, with presbyteries and schools, have been rebuilt in his vicariate. There remain 190 mission stations to be provided for, which, it is hoped, will be done by means of the forthcoming indemnity. The violated tombs of the ancient Jesuit missionaries have been repaired, and an expiatory Gothic chapel erected over them. All the tombs were found open, but some portions of the remains were found in each. There are 8,000 persons under instruction for baptism in his vicariate; and if peace continue, the Christians will be soon more numerous than they were before the persecution. In some parts of China the movement has been checked by rumors of persecution; but, generally, the missionaries state that the number of converts is, or will be, twice as large as usual. From the Jesuit mission of south-eastern Che-li, 11,000 baptisms are reported for 1903, of which 2,583 were baptisms of adults. There are 2,400 catechumens (under instruction) more than usual, making the entire number 8,258. Of the 6,000 children in schools, about 1,000 are pagan. There are 491 catechists, of whom 267 are teachers; 283 native religious women, of whom 251 teach. Of the 52 priests, 13 are native Chinese. The entire Christian body of this vicariate numbers 49,165. In all China there are at present 10 religious societies of missionaries. The priests number 1,522, of whom 481 are natives. The Catholics are put down at 783,000, distributed in 38 vicariates and 2 prefectures apostolic.

Protestant Missions.—The Chinese correspondence of the *Civiltà Cattolica* says that there are 67 Protestant societies engaged in mission work in China. These have 2,950 missionaries—1,233 men, 868 married women and 849 unmarried.

The converts of the American societies numbered 40,027 in 1897; of the English, 29,644 in 1886; and of other Protestant societies, 3,997 in 1892. It appears that the total number of Protestant converts was about 89,000 in 1897.

JAPAN.

Christian Missions.—The last issue of the official *Missiones Catholicae* (1901), gives the number of Catholics in Japan as 55,453, in 355 Christian mission-centres with 207 churches. The more recent and very careful statistics of Father Krose, S. J., and the Benedictine missionary, Father Maternus, put the number of Catholics now at 56,321, with 8,000 catechumens. There are 355 mission stations, 1 archbishop and 3 bishops, 117 European priests and 34 native, 265 catechists, 3 seminaries with 64 students, 37 schools with 3,748 pupils, 19 orphanages with 1,464 inmates, 14 industrial and technical schools with 349 students, 7 hospitals and asylums, and 17 medical dispensaries for the poor. There are 4 Religious Orders of men, and 6 of women.

Two years ago the report of the Protestant missions stated that the 37 Protestant forms of Christianity had made 40,000 converts in Japan. A few months afterwards 110,000 were reported; a little later, 130,000; and now, 140,000. Father Krose puts the entire number of Protestants in Japan at 85,715; the Greek Orthodox, at 23,300. Statistics of the Russian church give the number of its converts in Japan as 26,680, with 38 priests, under one bishop. Nearly all the missionaries are convert Japanese. There are 14 teachers of sacred chant and 149 catechists. The seminary at Tokio has 52 students and a girls' school 72. The Russian mission has three periodicals printed in Japanese.

CATHOLIC INTERESTS IN KOREA.

The last issue of the official *Missiones Catholicae* gives the number of Catholics in Korea as 42,450; Father Krose, in his valuable statistics, as 46,860. The Catholic mission is a Vicariate Apostolic, served by the famous Society of Foreign Missions (Paris). The Vicar Apostolic is Bishop Mutel, who has with him 39 European priests and 9 native. There

are 35 primary mission centres, 696 secondary, with 40 churches or chapels. There is one seminary in which 39 students are taught, and 59 Catholic elementary schools. Two orphanages contain 342 children, while 346 infant orphans are cared for in Christian families. The French Institute of Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres has eleven religious in Korea, with 13 native novices and 20 postulants. There is a Catholic home for the aged at Seoul. Father Krose puts the pagan population of Korea at about 10,000,000, almost all followers of Buddha and Confucius. Prof. de Yurascheck estimates the Protestants of Korea at 15,000. The history of Catholicity in Korea is a record of persecution and martyrdom. The pioneer missionary was a Chinese priest in 1795. He said the first mass in Korea, and was martyred with 300 converts after six years of labors. The first Vicar Apostolic and two priests were slain in 1839 with 127 native converts. In 1866 the converts numbered 25,000, but in that year the Vicar Apostolic was beheaded with three priests, and five others perished before the end of the month. A general massacre followed in which 10,000 Christians lost their lives. For ten years after it was impossible to enter Korea; but in 1876 the remnants of the scattered flock were found. They numbered 15,000, most of whom had not fallen away, and the negligent or fallen nearly all returned.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN NORTHERN INDIA.

The Catholic Herald of India (Feb. 17, 1904), gives the following account of the growth and enthusiastic faith of the Catholics of Northern India:

The Catholics of the Diocese of Lahore held a public reception at 5 p. m., last Sunday, at the Pro-Cathedral, Anarkali, in honor of His Excellency Monsignor Zaleski, the Papal Delegate, who had arrived during the week on a visit to the Punjab. His Excellency, who is a very tall and stately dignitary, was received at the southern gate by a deputation of the clergy and, headed by crucifer and acolytes, was conducted under canopy, along the avenue decorated with colored flags, etc., through lines of boys and girls belonging to the various schools and a large assembly of the faithful, among whom was a strong contingent of the religious. At the d

of the Pro-Cathedral he was received by Dr. Pelckmans, bishop of Lahore, dressed in his canonical cope and mitre with crosier; and, in accordance with the Roman rite usual on such occasions, was duly incensed by him, and he in turn blessed the kneeling people with Holy Water. He was then conducted to a seat in the porch, along with the bishop, and an address was read by Major P. W. O'Gorman, I.M.S. It ran, in part, as follows:

"May it please Your Excellency.—We, the Catholics of the Diocese of Lahore, beg to offer you, as representative of our Most Holy Father Pope Pius X., our warmest greetings and heartiest welcome to the Punjab. It is now eight years since Your Excellency's last visit to Lahore, which many of us remember with unfeigned pleasure, and Your Excellency will be pleased at the great improvements and general progress of the Diocese within this comparatively short period. During the rule of our present beloved bishop, that is, within ten years, not only have the older institutions continued to be vigorous and flourishing, but we have to chronicle the establishment of new churches and institutions for European and Native Congregations.

"In all, during the ten years of the episcopate of Mgr. Pelckmans, not counting oratories and minor institutions, nor the splendid residence of the bishop, there have been eight new big churches built and blessed; six new convents with schools and three big orphanages established; seven dispensaries opened, and two new entire colonies of native Catholics founded. Not only have our institutions been immensely increased, but we rejoice to record that conversions, too, have been realized in every station and the number of Catholics has grown markedly greater and greater. We would thus fain hope the special blessing of God is apparent on the labors of the devoted clergy of this diocese, and is a pledge of its increased future prosperity. In order, however, to maintain its continuance, the gatherers in the Lord's vineyard must not be wanting, and we are happy to say that within the last three months there have arrived from home, nine new priests, two Brothers and twelve nuns, on whom we beseech Your Excellency's blessing.

"We conclude with expressions of our warmest personal esteem for Your Excellency, and unite in begging of you to

kindly convey the assurance to His Holiness in Rome that he has no more loyal and devoted sons and daughters to the See of St. Peter than the Catholics of the Lahore diocese."

His Excellency, by birth a Pole, but learned in eight or nine languages, replied fluently in English in fitting terms, expressing thanks for the greeting and for the address presented, and acknowledging his pleasure at the remarkable progress of the diocese under Dr. Pelckmans, since his last visit to this ancient city of Lahore. He alluded to the fact that although Christianity had not yet spread so widely in the Punjab as it had done in southern India, where he had recently been travelling, he looked forward to the time when this would no longer be the case. One reason why the missionaries were altogether so successful in the South was that from the beginning they were powerfully aided by zealous laymen, civilians as well as military men, who labored themselves, in their spheres, like lay missionaries. The example and teaching of such saintly men, several of whom he named, had had a remarkable effect in spreading the true faith; and he commended their example as conducive to like results in the North of India. He would certainly take the opportunity to represent to His Holiness Pius X, the efficiency and progress of the diocese in the increase of churches, convents, dispensaries, schools, etc., as also the utterances of loyalty and affection to the Holy See which he had just heard.

PRINTING INTRODUCED INTO THE FAR EAST.

According to information furnished some time ago, to the London *Athenaeum*, by R. P. Karkaria, of Bombay, India, the first book printed by Europeans in Asia was a catechism of St. Francis Xavier. This book was issued from the press at Goa in 1557. The authority given for this statement is Dr. Gerson da Cunha, who, in his valuable paper read before the International Congress of Orientalists at Florence in 1878, gave a sketch of the history of printing in Goa, and a list of the earliest books printed there. He says:

"The exact date of the introduction of the press into Goa is unknown; most probably about the time the College of St. Paul was built, where it was established. The first book

printed there seems to be 'Tratado ou Catechismo da Doctrina Christa,' Goa, 1557, ascribed to St. Francis Xavier. This was soon followed by numerous religious tracts, catechisms, and translations of the Bible."

In his posthumous work on the origin of Bombay (1900), Dr. Cunha states that the art of printing was introduced into India by Portuguese missionaries as early as 1556, the first printer being Joao da Bustamente, and the first book being the above-named catechism, written by St. Francis Xavier and printed in 1557, five years after the author's death. The next book was the "Spiritual Compendium of the Christian Life," by Don Gaspar de Leao Pereira, the first archbishop of Goa, printed by Joao Quinquenio in 1561, and re-edited in Coimbra by Manuel de Arango in 1600. The third was the "Colloquios," by Garcia da Orta. Besides the printing-press in Goa, the Portuguese had introduced three others into southern India, one being in the ancient city of Ambalacatta.

PROTESTANT MONKS AND NUNS.

The work and influence of religious congregations, writes the *Tablet*, are becoming more and more widely appreciated, and it would seem that the Anglicans will not enjoy their monopoly in Protestant brotherhoods much longer. A non-conformist chapel in south-west London has been talked of as the centre of a Company of Brothers wearing a distinctive garb who would go out to work amongst the masses. Lutheranism has also seen the advantage of such spiritual organizations. The community known as the Paul Gerhardt Stift in Berlin is a very large one, consisting of 316 "sisters." Of these 200 are "deaconesses," 114 are probationers and novices, and two are helping sisters. The sisters look after the sick and poor, and also devote their energies to the good of children and the management of clubs. Solemnities are connected with the reception of the sisters, and their "clothing," as is the case with Catholic sisters, is an event of far-reaching importance in their lives.

JUBILEE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR HOLY FATHER PIUS X BY DIVINE
PROVIDENCE POPE.

TO THE PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS AND
OTHER ORDINARIES IN PEACE AND COMMUNION WITH
THE APOSTOLIC SEE,

VENERABLE BRETHREN,

HEALTH AND THE APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

An interval of a few months will again bring round that most happy day on which, fifty years ago, Our Predecessor Pius IX., of holy memory, surrounded by a splendid throng of Cardinals and Bishops, pronounced and promulgated with the authority of the infallible magisterium, as a truth revealed by God, that the Most Blessed Virgin Mary in the first instant of her conception was free from all stain of original sin. All the world knows the feelings with which the faithful of every nation of the earth received this proclamation and the manifestations of public satisfaction and joy which greeted it; for truly there has not been in the memory of man any more universal or more harmonious expression of sentiment shown towards the august Mother of God or the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

And, Venerable Brethren, why should we not hope to-day after the lapse of half a century, when we renew the memory of the Immaculate Virgin, that an echo of that holy joy will be awakened in our minds, and that the magnificent scenes of that distant day, of faith and of love towards the august Mother of God, will be repeated? Of all this We are, indeed, made ardently desirous by the devotion, united with supreme gratitude for favors received, which we have always cherished toward the Blessed Virgin; and We have a sure pledge of the fulfilment of Our desires in the fervour of all Catholics, ready and willing as they are to multiply their testimonies of love and reverence for the great Mother of God. But We must not omit to say that this desire of Ours is especially stimulated by a sort of secret instinct which prompts Us to regard as not far distant the fulfilment of those great hopes, assuredly not unfounded, which the solemn promulgation of the dogma of the Immacu-

late Conception gave rise to in the minds of Pius, Our Predecessor, and of all the Bishops of the world.

Many, it is true, lament the fact that until now these hopes have been unfulfilled, and are prone to repeat the words of Jeremiah: "*We looked for peace and no good came; for a time of healing, and behold fear.*"¹ But all such will be certainly rebuked as "*men of little faith,*" who make no effort to penetrate the works of God or to estimate them in the light of truth. For who can number the secret gifts of grace which God has bestowed upon His Church through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin throughout this period? And even overlooking these gifts, what is to be said of the Vatican Council so opportunely convoked; or of the dogma of Papal Infallibility promulgated in time to meet the errors that were about to arise; or, finally, of that new and unprecedented fervour with which the faithful of all classes and of every nation have long been wending their way hither to venerate in person the Vicar of Christ? Surely the Providence of God has shown itself admirably in Our two Predecessors, Pius and Leo, who with such great holiness ruled the Church in most turbulent times through a length of Pontificate conceded to no other before them. Then, again, no sooner had Pius IX. proclaimed as a dogma of Catholic faith, the exemption of Mary from the original stain, than the Virgin herself began in Lourdes those wonderful manifestations, followed by the vast and magnificent movements which have resulted in those two temples dedicated to the Immaculate Mother, where the prodigies which still continue to take place through her intercession furnish splendid arguments against the incredulity of our days.

Witnesses, then, as we are of all these great benefits which God has granted through the benign influence of the Virgin in those fifty years now about to be completed, why should we not believe that our salvation is nearer than we thought; all the more so since we know from experience that, in the dispensations of Divine Providence, when evils reach their limit, deliverance is not far distant. "*Her time is near at hand, and her days shall not be prolonged. For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob and will choose one out of Israel.*"² Wherefore the hope we cherish is not a vain one, that we, too, may before long

¹ Jeremiah viii., 15.

² Isaias xiv., 1.

repeat: "*The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked; the rod of the rulers. The whole earth is quiet and still; it is glad and hath rejoiced.*"³

But the first and chief reason, Venerable Brethren, why the fiftieth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception should excite a singular fervour in the souls of Christians lies for us in that restoration of all things in Christ which we have already set forth in Our first Encyclical letter. For can anyone fail to see that there is no surer or more direct road than by Mary, for uniting all mankind in Christ and obtaining through Him the perfect adoption of sons, that we may be holy and immaculate in the sight of God? For if to Mary it was truly said: "*Blessed art thou who hast believed because in thee shall be fulfilled the things that have been told thee by the Lord;*"⁴ or in other words, that she would conceive and bring forth the Son of God; and if she did receive in her womb Him who is by nature Truth itself in order that "He, generated in a new order, and with a new nativity, though invisible in Himself, might become visible in our flesh":⁵ the Son of God made man, being the "*author and finisher of faith,*" it surely follows that His Mother most holy should be recognized as participating in the divine mysteries and as being in a manner the guardian of them, and that upon her as upon a foundation, the noblest after Christ, rises the edifice of the faith of all centuries.

How think otherwise? God could have given us the Redeemer of the human race, and the Founder of the Faith, in another way than through the Virgin, but since Divine Providence has been pleased that we should have the Man-God through Mary, who conceived Him by the Holy Ghost and bore Him in her womb, it only remains for us to receive Christ from the hands of Mary. Hence wherever the Scriptures *prophecy of the grace which was to come in us* the Redeemer of mankind is almost invariably presented to us as united with His mother. The Lamb that is to rule the world will be sent—But He will be sent from the rock of the desert; the flower will blossom, but it will blossom from the root of Jesse. Adam, the father of mankind, looked to Mary crushing the serpent's head, and

³ *Ibid*, 5, 7.

⁴ St. Leo the Great, Ser. 2, De Nativ. Dom.

⁵ Luke i., 45.

he restrained the tears which the malediction brought into his eyes; Noe thought of her when shut up in the ark of safety, and Abraham when prevented from the slaying of his son; Jacob at the sight of the ladder on which angels ascended and descended; Moses amazed at the sight of the bush which burned but was not consumed; David escorting the ark of God with dancing and psalmody; Elias as he looked at the little cloud that rose out of the sea. In fine, after Christ, we find in Mary the end of the law and the fulfilment of the figures and oracles.

And it cannot be doubted that through the Virgin, and through her more than through any other means, we have a way of reaching the knowledge of Jesus Christ offered to us when it is remembered that with her alone of all others Jesus for thirty years was united, as it behooves a son to be united with his mother, in the closest ties of intimacy and domestic life. Who more than His Mother could have a far-reaching knowledge of the admirable mysteries of the birth and childhood of Christ, and above all of the mystery of the Incarnation, which is the beginning and the foundation of Faith? She not only *kept in her heart* the events of Bethlehem and what took place in Jerusalem in the Temple of the Lord, but sharing as she did the thoughts and the secret wishes of Christ she may be said to have lived the very life of her Son. Hence nobody ever knew Christ so profoundly as she did, and nobody can ever be more competent as a guide and teacher of the knowledge of Christ.

Hence it follows, as We have already pointed out, that the Virgin is more powerful than all others as a means of uniting mankind with Christ. Hence too since, according to Christ Himself, "*Now this is eternal life: That they may know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent,*"⁶ and since it is through Mary that we attain to the knowledge of Christ, through Mary also we most easily obtain that life of which Christ is the source and origin.

And if we consider ever so little how many and powerful are the reasons which prompt this most holy Mother to bestow on us these precious gifts, oh, how our hopes will be expanded!

For is not Mary the Mother of Christ? Then she is our Mother also. And we must in truth hold that Christ, the Word made flesh, is also the Saviour of mankind. He had a material

⁶ John xvii., 3.

body like that of any other man: and as Saviour of the human family, he had a spiritual and mystical body, the society, namely, of those who believe in Christ. "*We are many, but one sole body in Christ.*"⁷ Now the Blessed Virgin did not conceive the Eternal Son of God merely in order that He might be made man, taking His human nature from her, but also in order that by means of the nature assumed from her, He might be the Redeemer of men. For which reason the Angel said to the Shepherds: "*To-day there is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord.*"⁸ Wherefore in the same holy bosom of His most chaste mother, Christ took to Himself flesh, and united to Himself the spiritual body formed by those who were to believe in Him. Hence Mary, carrying the Saviour within her, may be said to have also carried all those whose life was contained in the life of the Saviour. Therefore all we who are united to Christ, and as the Apostle says, are "*members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones*"⁹ have issued from the womb of Mary like a body united to its head. Hence then in a spiritual and mystical fashion, we are all children of Mary, and she is Mother of us all; "the Mother, spiritually indeed, but truly the Mother of the members of Christ, who we are."¹⁰

If then the most Blessed Virgin is the Mother at once of God and men, who can doubt that she will endeavor with all diligence to procure that Christ, "*the Head of the Body of the Church,*"¹¹ may transfuse His gifts into us, His members, and above all know Him and "*live by Him?*"¹²

Moreover it was not only the glory of the Mother of God "to have presented to God the Only Begotten who was to be born of human members"¹³ the material by which he was prepared as a Victim for the salvation of mankind, but Hers also the office of tending and nourishing that Victim and at the appointed time of offering Him at the altar. Hence that never dissociated manner of life and labors of the Son and the Mother which permits the application to both of the words

⁷ Rom. xii., 5.

⁸ Luke ii., 11.

⁹ Ephesians v., 30.

¹⁰ S. Augustine L. de S. Virginitate, c. 6.

¹¹ Colossians i., 18.

¹² 1 John iv., 9.

¹³ S. Bede Ven. L. lv. in Luc. xl.

of the Psalmist: "*My life is consumed in sorrow and my years in groans.*"¹⁴ When the supreme hour of the Son came, beside the Cross of Jesus there stood Mary His Mother not merely occupied in contemplating the cruel spectacle, but rejoicing that her Only Son was offered for the salvation of mankind; and so entirely participating in His Passion, that, if it had been possible, "she would have gladly borne all the torments that her Son underwent."¹⁵ From this community of will and suffering between Christ and Mary "she merited to become most worthily the Reparatrix of the lost world"¹⁶ and Dispensatrix of all the gifts that Our Saviour purchased for us by His Death and by His Blood.

It cannot, of course, be denied that the dispensing of these treasures is the particular and peculiar right of Jesus Christ, for they are the exclusive fruit of His Death, who by His nature is the mediator between God and man. Nevertheless, by this union in sorrow and suffering, as We have said, which existed between the Mother and the Son, it has been allowed to the august Virgin "to be the most powerful mediatrix and advocate of the whole world with her Divine Son."¹⁷ The source, then, is Jesus Christ, "*of whose fulness we have all received,*"¹⁸ "*from whom the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together by what every joint supplieth, according to the operation in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in charity.*"¹⁹ But Mary, as St. Bernard justly remarks, is the *channel*,²⁰ or, if you will, that connecting portion by which the body is joined to the head and by which the head exerts its power and its virtue: "For she is the neck of our Head by which He communicates to His Mystical body all spiritual gifts."²¹

We are thus, it will be seen, very far from declaring the Mother of God to be the author of supernatural grace which

¹⁴ Psalm xxx., 11.

¹⁵ S. Bonaventure I. Sent. d. 48, ad Litt, dub. 4.

¹⁶ Eadmeri Mon. De Excellentia Virg. Mariæ, c. 9.

¹⁷ Pius IX. *Ineffabilis*.

¹⁸ John i., 16.

¹⁹ Ephesians iv., 16.

²⁰ Serm. de temp on the Nativ. B. V. de Aquæductu n. 4.

²¹ St. Bernardin. Sen. Quadrag. de Evangel. ætern. Serm. X. a. 3 c. III.

belongs to God alone; but since she surpassed all in holiness and union with Christ, and has been associated by Christ in the work of redemption, she, as the expression is, merits *de congruo* what Christ merits *de condigno*, and is the principal minister in the distribution of grace. "*He sitteth at the right hand of the Majesty on high;*"²² but Mary sitteth as a Queen on His right hand, the securest refuge of those who are in peril, as well as the most faithful of helpers, so that we have naught to fear, or despair of as long as "she is our guide and our patroness: while she is propitious and protects."²³

With these principles laid down and returning to our subject, will it not appear to all that it is right and proper to affirm that Mary whom Jesus made His assiduous companion from the house of Nazareth to the *place of Calvary* knew as none other knew the secrets of His Heart; distributes as by a mother's right the treasures of His merits; and is the surest help to the knowledge and love of Christ? They prove it only too truly who by their deplorable manner of life deceived by false teaching or the wiles of the devil fancy they can dispense with the aid of the Virgin Mother. Miserable and unhappy are they who neglect her on the pretence that thus they honor Christ. They forget that *the child is not found without Mary His Mother.*

Under these circumstances, Venerable Brethren, such is the end which all the solemnities that are everywhere being prepared in honour of the holy and Immaculate Conception of Mary should have in view. No homage is more agreeable to her, none is sweeter to her than that we should know and really love Jesus Christ. Let then crowds fill the churches—let solemn feasts be celebrated and public rejoicings be made. Such manifestations are eminently suited for enlivening our faith. But unless heart and will be added, they will all be empty forms; mere appearances of piety. At such a spectacle, the Virgin, borrowing the words of Jesus Christ, would address us with the just reproach: "*This people honoureth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.*"²⁴

For to be genuine our piety towards the Mother of God ought to spring from the heart; external acts have neither utility nor value if the acts of the soul have no part in them.

²² Hebrews i., 3.

²⁴ Matthew xv., 8.

²³ Pius IX. Bulla *Ineffabilis*.

Now these latter can only have one object, which is that we should fully carry out what the divine Son of Mary commands. For if true love alone has the power to unite the wills of men, it is of prime necessity that we should have one will with Mary to serve Jesus our Lord. What this most prudent Virgin said to the servants at the marriage feast of Cana she addresses also to us: "*Whatsoever He shall say to you, do ye.*"²⁵ Now here is the word of Jesus Christ: "*If you would enter into life, keep the commandments.*"²⁶ Let then each one fully convince himself of this, that if his piety towards the Blessed Virgin does not hinder him from sinning, or does not move his will to amend an evil life, it is a deceptive and lying piety, wanting as it is in proper effect and in its natural fruit.

If anyone desires a confirmation of this it may easily be found in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of Mary. For leaving aside tradition which, as well as Scripture, is a source of truth, whence has this conviction of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin shown itself in every age to be so much in keeping with the Christian instinct as to appear fixed and innate in the hearts of the faithful? We shrink with horror from saying, as Denis the Carthusian so well expresses it, that "this woman who was to crush the head of the serpent should have been crushed by him and that the Mother of God should have ever been a daughter of the Evil One."²⁷ No, to the Christian intelligence the idea is unthinkable that the flesh of Christ, holy, stainless, innocent, was formed in the womb of Mary of a flesh which had ever, if only for the briefest moment, contracted any stain. And why so, but because an infinite opposition separates God from sin? There certainly we have the origin of the conviction common to all Christians that before Jesus Christ, clothed in human nature, cleansed us from our sins in His blood, He accorded Mary the grace and special privilege of being preserved and exempted, from the first moment of her conception, from all stain of original sin.

If then God has such a horror of sin as to have willed to keep the future Mother of His Son not only free from the stains which are voluntarily contracted but, by a special favour and in prevision of the merits of Jesus Christ, from that other stain of which the sad sign is transmitted to all the children

²⁵ John ii., 5.

²⁷ Sent. d. 3, q. 1.

²⁶ Matthew xix., 17.

of Adam by a sort of hapless heritage, who can doubt that it is a duty for every one who desires to deserve well of Mary by his homage to correct his vicious and depraved habits and subdue the passions which incite him to evil?

Whoever moreover wishes, and no one ought not so to wish, that his devotion should be perfect and worthy of her, should go further and strive might and main to imitate her example. It is a divine law that those only attain everlasting happiness who have by such faithful following reproduced in themselves the form of the patience and sanctity of Jesus Christ: "*for whom He foreknew, He also predestinated to be made conformable to the image of His son; that He might be the first-born amongst many brethren.*"²⁸ But such generally is our infirmity that we are easily discouraged by the greatness of such an example. By the providence of God, however, another example is proposed to us, which is both as near to Christ as human nature allows, and more nearly accords with the weakness of our nature. And this is no other than that of the Mother of God. "Such was Mary," very pertinently points out St. Ambrose, "that her life is an example for all." And, therefore, he rightly concludes: "Have then before your eyes, as an image, the virginity and life of Mary from whom as from a mirror shines forth the brightness of chastity and the form of virtue."²⁹

Now if it becomes children not to omit the imitation of any of the virtues of this most Blessed Mother, we yet wish that the faithful apply themselves by preference to the principal virtues which are, as it were, the nerves and joints of the Christian life—we mean faith, hope, and charity towards God and our neighbor. Although no part of the life of Mary fails to show the brilliant character of these virtues, yet they attained their highest degree of splendour at the time when she stood by her dying Son. Jesus is nailed to the cross, and He is reproached with maledictions for having "*made Himself the Son of God.*"³⁰ But she unceasingly recognized and adored the divinity in Him. She bore His dead body to the tomb, but never for a moment doubted that He would rise again. Then the love of God with which she burned made her a partaker in the sufferings of Christ and the associate in His passion:

²⁸ Romans viii., 29.

³⁰ John xix., 7.

²⁹ De Virginit. L. ii., c. ii.

with Him moreover, as if forgetful of her own sorrow, she prayed for the pardon of the executioners although they in their hate cried out: "*His blood be upon us and upon our children.*"³¹

But lest it be thought that we have lost sight of Our subject, which is the Immaculate Conception, what great and opportune help will be found in it for the preservation and right development of those same virtues! What in fact is the starting point of the enemies of religion in spreading the great and grievous errors by which the faith of so many is shaken? They begin by denying that man has fallen by sin and has been cast down from his primal state. Hence they regard as mere fables original sin and the evils that were its consequence. Humanity, vitiated in its source, vitiated in its turn the whole race of man; and thus was evil introduced amongst men and the necessity for a Redeemer involved. Rejecting all this it is easy to understand that no place is left for Christ, for the Church, for grace or for anything that is above and beyond nature; in a word the whole edifice of faith is shaken from top to bottom. But let the people believe and confess that the Virgin Mary has been from the first moment of her conception preserved from all stain; and it is straightway necessary to admit both original sin and the rehabilitation of the human race by Jesus Christ, the Gospel, and the Church and the law of suffering. Thus Rationalism and Materialism will be torn up by the roots and destroyed, and there will be given to the teaching of Christianity the glory of guarding and protecting the truth. It is moreover, a vice common to the enemies of the faith of our time especially, that they repudiate and proclaim the necessity of repudiating all respect and obedience for the authority of the Church, and even of any human power, in the idea that it will thus be more easy to make an end of faith. Here we have the origin of anarchism, than which nothing is more pernicious and destructive to both the natural and supernatural order. Now this evil, which is equally fatal to society at large and to Christianity, is done away with by the dogma of the Immaculate Conception by the obligation which it imposes of recognizing in the Church a power before which not only the will but the intelligence has to subject itself. It is because of such subjection of the reason that Christians

³¹ Matthew xxvii., 25.

sing the praise of the Mother of God: "Thou art all fair, O Mary, and the stain of original sin is not in thee."³² And thus once again is justified what the Church attributes to this august Virgin that she has exterminated all heresies in the world.

And if as the Apostle declares, "*faith is nothing else than the substance of things to be hoped for*"³³ everyone will easily grant that our faith is confirmed and our hope aroused and strengthened by the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin. The Virgin was kept the more free from all stain of original sin because she was to be the Mother of Christ, and she was the Mother of Christ that the hope of everlasting happiness might be born again in our souls.

Leaving aside charity towards God, who can contemplate the Immaculate Virgin without feeling moved to fulfil that precept which Christ called peculiarly His own, namely that of loving one another as He loved us? "*A great sign,*" thus the Apostle St. John describes a vision divinely sent him that appeared in the heavens: "*A woman clothed with the sun, and with the moon under her feet and a crown of twelve stars upon her head.*"³⁴ Every one knows that this woman signified the Virgin Mary, the stainless one who brought forth our Head. The Apostle continues: "*And, being with child, she cried travailling in birth, and was in pain to be delivered.*"³⁵ John therefore saw the Most Holy Mother of God already in eternal happiness, yet travailling in a mysterious childbirth. What birth was it? Surely it was the birth of us who, still in exile, are yet to be generated to the perfect charity of God, and to eternal happiness. And the birth pains show the love and desire with which the Virgin from heaven above watches over us, and strives with unwearying prayer to bring about the completion of the number of the elect.

This same charity we desire that all should earnestly endeavour to attain, taking advantage of the extraordinary feasts in honour of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Oh how bitterly and fiercely is Jesus Christ now being persecuted, as well as the most holy religion which He founded! And how grave is the peril that threatens many of being drawn away to abandon the faith by the errors that are spread broadcast! "*Then let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he*

³² Mass of Immac. Concep.

³⁴ Apocalypse xii., 1.

³³ Hebrews xi., 1.

³⁵ *Ibid*, xii., 2.

fall."³⁶ And let all, with humble prayer and entreaty, implore of God, through the intercession of Mary, that those who have abandoned the truth may repent. We know, indeed, from experience that such prayer, born of charity and trust in the Virgin, has never been vain. True, even in the future the strife against the Church will never cease, "*for there must be also heresies, that they also who are reprov'd may be made manifest among you.*"³⁷ But neither will the Virgin ever cease to succour us in our trials, however grave they be, and to carry on the fight fought by her since her conception, so that every day we may repeat: "To-day the head of the serpent of old was crushed by her."³⁸

In order that heavenly graces may help us more abundantly than usual during this year to honour and to imitate the Blessed Virgin, and that thus We may more easily secure Our object of restoring all things in Christ, We have determined, after the example of Our Predecessors at the beginning of their Pontificates, to grant to the Catholic world an extraordinary indulgence in the form of a Jubilee.

Wherefore, confiding in the mercy of Almighty God and in the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, by virtue of that power of binding and loosing which, unworthy though We are, the Lord has given Us, We do concede and impart the most plenary indulgence of all their sins to the faithful, all and several of both sexes, dwelling in this our beloved City, or coming into it, who from the first Sunday in Lent, that is from the 21st of February, to the second day of June, the solemnity of the Most Sacred Body of Christ inclusively, shall three times visit one of the four Patriarchal basilicas, and there for some time pray God for the liberty and exaltation of the Catholic Church and this Apostolic See, for the extirpation of the heresies and the conversion of all who are in error, for the concord of Christian princes and the peace and unity of all the faithful, and according to our intention; and who, within the said period, shall fast once, using only meagre fare, excepting the days not included in the Lenten Indult; and, after confessing their sins, shall receive the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist; and to all others, wherever they be, dwelling outside this

³⁶ 1 Corinthians x., 12.

³⁷ *Ibid*, xi., 19.

³⁸ Office Immac. Con., II. Vespers, Magnif.

city, who, within the time above mentioned or during a space of three months, even not continuous, to be definitely appointed by the ordinaries according to the convenience of the faithful, but before the eighth day of December, shall three times visit the Cathedral church, if there be one, or, if not, the parish church; or, in the absence of this, the principal church; and shall devoutly fulfil the other works above-mentioned. And We do at the same time permit that this indulgence which is to be gained only once, may be applied in suffrage for the souls which have passed from this life united in charity with God.

We do, moreover, concede that travellers by land or sea may gain the same indulgence immediately on their return to their homes provided they perform the works already indicated.

To confessors approved by their respective ordinaries We grant faculties for commuting the above works enjoined by Us for other works of piety, and this concession shall be applicable not only to regulars of both sexes but to all others who cannot perform the works prescribed, and We do grant faculties also to dispense from Communion children who have not yet been admitted to it.

Moreover to the faithful, all and several, the laity and the clergy both secular and regular of all orders and institutes, even those calling for special mention, We do grant permission and power, for this sole object, to select any priest regular or secular, among those actually approved (which faculty may also be used by nuns, novices and other women living in the cloister, provided the confessor they select be one approved for nuns) by whom, when they have confessed to him within the prescribed time with the intention of gaining the present jubilee and of fulfilling all the other works requisite for gaining it, they may on this sole occasion and only in the forum of conscience be absolved from all excommunication, suspension and every other ecclesiastical sentence and censure pronounced or inflicted for any cause by the law or by a judge, including those reserved to the ordinary and to Us or to the Apostolic See, even in cases reserved in a special manner to anybody whomsoever and to Us and to the Apostolic See; that they may also be absolved from all sin or transgression, even those reserved to the ordinaries themselves and to Us and the Apostolic

See, on condition however that a salutary penance be enjoined together with the other prescriptions of the law, and in case of heresy after the abjuration and retraction of error as is enjoined by the law; and the said priests may further commute to other pious and salutary works all vows, even those taken under oath and reserved to the Apostolic See (except those of chastity, of religion, and of obligations which have been accepted by third persons); and with the said penitents, even regulars, in sacred orders such confessors may dispense from all secret irregularities contracted solely by violation of censures affecting the exercise of said orders and promotion to higher orders.

But We do not intend by the present Letters to dispense from any irregularities whatsoever, or from crime or defect, public or private, contracted in any manner through notoriety or other incapacity or inability; nor do We intend to derogate from the Constitution with its accompanying declaration, published by Benedict XIV. of happy memory, which begins with the words *Sacramentum poenitentiae*; nor is it Our intention that these present Letters may, or can, in any way avail those who, by Us and the Apostolic See, or by any ecclesiastical judge, have been by name excommunicated, suspended, interdicted or declared under other sentences or censures, or who have been publicly denounced, unless they do within the allotted time satisfy, or, when necessary, come to an arrangement with the parties concerned.

To all this we are pleased to add that We do concede and will that all retain during this time of Jubilee the privilege of gaining all other indulgences, not excepting plenary indulgences, which have been granted by Our Predecessors or by Ourself.

We close these Letters, Venerable Brethren, by manifesting anew the great hope We earnestly cherish that through this extraordinary gift of Jubilee granted by Us under the auspices of the Immaculate Virgin, large numbers of those who are unhappily separated from Jesus Christ may return to Him, and that love of virtue and fervour of devotion may flourish anew among the Christian people. Fifty years ago, when Pius IX. proclaimed as an article of faith the Immaculate Conception of the Most Blessed Mother of Christ, it seemed, as we have already said, as if an incredible wealth of grace were poured out upon the earth; and with the increase of confidence in the

Virgin Mother of God, the old religious spirit of the people was everywhere greatly augmented. Is it forbidden us to hope for still greater things for the future? True, we are passing through disastrous times, when we may well make our own the lamentation of the Prophet: "*There is no truth and no mercy and no knowledge of God on the earth. Blasphemy and lying and homicide and theft and adultery have inundated it.*"³⁹ Yet in the midst of this deluge of evil, the Virgin Most Clement rises before our eyes like a rainbow, as the arbiter of peace between God and man: "*I will set my bow in the clouds and it shall be the sign of a covenant between me and between the earth.*"⁴⁰ Let the storm rage and sky darken—not for that shall we be dismayed. "*And the bow shall be in the clouds, and I shall see it and shall remember the everlasting covenant.*"⁴¹ "*And there shall no more be waters of a flood to destroy all flesh.*"⁴² Oh yes, if we trust as we should in Mary, now especially when we are about to celebrate, with more than usual fervour, her Immaculate Conception, we shall recognize in her the Virgin most powerful "who with virginal foot did crush the head of the serpent."⁴³

In pledge of these graces, Venerable Brethren, We impart the Apostolic Benediction lovingly in the Lord to you and to your people.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the second day of February, 1904, in the first year of Our Pontificate.

PIUS X., POPE.

³⁹ Osee iv., 1-2.

⁴⁰ Genesis, ix., 13.

⁴¹ *Ibid*, 16.

⁴² *Ibid*, 15.

⁴³ Off. Immac Conc.

IN HONOR OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Most holy Virgin! Thou didst find favor with the Saviour and didst become His Mother! Immaculate in body and soul, in faith and love! In this solemn jubilee of the proclamation of the dogma which announced Thee to the world as conceived without sin, oh, look with kindness on us, thy unhappy children, who implore thy powerful patronage. The wicked serpent on whom the first curse was pronounced, continues, alas! to wait for and wage war against the afflicted children of Eve. Oh, Thou, our blessed Mother, our Queen and advocate, who, in the first instant of thy conception didst crush the enemy's head, accept, we beseech thee, our prayers and present them before the throne of God, that, never falling into the snares which are laid for us, we may all so achieve our salvation, that, notwithstanding the many perils, the Church of God and Christian society may once more join in a hymn of liberation, of victory and of peace. Amen.

HYMN FOR THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

Blest Guardian of all virgin souls!
Portal of bliss to man forgiven!
Pure Mother of Almighty God!
Thou hope of earth and joy of Heaven!

Fair Lily, found among the thorns!
Most beauteous Dove with wings of gold!
Rod from whose tender root upsprang
That healing Flower long since foretold!

Thou Tower, against the dragon proof!
Thou Star, to storm-tossed voyagers dear!
Our course lies o'er a treacherous deep;
Thine be the light by which we steer.

Scatter the mists that round us hang;
Keep far the fatal shoals away;
And while through darkling waves we sweep,
Open a path to life and day.

Oh, JESU, born of Virgin bright!
Immortal glory be to thee;
Praise to the Father infinite,
And Holy Ghost Eternally. Amen.

Breviary, Bute version.

THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XX YEAR.

JULY, 1904.

No. 3.

A DAY AT ST. IGNATIUS' MISSION AMONG THE FLATHEAD INDIANS OF MONTANA.

IT was during the summer of 1891 that a recreation trip took me into Montana and to the very spot where Father De Smet began the work of evangelizing the Indians over sixty years ago. This was at St. Mary's in the Bitter Root valley. The little mission church stands as the Fathers left it years ago. The bell hangs in the belfry but is seldom rung; the altar is ready with its cross and candlesticks but is seldom used; the pews remain as years ago but are occupied principally for private devotions by a few American and French families, and a remnant of the numerous tribe of Flathead Indians that once thronged its humble enclosure. The great body of the tribe has removed to the reservation assigned to them by the government on the Jocko river and in the vicinity of Flathead Lake. Their spiritual guides went with them and left St. Mary's to be visited only occasionally by priests from the city of Missoula, about forty miles distant.

St. Ignatius' Mission is the centre around which the entire tribe of Flathead Indians now clings, and St. Ignatius' Day is a festival in which the whole tribe takes part. Knowing this, I timed my wanderings so as to spend that day at the Mission. The notes that I took on that occasion of my impressions and observations, as well as of the information I gathered from the Fathers, were subsequently mislaid, and turned up only a few days ago; but they are still interesting, even to me, and I now make this transcript of them, confident that they will be of some interest to others.

It was about ten o'clock on the night of August 30, 1891, that I left the little station of Ravalli, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, for a five-mile drive over a ridge of the mountains to St. Ignatius' Mission. The conveyance was one sent from the Mission to meet late visitors, and I was not alone for the journey. Our driver was an Indian, but he wore the white man's dress and spoke English with a French accent. In fact, many of the Flathead Indians speak thus, for a large percentage of them are descended from the French hunters and trappers who were employed by the fur companies and spent their lives with the Indians.

The first view of the Mission from the heights reminded me of some large city. There were lights still in some of the buildings, and the numerous camp-fires of the Indians spread over a large area helped on the delusion. It was hard to realize that that seeming city was made up principally of wigwams, and the inhabitants were nature's children, to whom the smallest village of the country would be a never-ending wonder. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, the Fathers were up to receive us, and had a lunch for those who desired it and a good bed for all. I rose early, for I wished to say Mass and be ready to witness the celebration of the day from the beginning, and the first Mass for the Indians was to be at seven o'clock. My Mass in the chapel was served by a boy of about twelve years, of the purest Indian type in blood and features, and I do not recall that I ever had my Mass served more correctly or more piously.

The church proper is a large structure built on an open space in front of the main building of the Mission, but a little to the right, so that from the principal entrance to the building you have a full view of the front of the church. In the churchyard stands a large wooden cross, and when I was going to the church I saw the Indians coming from every direction and each one would go and kiss the cross before entering the church. Going in, I secured a coign of vantage near the door, where I had a view of everything. From there I looked over a church completely filled with Indians. On one side were the men and on the other side were the women. A few of the men wore citizen's clothing, but the great number wore blankets of various colors, and the moccasin was the only foot-covering visi-

ble. All the women had blankets, and upon their heads were silk handkerchiefs of every imaginable hue. Some of the mothers had children in their arms, some had them on their backs, while some laid them on the benches in front of them. During the Mass, when not standing, most of them knelt in a crouching posture, sitting on their heels. The benches, which were without backs, served principally as a support for their elbows. Their devotions during the Mass consisted of the rosary and the singing of hymns. The sound of their prayers was a strange one to me and resembled the continuous repetition of the words, quack, quack, quack, etc. After each decade of the rosary they sang a verse of a hymn, the melody of which was not unpleasant, but their voices were strongly nasal, their tones reedlike, and reminded me of the music we used to make when as children our only instrument was a comb with a bit of tissue paper. When the time for communion came the Chief approached the rail, received the Holy Communion, and then standing in the middle he directed the others, who came forward in two lines and retired in the most perfect order, until all in the church—about six hundred—had received. Last of all were two aged Indians who were blind and were led to the altar by others and conducted again to their places. After Mass all retired to breakfast and to prepare for the Pontifical Mass, which was to be celebrated by Bishop Brondel of Helena. The Bishop makes this the occasion for his annual visit for Confirmation and consolation to his faithful children of the Flat-head nation.

The preparations for the Bishop's Mass were on an elaborate scale. First came sixty-nine Indian maidens dressed in white, following a banner of the Blessed Virgin, with veils and wreaths upon their heads; then the boys, in their neat Confirmation suits; and following these were twenty-one Indian boys in cassock and surplice immediately preceding the clergy and Bishop. As the Bishop entered the church, the Indian girls who formed the choir sang a hymn of welcome. This same choir sang the Mass, but the music was not in Indian tones this time, but in the sweet tones of the convent-trained girls. The men took no part in the singing. The Mass began by the conferring of the tonsure and minor orders on a young Jesuit scholastic attached to the Mission. After the

Gospel, Bishop Brondel preached an instructive sermon in English on the Sacrament of Confirmation, and as he spoke every sentence was at once taken up by Father Cataldo, the Superior of the Mission, and translated for the Indians into their own language. The Indians were most attentive and showed no signs of weariness, while to me it was most interesting. I considered it an excellent way to learn the language, and before the end of the sermon I was master of quite a number of Indian words. There were seventy-four children for Confirmation, both boys and girls of various ages, and various styles of beauty and lack of beauty, ranging from that of the handsome French Creole down to the stolid and solid expression generally attributed to the Indian drudge. This was not an exceptional day in the life of Bishop Brondel, for he told me that within a month he had confirmed Flatheads, Crows, Assiniboines, Cheyennes, Gros Ventres, Blackfeet, Piegans, Nez Percees, Crees, Negroes and Chinamen. As he was at the city of Missoula on the previous Sunday, he might have enumerated whites of several nationalities, and given a very striking illustration of the catholicity of the Church.

In the afternoon an entertainment was given in honor of Bishop Brondel by the pupils of the school, under a large canvas stretched over the interior court of the main buildings. First, there was music by a brass band of eleven pieces, played by Indian boys; then the presentation of flowers to the Bishop by six little tots about six years old and under, who made little speeches in which they styled themselves "The Bishop's Bouquet." Other addresses and recitations followed and several pieces of vocal music. Those in charge asked our kindly forbearance and hoped that we would overlook the inevitable imperfections in the little performance, stating that many of their advanced pupils were away spending the vacation with their families. I could see no necessity for the excuses, for the whole thing was as neatly done as many similar affairs that I had witnessed in our own colleges. The addresses were well delivered, in good English and a perfect pronunciation; the vocal choruses were especially good, and the brass band would pass for fair in any of our towns. The rank and file of the Indians looked on simply astounded, although few of them understood a word of it. I had the pleasure after the close of the enter-

tainment, of shaking hands with the Chief and with several Crow Indians who had come from their reservation with Father Prando to fraternize with their neighbors, the Flatheads, and to assist at the general celebration.

The main building of the Mission is the college. It encloses three sides of a hundred-foot square, and is built of brick. It is two stories high, with a mansard roof, which virtually constitutes a third story. In this the Fathers live, with most of the boys, and have all the necessary offices, rooms and appointments for a college proper. The building has rather an imposing appearance for such a place, but it is not yet large enough to meet the necessities, and the foundations are already in place for a large addition. There are 110 boys in school, but this is only a small portion of the whole number of those who should attend. Among other things that the Fathers have to contend with is the pride of the Indian who does not desire to have his children better educated than he himself is, lest they assume superior airs and try to lord it over him.

In connection with the college there is a large L-shaped building of a frontage of 75 feet, containing classrooms and workshops for the different trades. Here the boys are taught to be blacksmiths, harness and saddle makers, carpenters and joiners, shoemakers, tinnerns, printers and such like, and I saw samples of their work in all these lines, and they were as good as the product of the work of the white tradesman. The market for their goods is not very extended, yet their wares find ready sale, for they are well made, and the freighters from the Northern Pacific Railroad into the country around Flathead Lake buy all their harness and saddles here, besides making this a place for general repairs. In the printing office they do work in the Flathead language as well as English, in both of which they are taught to read and write.

The school building for the larger girls is in the form of a cross, 150 feet each way. In it are 120 girls under the care of the Sisters of Charity of Providence. The girls are taught to read and write and to sew, besides all the branches of house-keeping and dairying. They are also taught to sing, but no lessons are given on the piano. There is also a kindergarten school for the very young girls, who are here at present to the

number of sixty. They are in charge of the Ursuline Nuns and are kept in a building separate from the older children. These little ones are brought to the Sisters when they are very young, scarcely more than infants, before they learn the ways of the Indian, or even much of the language. Some of them are orphans and some of them are not, but all of them are given over absolutely to the Sisters. Upon these the Sisters build great hopes for the eventual civilization of the tribe. The older children are thoroughly Indian in thought and habit, notwithstanding their education and training at the Mission, and it is no uncommon thing to see graduates, of both sexes, after a few years with faces painted and wearing the blanket. As Father Rebmann of the Mission told me, it is next to impossible to civilize an Indian who is to live with his tribe. He can be Christianized so that he will never forget his religion and its practices, but his civilization, which stands the test as long as he is with the whites, once he returns to his tribe is as easily thrown off as his civilized dress, and the chances for that are something desperate. It is hoped that it will be different with these kindergarten children, who, knowing nothing of the Indian training, have nothing to unlearn, and, in later life, will not have the memory of early habits to tempt them and draw them back to a savage life. With the older ones it is different. The savage life is first nature with them, and they easily return to it when the pressure of civilized influences is removed. Nor does it take very long for the old fascination to come upon them and it has been known that the young married couples have stabled their horses in houses built for themselves and have lived in tents outside.

From this it might seem that the work of the Fathers for the last fifty years has borne but very little fruit, but this is not the case. The Flathead Indians are immeasurably in advance of the tribes that were not under the care of the Missionaries. The tribal system itself, with its communism and its paternalism, is in a great degree responsible for the slow progress of the ideas and customs of our civilization. It discourages individual effort and individual ambition, as well as personal pride and independence. It is a kind of Indian socialism, backed by Indian public opinion, which is hard to oppose successfully. No, the work of De Smet, Ravalli, D'Aste, and

their co-laborers both living and dead, has been and is abundantly fruitful, for besides saving innumerable souls they have changed the spirit of the Indian so that the Flathead will tell you with a pardonable pride that his tribe never killed a white man. They may not have succeeded in making the Flatheads a commercial and civilized race, but they have succeeded in making them a humane, moral and God-fearing people.

WM. J. HOWLETT.

TRIALS OF A RELIGIOUS COMMUNITY DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

HEAVILY does the hand of God rest at present upon the religious communities of France, that Catholic country whose monarch styled himself "the most Christian," and which really did so much for the development of the religious life. There have flourished few orders, indeed, which have not had a foothold in this country.

The religious orders, in their turn, exercised an ennobling influence upon the land and drew down upon it the benedictions of God. But, nevertheless, violent persecutions have repeatedly been stirred up against these benefactors of the country and numberless martyrs given to the Church.

In the following we give a few pages from the history of the community of Poor Clares at Lyons during the days of the great Revolution, taken from the annals of the monastery and from documents collected by order of Pope Pius VI.

When the terrible hour struck for France, in which were fulfilled the words of the prophet Isaias: "And the angels of peace shall weep bitterly," the community of Poor Clares at Lyons shared the fate of all religious communities in this country at the time of the great Revolution—expulsion from their monastery, with the order to disperse.

Here, at the outset, is a beautiful incident connected with their flight, one which must have been a constant source of strength and courage during the troublous months which followed. At the moment when the Sisters were about to leave forever their blessed cloister, the fervent Sister M. Colette, prostrate before the great crucifix of the refectory and moisten-

ing with her tears this sacred image, renewed to her Divine Spouse her promise of fidelity in spite of all persecution. Suddenly the nun heard a voice saying to her: "Take me along!" "Oh, my good Master," she replied, "how much would I like to do so, but I could never carry Thee on this heavy iron cross, and I know not how to take out the large iron nails which hold Thee fast to it."

"Try to detach me," said the voice.

Obedient to this command, Sister M. Colette took a pocket-knife and, as she afterward related, cut through the thick iron nails as though they were butter.

The Sisters of the present time venerate this crucifix in their refectory, where it has taken its old place in the midst of His poor servants.

The exiles went, some to their relatives, some to kind friends and some, who would not separate, were tossed about from one asylum to another, suffering many inconveniences and in great misery, until, at last, a refuge in his own home was offered them by one M. Saunier, a citizen of Lyons, and known as a passionate revolutionist.

"Our poor straw-ticks were known all over Lyons, so often had they traversed it! The good people, seeing the wagon containing our poor furniture pass by, would look at it compassionately and say: 'These are the straw-ticks of the Saintes-Clairens—poor children!'"

The municipal authorities several times sent a deputy to offer the pension which the state allowed those religious who were willing to take the sacrilegious oath, but he always received the courageous reply: "Keep your money for yourself!"

The bombardment of the city began on the 22d of August, 1793. Day and night the inhabitants were in terror of being crushed by the bombs. The most awful disaster occurred in the night between the 24th and 25th. At one o'clock shot and shell were raining in from every side, and various quarters of the city were burning. The repeated discharges of artillery, the sound of the alarm-bells, cries which at every moment announced new disaster—all added to the horror of the scene, when suddenly a terrific explosion shook the whole city to its very foundations. The earth trembled, a fearful

glare lit up the night, then a cloud of smoke like a funeral pall shrouded all in darkness, a chill of terror came over the most intrepid—the *arsenal was blown into the air!*

The home of M. Saunier was quite near. The Sisters had to leave quickly for one window had already caught on fire. But, after passing the night among the brambles of Perrache with crowds of persons from all the burning quarters of the city, they were able, on the following morning, to return; the house, as if by miracle, having been spared by the flames.

They continued their ordinary manner of life in tears and prayers. Even in the worst days they observed the holy Rule in as far as was possible; practising always the abstinence, the fast, and the watchings at night. The habit was, however, suppressed.

The men of power at Lyons had so well organized their plan of persecution that it was impossible for a reunion of Religious who had refused the oath, to escape denunciation for any length of time. The account tells us: "On Wednesday, Feb. 11th, two commissaries came, and commanded us to appear at the Section. Injuries and blasphemies were poured out upon us. In their opinion we were rabble—all brainless fools—and deserved one death—the guillotine. 'Why nourish such useless beings! Death! Death! That is what they deserve!'

"We were with the good Carmelites, and, in answer to the questions of the commissaries, we replied that the bombs had compelled us to unite.

" 'And how,' said one of the apostles of the Republic, 'could your God then not work a miracle for your protection? Behold, now you shall all be obliged to appear at the Section.'

"Arrived there, inquiries were made for the Abbess. We replied that we had left her behind on account of her great age and her illness. For which reasons she was being tenderly cared for at the home of one of our out-door Sisters.

" 'She is in her nest then,' said one of these gentlemen in derision, 'are there then no carts to bring her to us?'

After this they asked for the eldest. The Mother Vicaress approached. 'You still keep to your old customs,' they said, 'we know the *grand de Riverie* read Mass for you, he is a

sorcerer.' They then took our names, and we were conducted to the *maison de Varissant*.

"In this prison at about seven o'clock in the evening, we were visited by four commissaries. One of them asked: 'How many are there of you Poor Clares and Carmelites? Have you taken the oath?' One of our number answered briefly: 'No.'

" 'Will you take it?'

" 'No.'

"Seeing her so determined, he took her name, saying again: 'Then you will not take the oath?' She remained firm in her refusal.

" 'Separate her from the others!' He then approached her, and, taking on a gentle tone, asked: 'But why will you not take the oath?'

" 'Because,' she replied, 'I am free and it is against my conscience.'

" 'Very well, I will have you guillotined if you do not take it.'

" 'As you please, I shall not take it.'

"Turning to each of us, he asked: 'Are your sentiments the same?' We answered all: 'Yes!'

Sr. M. Colette, speaking of the night which followed, says: "It was indeed for God that we were to die on the morrow, and, rejoicing, we said one to another, 'At last we shall ascend the ladder of Jacob;' thus we called the guillotine. We waited for some one to conduct us to the loathsome cellars; and, while waiting, prepared ourselves for death. We made for one another the recommendation of a departing soul; we asked pardon of each other, as is our custom before death: I cut the hair of one Sister, and cut lower the neck of the dress of another; in fine, we did all we could do to avoid having it attended to by the executioner, and to hasten our death. But in the morning they came to tell us that our happiness was to be delayed.

"On the following day, many members of the Section came and begged us, with tears, to take the oath. The grace of God sustained us under this new assault, and we were firm against all their solicitations.

"Later in the day, and again, on the third day, more visits

with their consequent combats. A member of the district came, accompanied by many women who deplored and lamented the firmness which would cost us our lives. This spectacle had no more power than had all their reasonings to shake us.

"In the evening, one of those who, on the preceding day, had been so angry with us, came and sorrowfully said: 'I come to tell you that your last hour is approaching. You will appear before the judges. It will be very painful to us to see you perish, we, who own so many obligations toward you for your prayers. Be on your guard, therefore, as to what you answer. . . . We have been appointed your judges, we do not wish to be your executioners. I have hidden myself from these gentlemen in order to come and inform you.' He then hastened away.

"Almost immediately the prison-keeper came to summon us. We went up and found the Committee waiting. 'Are all the Sisters here? Let the oldest sit down.'

"They then called off the names of the Carmelites, adding after each name, 'great fanatic,' 'great rebel,' and other like explicatives which were also given out in profusion during the whole process.

"After this favorable reception of the Carmelites, the turn of the Poor Clares came. We received the same compliments, ended by an exhortation to be submissive to the powers. We then listened to a discourse on equality

"Finally, after all these and many other exhortations, our affair terminated thus: our firmness and the multitude of reclamations which reached our judges, and which they themselves said were numberless, intimidated them, and they resolved to set us free for fear of an insurrection among the people. The president of the committee said: 'We will not hinder you in following your religion, but beware of communicating your views to others. You may read your books, keep your crucifix, arise at midnight, pray to God day and night, be useful to the city; continue your stupidities, be as stupid as you wish, etc. . . . Go away to your house, all of you, as formerly.'

"We went away without having opened our lips."

This liberty was not enjoyed for long. On the 26th

March, the Sisters were again arrested, and brought for the second time to the *Hotel de Ville*. After new interrogations they were conducted to the prison *des Recluses*. Here they spent the long months of their captivity, faithful to their austerities, calm and even joyous, notwithstanding all their sufferings and privations.

In the month of July, 1794, they had once more to appear before the temporary commission. They were, therefore, transported from the prison *des Recluses* to the *Hotel de Ville* to be subjected to a trial which they knew would be but a preliminary to their condemnation. After several days of waiting, the goaler came, with two armed soldiers, to conduct them, one by one, to the hall where the judges were seated.

This hall, lighted by a few candles, was well calculated to inspire with terror the unfortunate victims summoned thither. Around a long table, covered with green cloth, sat the judges, the president in their midst. These wore coarse, blue coats partly open at the breast; a red plume floated from each military hat. A small silver hatchet—terrible emblem of power—was worn at the neck. A little to the left of the president stood a small bench upon which the accused sat while answering the questions of the public accuser. Behind the accused, a row of soldiers formed a semicircle; while in the background the goaler awaited the sign which decided the prisoner's fate. The hands of the judge opened upon the green cloth signified enlargement or return to prison until further notice. The hand carried to the forehead indicated the fusilade; while a touch of the silver hatchet sent the victim to the guillotine.

As nearly the same questions were put to each Sister, we will give only those asked of Sr. M. Colette; as, also, her answers. After the most humiliating insults from the guards she was asked by the president:

"What is your name?"

"Jeanne Françoise Manière."

"Your age?"

"Forty years."

"What do you do?"

"Knit stockings."

"What were you formerly?"

"Religious of St. Clare, at Lyons."

"Will you always look upon yourself as a religious?"

"Yes, I made my vows for life."

"What did you do during the siege?"

"As I am dead to the world, I did not meddle with anything." (Horried exclamations at "dead to the world").

"Did you regard the king as a tyrant?"

"I regarded him as my legitimate sovereign."

"Did you regard him as a criminal?"

"I do not occupy myself with his faults."

"Give me your crucifix."

"I have none."

"What did you do with it?"

"I left it in my room."

The judges uttered a thousand blasphemies against our Lord, and the Sister continued: "If I had one, I would not give it to you. Jesus Christ, the Crucified, is my God and my Redeemer. To Him do I belong and I glory in Him."

"Did you take the oath?"

"No."

"Will you take it?"

"Will you take it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it is against my conscience, and against my vows."

"Then you prefer death?"

"Yes."

She was then told to read the above questions and answers, and, when she had done so, was asked: "Will you sign this?"

"Yes."

"What! you will sign your death sentence?"

"Yes!"

And the Sister signed with a smile upon her lips. Some of the judges could not withhold their admiration, and exclaimed: "What courage! What firmness!"

All the Poor Clares, eighteen in number, signed their own condemnations. The silver hatchet was touched for each, an

after some hours of mortal anguish, they found themselves reunited in the cellars at the west angle of the *Hotel de Ville*, which, of itself, was for them a guarantee that death was very near at hand, for it was well known that no one ever left these dungeons except for the guillotine.

The night following their condemnation was spent in prayer and preparation for death. But Sr. M. Colette, as calm as if she had been in her cloister, and consumed by an ardent desire of martyrdom, said to the others: "Pray—but as for me, I shall go to sleep for a while, because the time seems too long for me." She lay down on the stone floor, rested her head against the leg of a table, and was soon sound asleep.

At break of day all took up their devotions with renewed fervor, and awaited with impatience the summons to the guillotine. At every noise in the street the cry, "There they are!" was heard in the dungeon.

But soon there was a mysterious silence without; hour after hour passed.

When, finally, evening came, the Sisters said one to another: "Now surely it will be to-morrow," and sought in sleep some relief from the strain of suspense.

On the following morning a great tumult was heard without. Crowds of people thronged to all the prisons. Our pious captives, beholding their last hour had come, recommended themselves to God, and prepared to walk to the guillotine or be massacred by the infuriated populace.

Suddenly the doors were thrown open—*Robespierre was dead!*

Instead of death, liberty was given the prisoners, but that martyrdom had escaped them was the great sorrow of their remaining days.

The axe of the revolution had done its work, until, as if weary of slaughtering the innocent, it turned against the bloody dictator himself.

After the release from prison, the Sisters lived for fourteen years under M. Saunier's hospitable roof, and, in spite of the continued troubles of the closing years of the 18th, and and early years of the 19th centuries, were left undisturbed in their solitude. They received every day new proofs of the charity and sincere attachment of the people of Lyons.

But the hearts of these poor wayfarers yearned constantly for their dear cloister. There was no hope of returning to the old monastery, but, after many years of waiting, they were enabled, through the kindly aid of a priest who became their chaplain, to obtain a building suitable for their purpose. Here, in July of 1807, the little community took up its new abode. They were soon joined by those Sisters who had been living with their families or in exile, and also by several members of other houses of their Order, whose convents could not yet be opened.

Mother Marie de Ste. Reine, who, during the long captivity and the painful years which followed, had borne the burdens of superiorship, first as Vicaress and afterward as Abbess, died a holy and happy death in 1809, just two years after the restoration of her monastery.

Up until 1851 the community was governed by Abbesses elected from among the old members who had witnessed the terrors of the revolution: Mother Marie of St. Gabriel, 1809-1820; Mother Marie Colette, 1820-1834; Mother Mary of the Immaculate Conception, 1834-1851. All three died in the odor of sanctity.

Sister Cecile Augé, the good outdoor Sister, who, from the time of the dispersion, had, at her own home, so tenderly cared for the aged and infirm Abbess, received for this loving care the reward God has attached to the faithful fulfillment of the fourth commandment—a long life. She died in 1852, in the ninety-sixth year of her age, after a religious life of seventy-eight years, having outlived all the other Sisters of the old community.

To this predilected portion of the flock of Christ His words may well be applied: The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you. But, doubtless, it also experienced the truth of that consoling passage which tells us that for him who loves God all things work together for the best.

Although the grace of a bloody martyrdom was refused these Sisters, the crown they won by the long, unbloody martyrdom of an austere religious life under persecutions and constant hardships, was not less glorious,

YACHTING ON PENSACOLA BAY.

“Mother, watch over thy child;
Grant her—I ask it of thee.
The tempests of life they are wild,
But thou art the Star of the Sea.”

IT was a typical June day in '61—bright, warm, clear, with a gentle tempering breeze from the Gulf.

“We have the promise, at least, of a lovely evening for our yachting party,” remarked Eva at the breakfast table.

“These water excursions always make me a little uneasy,” said her mother, “and yet whenever you are detained later than I anticipate and I get anxious, the comforting thought always comes that our Blessed Mother will take care of her child.”

“I trust that she will always do so, dear mother; so you must not feel anxious or troubled, for I could never enjoy anything at the expense of anxiety to you.”

Eva Armand was the only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Armand, who cherished her as a lily of angelic purity confided to their care, and guarded her carefully even in the exclusive circle in which she moved, and in which she was generally beloved, receiving from her friends the perfect trust and confidence that her pure, sweet, loving, loyal nature inspired.

On this June day she was entertaining some friends, who were summering in the pleasant old seaport town which was her home.

At five o'clock, it was as lovely an evening as the morning had given promise of, and Eva, the Misses De Freville and Morena, with their brothers, and Dr. Sinclair, met her cousins, the Misses Brandt, with their guest, Miss Martinez, and Lieutenants Duvall, Benshawe and Lowe, on the yacht.

They had also Barney O'Callahan, an old sailor, in whom the Doctor had a great deal of confidence, for sailing-master. As he handed Miss Armand from the wharf to the yacht he noticed that Barney's honest face lit up with a radiant smile of recognition.

“Have you ever seen Barney before, Miss Armand?” he asked.

"I do not remember ever to have met him before, Doctor," and Eva glanced smilingly at the old sailor.

"No," said Barney, doffing his cap, "the lady has never seen me, Doctor, but I have seen her many a time since I have been in port here. I do be up at the church here at Mass some Sundays, and sure don't she just sing like an angel; the first time I kem up I did be trying to say me prayers, but God forgive me, I couldn't help but look around me to see where the purty voice did come from."

"Ah, yes, Miss Armand," the Doctor said, interrupting him, "Barney is a Catholic, and a good Catholic, too; he was on a cruise with me once, and what little I knew of your religion until very recently I learned from Barney."

"Sure, Miss, it is a Catholic he ought to be himself, for he's better nor many a Catholic."

"Now, Barney, much as I desire Miss Armand's good opinion, do not try to make her think better of me than I deserve."

"I couldn't do it, Miss," answered Barney, addressing himself to Eva. "I couldn't make you think of him better nor what he is, save only that he needs that blessed faith of ours to make him the best man alive."

"Well, Barney, you know what to do to obtain the gift for him," said Miss Armand.

"Sure, Miss," he replied, "you can do that same better than the likes o' me."

"Now, Barney," the Doctor said, "we are all here, tack away, and remember that you have a precious freight aboard."

"Sure, I'll do me best, Doctor, and you know old Barney. We'll have a purty time if that speck of a cloud there in the sou'west will just stay where it is."

"Oh, for shame, Barney," called out Lieutenant Martinez, "to be looking for a cloud on this lovely, this perfect evening."

"There is nothing perfect in this world, Lieutenant," said the old sailor.

Soon the little craft was skimming lightly over the water, like a snow-white bird with outstretched wings, and as soon as they were clear of the wharves and shipping, Doctor Sinclair said: "Now let us have some music, will you not, ladies? for I have promised myself a rare treat this evening."

They had brought two or three guitars and a couple of flutes

with them; the latter were handed to Mr. De Freville and Lieutenant Lowe, while Eva and Miss Martinez tuned the guitars.

"Do, Eva, sing that lovely hymn to the Virgin—Mrs. Hemans' hymn, I mean," asked Isabel; and as the sweet notes of the "Ave Sanctissima" floated over the water, old Barney and the Doctor especially, seemed wrapped in a blissful dream, and when echo threw back the last trembling note the latter exclaimed, "That was heavenly! It is the first time I have ever heard it. I have read it, but never heard it sung before. Mrs. Hemans was not a Catholic, either; so this is one lovely hymn to the Virgin, Miss Armand, for which you are indebted to a Protestant."

"Yes, and very much indebted, for it is truly beautiful."

Then followed ballad after ballad, and duets, quartettes and choruses, until they seemed lost in sweet melody.

"Surely this is like to a dream of heaven," the remark came, soft as a sigh, from Robert De Freville; "the music, the rippling waves and gentle breeze, the blue sky and soft evening light, the perfume of these flowers—it is entrancing."

The moments passed swiftly and no one seemed to notice that it was growing darker towards the east until Eva threw her scarf around her shoulders, saying: "It is getting cooler."

"And that cloud is coming up, Miss Armand. I have been watching it for the last five minutes, but disliked so to remark it until it was noticed by the rest," said Dr. Sinclair.

"Doctor," said Barney at that moment, "I do hate to spoil your pleasure, but am afraid I have waited too long now, for as sure as my name's Barney that cloud'll soon be upon us."

He had scarcely ceased speaking when they realized that one of those terrible squalls that come up so suddenly on the Gulf coast had overtaken them. In an instant a terrific gust of wind lashed the peaceful waves into a fury, the first shock very nearly upsetting the beautiful yacht. It was the work of a moment to cut down the sail.

Barney seemed endowed with the agility of youth and did instantly everything that could be done under the circumstances; then as he turned to the calm though terror-stricken group around him, murmured: "No power on earth can save us." Quickly, though, lifting his eyes heavenward, he

cried, "but You, Holy Mother of God, You can save us—pray, Miss Eva, pray."

Eva dropped upon her knees and buried her face in her hands.

Ermina and Mrs. Marcia Morena were in tears; Miss Martinez fainted; the rest were all quiet, but deathly pale, Miss Brandt trembling like an aspen.

It was truly terrible. The waves moaned and groaned and fought furiously with the merciless wind; the flood-gates of heaven seemed to have opened as if for a very deluge; then the lightning flashed and thunder boomed as if all the artillery above was playing upon them. One moment the light was blinding, the next they were in utter darkness; one moment they were hurled to the right, the next to the left of the little cabin. It was impossible to keep their feet or seats without clinging to each other and to the stationary divans.

Eva arose, and seeing Barney with his beads in his hands, drew out her own rosary, and exclaimed, with all the agony that filled her heart in her voice, "Let us, one and all, appeal to our Blessed Mother. She can and she will aid us. Let us try to say the rosary." Then, in a clear, distinct voice, that rang out above the storm, she began: "Incline unto our aid, O God," and fervently came the response, "O Lord, make haste to help us," from the little Catholic party. They all joined in the "Our Father," and ere she had concluded the first decade there was not one of the party who was not responding fervently, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

The wind seemed even to increase in violence; the waves looked like white-capped mountains; the little yacht creaked and shivered until it seemed a continued miracle each moment that she did not go to pieces. Once in the middle of a "Hail Mary" they thought they had really gone down to rise no more, and Eva stopped for an instant to cry, "Jesus, Mary and Joseph, assist us now and in our last agony," but as one of the party fervently responded "Amen" they rose again.

They concluded the Rosary, saying the "Salve Regina," all together, and were still afloat.

"Miss Armand," exclaimed Dr. Sinclair, "surely the Mother of God must be protecting us, for do you not know it

a miracle that we are not all at this moment at the bottom of the bay?"

Eva for answer began the Ave Maris Stella, in which all who knew it joined, and so earnestly did they pray,

"Bright Mother of our Maker hail,
Thou Virgin ever blest,
The ocean star by which we sail
And gain the port of rest."

And more fervently still,

"Exert for us a mother's care,
And us thy children own,
Prevail with Him to hear our prayer,
Who chose to be thy Son."

As they concluded, there came a brilliant flash of lightning, and Eva, who was looking out through the door of the little cabin, exclaimed: "Oh see, we are nearing the shore; we are very near to it," and eager eyes then peered through the little windows out into the darkness, waiting for another gleam of lightning.

When the storm burst upon them they were right in the middle of the bay just as far from land as they could possibly be; and now when the lightning flashed again they were, as Eva had said, very near the mainland at the point near Santa Rosa Island.

"But there is danger still," said Lieutenant Lowe, just as hope had crept into all their hearts, "we may be dashed against the beach;" but Barney interrupted him saying, "O! for shame, Lieutenant Lowe, to think that the Holy Mother of God would bring us out of such a storm as this, over such a sea, to dash us to pieces on the shore," blurted out Barney.

"I meant nothing impious, Barney," gasped the Lieutenant.

The words had scarcely escaped his lips when they rose on a gigantic wave which bore them to the shore and deposited upon the beach the little craft with its precious freight of human souls as gently as a mother would have lain her babe in its cradle.

"Saved! saved!" burst from their trembling lips, and Barney cried: "Praise be to God and His Holy Mother."

As if by inspiration, Eva, in her clear, thrilling voice, burst into the "Magnificat," which was quickly chorused by the others, Barney also joining in, and when they concluded, "Sure," said he, "I don't believe there was ever such a 'Magnificat' sung before, right straight from the heart like."

"And now let us promise a Mass of Thanksgiving in honor of our Blessed Mother," suggested Eva, "and that we will each wear constantly in her honor during all of our lives a medal of the Immaculate Conception."

There was not a single voice that did not respond fervently, "We promise, we each promise solemnly."

They had no way of making a light; they could scarcely have made a fire, as the storm was still raging wildly. The only two gentlemen in the party who smoked had left their matchsafes "in the pocket of another coat," and old Barney said he'd never forgive himself for not having better sense than to leave his match box "on the shelf by the pipe."

By drawing their feet up on the divans and large chairs they managed to keep tolerably dry, but there they had to remain until the gray dawn of morning.

At intervals they heard minute guns from vessels in the gulf, and prayed for those in danger and distress; prayed from the very depths of their grateful hearts, and also for the loved ones at home, whose anxiety they knew must be terrible.

After midnight, when the fury of the storm had abated, they saw sky-rockets sent up by a steamer in the bay and from the opposite shore, and knew that search was being made for them, but as they had no means of striking a light, could give no return signal.

As soon as the day dawned, however, Barney made haste to hoist the sails, and sweeping the deck as dry as he could, told them that as soon as it was fairly light they had better all come and stand out, so that they could be seen by the search-party.

"Miss Armand," said Doctor Sinclair, "from this day I shall always have confidence in the Mother of God and her recourse to her in all my difficulties."

"Be assured, Doctor," replied Eva, "that she will never fail you."

Mr. De Freville suggested that they would all attend the promised Mass of Thanksgiving, which each member of the party readily consented to do.

Above the Altar upon which was offered that memorable Mass of Thanksgiving is enshrined a radiant statue of the Queen of Heaven, the "Star of the Sea," the gift of loving, grateful hearts; and many a fervent act of thanksgiving has been wafted heavenward at Her feet, for Her maternal protection, and for the light of faith which illumined the souls that were in blindness, on that eventful night of storm and darkness.

J. F. F.

MISSIONS IN FAR-OFF LANDS TO-DAY.

FORSAKEN LITTLE ONES.

LITTLE things are often a welcome change from great ones and, when playing with their children, even kings have forgotten for a time the pomp and splendor of the throne.

Our Blessed Lord Himself, tired, as it were, of doing great things, sat one day by the roadside and condescended to do something so small and so unlooked for that His apostles were well-nigh scandalized. A flock of little ones pressed about the weary Savior and, tenderly caressing them, He exclaimed: "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

I love to think that the Master, ever mindful of the Poor Babe of Nazareth, has a predilection for little ones frowned on by fortune and nature alike, and whom the apostles would doubtless have endeavored to keep away from Him.

Even nowadays when children seek Jesus on the occasion of their first communion, some are kept aloof, as though because slighted by nature they should be deprived of grace, and therefore I have made it a point to gather in these little outcasts, to discipline them and then lead them to the Holy Table, that they too might enjoy the love-feast of the God of the lowly.

SAADA, THE BLIND GIRL.

The oldest inhabitants of Dilepta, a large village near Ghazir, say that a hundred years ago there were only three pieces of elegance in public circulation, a watch, a carpet and a narghile, and these were passed around to any house in which a guest of distinction happened to be entertained. Meanwhile, however, stockings, chemises, and here and there even trousers have come into use.

Nevertheless, in some households, these inventions of science still remain unknown. For instance, in a certain hovel hidden among rocks and pines on the slope of the mountain that overlooks the village, rags and tatters, bread, water, olives and cheese are the only luxuries enjoyed, and sometimes not all of these are at hand.

One day I took a notion to climb to this particular spot and discovered there a blind girl about thirteen or fourteen years old, called Saada. She was leading the enforced life of a recluse, without any knowledge of the catechism, of prayer or first communion, and as her mother and little sister Nasra worked all day in the fields, they could give her no attention.

Just then in Dilepta we were preparing a class of forty-nine children for first communion, and surely it was Saada's chance.

"You must send Saada down to the instructions," said I to her mother, who assured me that she would do so, but . . . the girl did not appear.

I then learned that it was positive torture for her to attend church or school as, despite the care of her sister, Maryam, when descending the hillside she inevitably wounded her poor bare feet on stones and brambles, and besides, she was painfully timid, for these unfortunate creatures are more or less afraid of every one.

Well, as Saada was not brought down to the class I realized that she would escape me and perhaps forever when, suddenly, I was visited by a brilliant idea. An alms had been given me, and with it I purchased some material, repaired to the school, and summoned two children.

"Go quickly to Saada's house," I said, "and tell her that I'm waiting here to have a dress made for her."

The scheme worked like a charm. In a few minutes Saada was at my side accompanied by her mother, who wept tears of joy, and seeing my power thus established, I resolved to use it in full.

The blind girl attended all the exercises of the retreat and, on the day of first communion, it was indeed touching to behold in the procession of forty-nine children, Nasra leading her older sister, the afflicted Saada, to the banquet-table of the God of the abandoned little ones. Many were moved to tears and, for the first time, the sightless child was happy, thus realizing the meaning of her name, Saada.

MAROUN, THE IDIOT.

However, during this beautiful ceremony, many eyes were turned toward the boys, and among them was a poor little fellow who had been publicly ignored and whom the God of love had called to Himself for the first time. The boy's name was Maroun. Picture, if you can, a few bits of stuff drawn from a rag-man's pack, sewed together hap-hazard and flung over a little monster with skin bronzed from exposure to the sun, a head like that of a wild eaglet and a voice strongly suggesting the bleating of animals; then, imagine this animated bundle of rags dragging a black and a white sheep along by a string and you'll have a fair idea of an object contemplated by the people of Dilepta for seven or eight years and known to them all as "Maroun, the Idiot."

The mother was about as repulsive looking as her son, and one day they descended the Djord (high mountain) together, coming no one knew whence—perhaps they themselves could not tell. The father was dead, and the mother, finding here and there a crust of bread and chancing occasionally upon some deserted hut, would establish herself therein with her son, both of them subsisting on little or nothing.

The mother passed for a half fool, and Maroun was the children's plaything. For him school was out of the question and, as for confession and communion, the idea of either seemed simply preposterous!

Poor little fellow, I could not but pity him in his utter abandonment and, when going and coming along the road,

I managed to talk to him of Heaven. Can you imagine my surprise and delight when this supposed idiot readily gleaned an idea of the good God Whom he so needed to know?

It was not long before he wished to go to confession and one day, having gone to Ghazir to beg, he passed our church and, finding it open, went in and made his confession to a missionary priest. Upon coming out the father said to me: "That child must take his first communion."

What, Maroun had gone to confession and wished to receive Holy Communion? This was news indeed. It was the topic throughout the village, and "impossible!" was all that the astounded people could say. Even the good Curé, with his practical wisdom, could scarcely credit what seemed like a fictitious tale, but an examination to which Maroun submitted soon dispelled the Curé's doubts and the erstwhile idiot was given permission to make his first communion.

Immediately there was a change. As if the coming of God had wrought a transformation in many hearts, all Dilepta became interested in Maroun, the idiot; the women smiled upon him, the men were more tolerant of him, the children vied with one another in an attempt to help him with his catechism and, turning the afore-mentioned alms to account, I procured him a Ghomboze, a belt, a turban and even some stockings. In a word, when washed, combed and prinked up, he was a well-behaved, submissive little boy filled with wonder and happy as a ray of sunshine, in fact quite worthy of his great patron St. Maroun.

All eyes followed him as he approached the Holy Table, and afterwards I heard several old men say: "Maroun has really made a good communion."

He had indeed, because since then he has changed completely and is beloved by all. Jesus had passed by.

MARYAM, THE LITTLE HERDESS.

On my way to and from Dilepta where I was preparing the class of first communicants, I often met near the roadside a sprightly, vigorous little girl who was either watching cows or carrying fagots.

"What's your name?" I asked her one day.

"Maryam."

"Maryam is a beautiful name," I replied, "it's the name of the Blessed Virgin, Mother of the Child Jesus. Do you know Jesus and the Blessed Virgin? Come, tell me."

The child looked up at me in astonishment. Alas! she knew little more than the names of her two cows and how to find the paths leading to pasture land and places where she could gather dead wood. What was still worse, her mother, a shrewish creature, kept her working all day and was unwilling to give her up for even a few hours. However, I implored the Sacred Heart to let me have or rather to take unto Himself this poor little one.

One morning passing as usual before the hut, I called out: "Come Maryam, come with me to Dilepta and be prepared for your first communion."

The mother muttered something and the child at once replied: "I can't. I'm watching the cows."

"Wait," said I to myself, "I'll soon change your mind." Then calling out louder than before, "What a pity," I exclaimed, "if you only could have come I would have had a dress made for you."

Immediately there was a commotion inside the cabin and presently I heard a little voice pipe out: "Good bye my cows and calf, etc." Then the mother appeared, saluted me and became most affable and, within a few moments, the little prisoner so suddenly liberated was trotting along behind me on the stony road to the village.

She joined the other children, listened, learned, made her confession and received Jesus into her heart.

A MOUNTAIN ROSE.

This fourth individual to whom I draw your attention has the name of the sweetest of flowers, Ouardé, rose, and is really the loveliest in this exotic flower-bed, not in herself to be sure, but because she was the most difficult to cull and present to Jesus.

The first time that she beheld my black soutane she fled in distress; I tried to coax her with candy but could not, and after many futile attempts I despaired of winning her favor.

However, one day when I was catechising some poor assembled around our door, I spied my little fugitive and, by way of getting into her good graces, I had her served with a substantial meal and gave her a picture. A few minutes later there was quite a disturbance behind me and cries of "Father, father!" rang out. I hastened to see what was amiss and found Ouardé surrounded by some Maronite women who had taken her picture from her and were about to return it to me.

"Father," they explained, "she's not a Christian, she's a *métouali* (Mussulman heretic) and she'll profane the picture.

The natives are rarely mistaken in a non-Christian face, and truly Ouardé's was misleading. Her bristly hair, gaping mouth displaying rows of white teeth, haggard eyes, bronzed skin, coarse voice and boy-like ways were indeed sufficient to make her look the Mussulman. But happily these good women were wrong, for due inquiry revealed the fact that Ouardé belonged to one of those Maronite families who, during the summer live on the heights and when the snow falls come down to the seacoast.

But alas, though not a *métouali* in religion, Ouardé would indeed pass for one as far as ignorance and uncouthness were concerned. She did not even know how to make the sign of the cross and no one had paid any heed to her soul. Nevertheless, I determined that she should go to confession and make her first communion, but the great difficulty lay in getting her to attend daily instructions and besides it was then April and at any moment the wild little bird might take flight to the mountain.

Therefore, what was I to do? I resorted to the expedient that had already worked so successfully and sent the Maronite Nuns some dress material with the following instructions: "Take Ouardé's measure and tell her that she must come every day for a week to have her dress fitted; meanwhile, drill her in catechism."

All was done as I requested, and you can imagine how well that frock must have fitted! But what was best equipped was her soul, for after tireless efforts the good Sisters had at length contrived to teach her the Pater, Ave, a part of Credo and to give her a fair idea of the catechism, in a w

she had learned just enough for a little mountaineer to know in order to make her first communion.

The ceremony was set for Easter Sunday, but Ouardé was not the only one to be happy on that day as two of her friends, Dalilée and Maryam, whose lives had been similar to her own and whose conquest had proven almost as difficult, were also to communicate. On Holy Saturday the Sisters who had the three in charge told them that they must come in the morning at the ringing of the Angelus.

Naturally the expectant little ones did not sleep, and we know how time drags when one is waiting the visit of Jesus and dreaming of a dress with white stripes. Suddenly a bell tolled and, in a trice, the anxious watchers were up and off to the convent where they vigorously rang the bell and knocked loudly on the door.

Presently a window was raised and a chorus of eager voices called up: "It's us, Mother, the Angelus rang."

"Not at all, children; it's only midnight; go back to sleep."

The communion Mass was lovely, and the little mountain girls were feasted with flowers and songs and even treated to a breakfast. They thought themselves in Heaven, and it seemed as if our shepherds had never seen a more beautiful morning break over the heights. In the evening, according to custom, there was a renewal of baptismal vows and each of the three children received scapulars, a pair of beads and pictures, and I myself led them before the altar and consecrated them to the Blessed Virgin and the Sacred Heart.

This done they left us, and there was a tear in Ouardé's eye. It has been said that Heaven is sometimes reflected in a child's tear.

How many more conquests could be made if only a dress . . . but alas! my remnant of goods is fast coming to an end, and, when penniless, it is difficult indeed to replace it. It's a pity, too, because here, as you have seen, dresses are all powerful. And this brings to mind the Arabian proverb which runs to the effect that if you dress up a branch it will become beautiful; yes, beautiful for the God of the Holy Table. Perhaps you, good reader, could help a leaf to bud on this branch.

SCHOLASTIC OFFSHOOTS.

It is a well known fact that in the East every progressive step, whether in religion or politics, is made through the school. Just as the conquests of certain countries are achieved by means of little forts and small detachments, here all advancement is effected through the school. It is a fort, a centre of living forces, a vital point forming the nucleus for other works.

Besides, in the dovetailing of national influences here in Syria the struggle for ascendancy in a village, valley or district is made through the medium of the school and hence, sometimes in one village there will be three or four rival schools: Catholic, Greek Schismatic, Russian and Protestant.

Alas for Catholicism, it must be admitted that, during the past ten years, it has fallen off. For want of resources the poor missionary has been forced to close his own schools and to witness the triumph of his adversaries and, therefore, he must be forgiven if his continued calls for assistance are unwelcome to certain ears.

With the help of my co-worker, Father Claude Chevrey, I attacked Fotouh, a district of Lebanon above Ghazir. It is a block of mountains oddly seamed with precipices and valleys, a picturesque, broken region but poor and barren and bounded on the north by the waters of the famous Adonis River. This gap of wild splendor once witnessed the ancient bacchanalia of Adonis and Astarté, and, of old, pilgrimages came hither from all over the East and even from the West.

In every fissure of this sterile block may be found one or more Maronite villages where the people are very poor and above all very ignorant.

At least once a week we clamber up this steep plateau at daybreak and seek to augment our conquest. Every valley could be conquered by a school and, knowing this, each of us feels himself animated with the spirit of an Alexander the Great.

By dint of praying and economizing for some years past, I have become the petty scholastic king of several little valleys and if, like David, vanity impelled me to take the census of my kingdom, I would say that I own ten villages: Hhineh, Youra, Ain Youay, Ain Yea, Ghobaileh, Hayata, Chatoul, Yahchouch, Hitchet and Nahr-ed-dahab. Only five of these

ten villages have a school, and each school comprises about forty children, whom a master, rod in hand, gathers beneath an oak tree after the fashion of our St. Louis.

When I said I *owned* ten villages I was too sanguine: I own nothing because to have no purse is practically to have nothing, a fact which forcibly impresses itself upon me whenever I go to sow the seeds of catechism, and which is a very evident source of grief to my poor mountaineers who are burning to do something and who beg me to help them. I always promise, at least, almost always. Meanwhile, in order to placate them I sometimes organize rousing out-of-door processions, just as the Italian government directed music to be played in the public squares of Rome so that the famished populace might be calmed.

You can therefore see how many and varied are my resources. Even now my armies are besieging a little village and, from my first bulletins of victory, you can judge of other conquests.

In the depth of a valley walled in by barren, precipitous rocky slopes, nestle a few miserable hovels. The location has a most suggestive name: Nahr-ed-dahab, which means Golden Valley or Golden River; but in truth, the inhabitants have only a vague idea of either gold or silver, perhaps never having seen them save in rays of sunlight and on the mirror-like bosom of their river.

Were this the extent of their ignorance I would have allowed them to go on their way undisturbed, but alas! they are likewise without a knowledge of our good God. Now, of course, in this valley which is the abode of poor goat-herds who try to find among its rocks sufficient nourishment to keep them from starving, catechism is an unknown quantity. The church is a little hut near the roadway, while on a corner of the hill, and suspended between two stones, is a bell, its cord dangling within the reach of passers-by, and on Sundays a neighboring priest rings the bell and says Mass for these poor people.

Well, one day when passing through the valley I came upon two goat-herds between fourteen and sixteen years old, and they did not know even the Hail Mary. This opened my eyes and I said to myself: "Here is a conquest for me to make." There-

fore, I went down to the church and, like Gerald in the "Fille de Roland," rang the bell. Immediately children flocked from all sides, and such children, the exponents of such destitution, such misery! It is safe to say that half of that quickly gathered multitude hardly knew how to make the sign of the cross.

Poor little bodies, poor little souls! I was forcibly reminded of what St. John Chrysostom said about nothing being comparable to the soul of a child.

The spectacle was indeed a strong incentive to make our good God known and loved. A school here was a veritable necessity, but unfortunately there could be no school without a master and a master would require pay. But, to attack the slim purses in Golden Valley would have been alike cruel and futile.

I thrust my hands deep into my pockets, fumbled for a moment and drew them out again for alas! I had no coin to jingle. Then I said a few words on confidence in God and came back tapping my forehead in an attempt to solve the problem of establishing a school without money.

As yet I have found no solution, but perhaps the hearts of my readers can furnish one.

J. DELORE, S.J.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

At least 180 new trees have been planted on the Shrine grounds this spring, and the report is that everyone of them is flourishing. They are for the most part maple trees of nine or ten years growth, many of them larger than the trees already planted there, so that we shall have abundant shade everywhere, even along the roadway between the shrine proper and the ravine, as the Road Commissioner kindly granted our request to plant trees on both sides of it. Not shade only but beauty also do these fine trees add to a spot already beautiful, set as they are in rows along the pathways, and in groves where until now the fields were bare. To Mr. Abraham Mabie, our neighbor, we are indebted and grateful for this magnificent improvement. Visitors to Auriesville will recall the trees that stood on the hill above his farm, and these he has kindly given

to the Shrine for no other consideration than that we should attend to their removal. There are now fully 700 trees on the shrine grounds, besides the hedge trees which are now of sufficient size to trim. The schools of forestry can find no fault with Auriesville.

A remedy has at length been discovered for the leakage in the roof of the open chapel. No matter what care was taken of the shingles, the strong winds would easily open rifts and seams which could not be kept in repair. Before Sunday next, July 3, the date of the first pilgrimage, we hope to have the entire structure covered by the best roofing material, one which is not only rain-proof, but fire-proof also, or, since there is little danger of fire at Auriesville, heat-proof, the thin composition of pitch being coated with a sprinkling of quartz and granite sand. It is called "Perfected Granite Roofing." It will answer our purpose admirably. This, with slight alterations on the priests' home and hotel, are the only changes made this year in the Shrine structures, and as very few repairs were needed about the grounds, everything is ready for the pilgrimages earlier than usual.

The first pilgrimage of the season is announced for Sunday, July 3, from St. Joseph's Church, Cohoes, New York.

The Shrine will be opened permanently Sunday, July 17, and from that day until Thursday, September 8, one or more priests will be at the Shrine, and Mass will be offered every morning at an hour convenient for those who live in the neighborhood, usually at 7 o'clock on week days, and on Sundays there will be a Mass about 9.30 on the arrival of the train from the East. Sunday, July 31, there will be special devotions in honor of St. Ignatius, whose feast it is, and after that date prayers will be said every evening. The novena prior to the Feast of Assumption will begin Saturday, August 6, and all our readers are invited to take part in this novena, even though they may not be present, praying for the objects for which the Shrine was opened, to increase devotion to Our Lady, Queen of Martyrs, to expedite the process of beatification of the Servants of God who died there for the faith, and to obtain through their intercession spiritual and temporal favors for all who join the novena or for those whom they recommend.

Sunday, August 14, the Albany pilgrimage will take place, and on Monday, the Feast of Assumption, there will be the usual local pilgrimages. Sunday, August 21, St. Mary's parish, Saugerties, N. Y., and under their auspices the parishes along the Hudson as far as Poughkeepsie will visit the Shrine. Other parishes from Troy, Schenectady, Utica, etc., will make their pilgrimages between August 3 and September 8, the dates not yet being agreed upon. Parties will be organized in New York for pilgrimages leaving Saturday, August 13 and 20. On all the Sundays of pilgrimage there will be special devotions in honor of the Immaculate Conception in order to commemorate the Jubilee of the declaration of this dogma and the prerogative of Our Lady, which the missionaries held most in veneration.

The articles for the process of the beatification of those who died for religion at Auriesville have been drawn up by the Postulator, Rev. Camillus Bercari, and forwarded to the Vice-Postulator, Rev. J. E. Désy, of Quebec, where the inquiry will be held early in autumn into the Life, Virtues, Martyrdom, Signs and Marvels of the Servants of God, Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, Joseph de la Lande, John de Brébeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Anthony Daniel, Charles Garnier, and Natalis Chabanel. Father Désy will visit the Shrine towards the end of August and summon his witnesses soon after to Quebec. After the session of the court of inquiry, he will proceed to France to institute similar inquiries there, and hopes to present the results of his examinations late in December or early in 1905. The substance of the 126 articles concerning Father Jogues and his companions was given in the *Pilgrim* for June, 1903.

SOME DIRECTIONS FOR PILGRIMAGES.

The following regulations for pilgrimages to the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, at Auriesville, N. Y., will be useful to pastors organizing pilgrimages, and conducive to the order and piety of the pilgrims.

Announce the pilgrimage in good time, as definitely as possible. Have the announcement printed, giving date of pilgrimage, time of departure and return, and the order of exercises at the Shrine.

Make it clear that it is not an excursion, but a pious pilgrimage to a Shrine erected in the name of Our Lady of Martyrs, on the site consecrated by the zeal and sacrifice of devout servants of God, who, it is hoped, will one day be honored as saints for their virtues and heroic death.

If an instruction on the end of pious pilgrimages, and on the particular object of this one, be given in the church some time before, the mere pleasure seekers will remain at home, and the pilgrims will be better disposed to reap the full benefit of their piety. Topics for this instruction will be found in *Shrine Manual*, and in the pamphlet sketch of the Shrine.

Ample opportunity should be given to the pilgrims to go to confession on the day before, as there is time to hear only a few confessions on their arrival at the Shrine.

The best way to organize a pilgrimage is to choose a committee from the various parish societies, both of men and women. A number of marshals should be chosen for the day of pilgrimage, to help the priest in charge to conduct the pilgrims to and from the railway station, to lead the devotions, beads, etc., in the cars, and when at the Shrine to assist the priests there in forming the various processions, and to act as ushers at the gates, about the grounds, and in the chapel during services.

The choir should be as large as possible, and the members should be instructed to prepare a programme of suitable hymns, for singing on the way to the Shrine, for the procession up the hill, and for the Mass, the *Stabat Mater* at the Stations of the Cross, some hymns to Our Lady for the procession to the ravine, and the *Pange Lingua*, *O Salutaris*, and *Tantum Ergo* during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

The following instructions, though known to many of our readers, cannot be repeated too often:

Auriesville is a station of the West Shore Railroad, forty miles west of Albany and 175 from New York; fifty miles east of Utica and about 270 miles from Buffalo. It is about this distance, 270 miles, from Philadelphia, Boston and Montreal.

Pilgrims leaving New York and stations along the line of the West Shore Railroad can obtain excursion tickets for one fare and one-third, *i. e.*, return tickets from New York will be sold for \$5.30, instead of the regular rate, \$7.90. A proportionate reduction will be made between Auriesville and intermediate stations east or west as far as Buffalo. These tickets are good until September 12, inclusively, and can be purchased at the West Shore Railroad offices foot of Franklin Street, West 42d Street and in Jersey City, and at all the stations of this road, *by presenting a card order signed by us.* These cards may be obtained by applying at our office, 27-29 West 16th Street, New York City. Still lower rates will be made at any time for parties of twenty-five or more.

Accommodations can be secured by applying to Mr. Thomas Glenn, Auriesville Hotel, Auriesville, New York.

HOW TO REACH AURIESVILLE.

For the benefit of those who desire to visit the Shrine, we subjoin a schedule of convenient trains by the West shore Railroad.

FROM NEW YORK.

Franklin Street - - - -	11.20 A. M. † - -	9.45 P. M. * - - -
West Forty-Second Street	11.35 " - -	10.00 " - - -
Weehawken - - - -	11.50 " - -	10.15 " - - -
Arrive Auriesville - - - -	5.18 P. M. - -	4.10 A. M. (E.) - -

* Daily. 9.45 from Penna. Depot, Jersey City, connects with this train.

† Daily, except Sunday. (E) Stops to leave New York and New England passengers.

FROM ALBANY.

N. Y. C. & H. R. R. Station -	7 45 A. M. * - -	3.30 P. M. - -
Auriesville - - - - -	9.18 " - -	5.18 " - -

*Daily. The night boat to Albany connects with this train.

FROM POINTS WEST.

Rochester - - -	- - - - -	7.55 A. M. - - - - -
Syracuse - - -	- - - - -	11.10 " - - - - -
Utica - - - -	6.50 A. M. † - - - -	1 20 P. M. (East Utica) -
Fultonville - - -	8.34 " - - - -	3.38 " - - - - -
Arrive Auriesville -	8.40 " - - - -	4.02 " - - - - -

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

Returning to New York a train leaves Auriesville at 8 40 A. M., and arrives in New York at 2.45 P. M. Another train leaves Auriesville at 4.02 P. M., arriving in Albany at 5.40 P. M., in time to connect with the night boat to New York. The Express leaves Fultonville, 5 miles west, at 3.53 P. M., arriving in New York 9.15.

Going West, the train leaving Auriesville at 9.18 A. M., arrives in Utica (East) at 11.47 A. M.; Syracuse, 1.50 P. M.; Rochester, 4.18 P. M., Buffalo, 6.30 P. M. The train leaving Auriesville at 5.18 P. M., arrives in Utica, 7.15 P. M.

The New York Central Railroad, the most frequented line of travel, runs parallel with the West Shore, but on the opposite side of the river (the historic Mohawk). Two stations on the New York Central are convenient to Auriesville, Fonda, and Tribes Hill, the former three miles west, and the latter one-and-one-half miles east.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

Although we have not made any appeal for contributions to the Shrine this year, we are not the less in need of funds to meet the expenses already incurred as mentioned above, and to help clear the debt already resting on the property. We trust our friends will be generous as usual in their offerings, the more so that there will necessarily be a special outlay of money in promoting the Cause of the Martyrs this year. The donors are assured of our gratitude and prayers, and of a memento in every Mass offered at the Shrine. The following contributions have been received since January:

M. J. W., Parsons, Pa	\$ 5.00
T. R., Geneva, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs. G., Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.00
M. C., Troy, N. Y.....	50
G. A. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	1.00
Mrs. H., East Providence, R. I.	50
M. A. C., Philadelphia, Pa.....	5.00
M. J. C., Pilot Grove, Mo.....	1.90
J. F. B., National Military Home, Ind.	1.00
C. H. M., Peoria, Ill	1.00
E. G., Toronto, Can	15.00
A. E. E. Philadelphia, Pa.....	4.50
M. A. B., Philadelphia, Pa.....	1.00
E. C. E., Rome, N. Y.....	2 50
R. H., N. Y.....	2.00
M. B , New York, N. Y.....	50
Anon	46.00
Mrs. G , New York, N. Y.....	10.00
Mr. G., Boston, Mass.....	5 00
J. S., St. Paul, Minn.....	1 00
Anon., Philadelphia, Pa.....	25 00
Miss K., New York, N. Y.....	1 00
Anon., New York, N. Y.....	10.00
C. H., Peoria, Ill.....	1.00
Mgr. E , New York, N. Y.....	25 00
Miss F , Troy, N. Y	5 00
Mrs. C	1 00
C. O. T., South Auburn, Neb.....	1.00
J. W. J., Saratoga, N. Y.....	50.00

THE MARQUETTE LEAGUE.

(Incorporated under the laws of the State of New York.)

THE following circular will interest our readers and perhaps inspire them to apply for membership in this League:

"We take great pleasure in commending the Marquette League to the attention and zeal of the Catholic laity. As an adjunct to the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children, and as a direct aid to our poor Indian missions and missionaries, it cannot fail to preserve the faith in the hearts of those Indians already Christian, and advance it among those still living in paganism.

"JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

"P. J. RYAN,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

"JOHN M. FARLEY,
Archbishop of New York.

"INCORPORATORS OF THE BUREAU OF
CATHOLIC INDIAN MISSIONS.

"WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 1904."

On June 28, Rev. Dr. Ganss, who founded this League, was received in audience by the Holy Father and obtained a special blessing on this League.

NAME.

This organization shall be known as the *Marquette League*.

OBJECT.

Its main object shall be to preserve the Catholic Indians in the United States in their faith, and to bring its consolations to the thousands still living in paganism.

(a) By co-operating with the authorities of the Church, especially those entrusted with the work, in every endeavor to uplift the Indian spiritually, educationally and industrially, and bring him to Christianity and citizenship.

(b) By advancing and giving the widest extension to the Society for the Preservation of the Faith Among Indian Children; which is done, not only by becoming promoters in the Society, but also by making the support of our Catholic Indian schools (for which purpose the Society has been established) the chief object of the League's existence and mission.

(c) By bringing to the attention of the Catholic public, through the medium of the press, lectures and leaflets, and above all by zealous personal agitation, the needs of our Catholic missions and missionaries, by aiding the latter in the establishment of new chapels, the appointment of regular catechists, and by making use of all efforts to increase the efficiency, deepen the influence and widen the scope of their labors in order to bring the Indians to a knowledge of our holy faith.

(d) By sending, if possible or practicable, at least once a year, preferably during the month of October, clothing, shoes, underwear, and useful wearing apparel for men, women and children, to those tribes whose extreme poverty and helplessness preclude all means of self-support and where climatic influences subject them to suffering and privation.

(e) By keeping in close touch with all national or State legislation affecting the rights and welfare of the Indian, and promoting every movement to safeguard his interests and ameliorate his condition.

(f) By offering Holy Communion and prayers as a national act of reparation to our Lord, for the cruelty and injustice which has made the Indian a pauper and exile, and also imploring His benediction on the labors of our schools and missionaries and on the efforts of the League to assist them.

ADMINISTRATION.

The management of this corporation shall vest in an Executive Committee of seven, elected by the incorporators, with full power to act, to fill vacancies in its own number and to increase that number in each case by a five-sevenths vote.

ADVISORY BOARD.

The Executive Committee shall annually appoint an Advisory Board, at present of twelve members. The functions of this Board shall be to advise the Executive Committee, and, in general, to forward the aims of the League.

OFFICERS.

The only officers of the League, besides the said Executive Committee and Advisory Board, shall be a Secretary and a Treasurer. The Secretary shall be paid a reasonable compensation for his services. All others shall give their services to the League without pay.

MEMBERSHIP.

Membership in the League shall be open to any person who shall subscribe to the constitution and pay the annual dues. The dues shall be \$2 per annum. Junior membership for boys and girls under sixteen shall be \$1 per annum. Life membership shall be \$50.

LOCAL COUNCILS.

Local Councils taking their charter from the League may be formed in any town or city in the United States on petition of three responsible Catholics, with the approval of their pastor. Acceptance of the charter shall pledge the said council to observe the provisions of this constitution and to work within the lines approved by the League.

MEMBERSHIP IN LOCAL COUNCILS.

Membership in local councils shall be by application. The annual fee will be \$2, of which all, excepting that incurred for necessary expenses, shall be remitted by the Treasurer to the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, Washington, D. C.

The constitution may be amended by a five-sevenths vote of the Executive Committee.

WHAT THE CATHOLIC INDIAN WORK MOST URGENTLY NEEDS.

1. Fervent prayer and frequent Holy Communion as a national act of reparation to Almighty God for a "Century of Dishonor," and an earnest and persistent apostolate to bring the needs of our Catholic Indians to the attention of Catholics, and to lead every Indian into the fold of Holy Church.

2. Sufficient financial support to reclaim two thousand children who are obliged to grow up without education and re-

ligious instruction on account of the withdrawal of Government appropriations in 1895. *Seventy dollars per annum will support, clothe and educate one child.*

3. The erection of eighteen mission chapels, to afford church facilities, where now log huts, tepees or the open air supply that want. *One thousand dollars will erect and furnish a serviceable chapel.*

The donor will have the privilege of selecting the patron saint or name of chapel.

4. The services of ten more missionaries to bring the knowledge of our Holy Faith to the one hundred thousand Indians still living in paganism. *Five hundred dollars per annum will support a missionary.*

5. The aid of twenty trained Indian catechists, educated and selected by our missionaries, to instruct children and conduct lay services on Sundays and holy days at places so inaccessible as to be reached but once or twice a year by the missionaries. This special work has proved productive of most gratifying results. *Ten dollars per month will support a catechist.*

6. Finally, to obtain for the Indian the rights of citizenship.

SPIRITUAL FAVORS.

One thousand Holy Masses will be offered every year for the intentions of the members of the League.

On the day of Père Marquette's birth, June 1st (1637), a special Holy Mass will be offered for the Executive Officers and Advisory Board of the League.

On the day of his death, January 19th (1675), a Requiem Mass for the repose of deceased members of the League.

The headquarters of the League are in the United Charities Building, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York.

THE MISSIONS.

FLOWERS OF THE MARTYRS.

THE persecutions of the Church and the blood of her children are the means, in the inscrutable Providence of God, required for the widening of her dominion. Thus it has ever been in the history of the Church that martyrdom, naturally tending to her destruction, has been the most fruitful cause of conversions to the faith. The story of China is not different in this regard from that of the other portions of the great mission-field. Even while persecution still lasts or threatens, converts have become more numerous than ever. It is a striking lesson to remind us that God allows no sacrifice of the just to be unprofitable for the salvation of souls. Least of all could He leave unprofitable the supreme sacrifice of martyrdom.

From central Mongolia, almost on the war-route of the Russian soldiers, the Vicar Apostolic, Bishop Van Aertslaer, writes that great is the labor employed in instructing those who wish to become Christians, as well as those who were hastily baptized before the persecution of 1900 and whose new-found faith needs further enlightening. Everywhere, the Bishop assures us, the converts increase day by day. By the end of the year, it is hoped, that there will be 6000 under instruction in this vicariate; and 600 will have been sufficiently proved to be considered worthy of Baptism. Even the mandarins are well disposed. Soldiers are sent as a guard for the Bishop on certain more formal journeys, and thus save him from the embarrassment of questions and delays. High officials visit the Bishop in person, and are not only polite, but amiable. One protests that his life has been saved by Mgr. Van Aertslaer's favor, and he has in consequence sent a load of presents. A portion of land is to be granted for the erection of a monument at government expense to the martyred missionaries Fathers Heirmann and Mallet; and officials will, in all probability, be present at the translation of their sacred remains.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN THE FOREIGN FIELD.

The June number of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" presents a very peculiar feature. It is entirely made up of letters written by American Missionaries at home and abroad. We knew, of course, that many parts of our country may be considered as truly a missionary field as Africa or Asia, and are not surprised at finding letters from Texas, South Dakota and Oregon, in the bulletin of a Society which has contributed so much to the establishment of the Church in the United States. But, it will be a revelation to many to hear that there are American Sisters doing missionary work in the heart of Africa, and that the superioress of a Convent of Franciscan nuns in Uganda was born in New York and is the sister of a lady prominent in the society of that city.

A sketch on Japan written by an American priest, who has been at work in that country for many years, offers a peculiar interest at the present time. Though it is in the main a description of the important city of Osaka, it gives a good summary of the civil and religious history of Japan; its present educational system and industrial methods; the evolution of ideas, which took place a few years ago, and the social transformation which followed. The Catholic Faith is progressing in Japan and bright hopes are entertained for its future. May it please God that they be not frustrated by the outcome of the present war.

It is a healthy sign for the American Church to send her sons and daughters to preach the Gospel on foreign shores. May she take the lead during the twentieth century in the evangelization of the heathen world!

POPE PIUS X. AND THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

The Holy Father has just issued a brief in behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. It is the first charitable association thus honored by the present Pontiff and quite rightly, for, as Pius X. himself says, "It stands in the very first rank both by its usefulness and its works and has

deserved the highest praise in the wide-spreading of the Christian Faith."

The Pope proclaims St. Francis Xavier Patron of the Society and in order that the veneration paid to that Saint be further increased, raises his feast to the rite of a double major for the universal Church. He then expresses the hope that this noble association will grow in strength day by day and that all Catholics will take to heart to join it and thus contribute through their prayers and alms to the widening of the limits of the Church.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith is an international organization for the support of Catholic missionaries in heathen and non-Catholic countries. It is established all over the world; the central office of the American branch is at 627 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

BRETHREN OVER SEAS.

The petition of the Catholic community of Kosavapaty, Dindigul, Madura District, Presidency of Madras, India:

Reverend Father:

You will be astonished to receive a petition from such a distant land, from a Jesuit mission parish. The bond of union arising from the Catholic Church and the Society of Jesus has induced us to send you this petition.

America is a land of generosity—the United States is the model in every way—and we are informed of its rapid strides towards the Roman Catholic Church. We see around us American Protestant missionaries spending money or lavishing it upon concubines and such other weeds of the Catholic Church—the papal garden—as they are unable to convert Indian pagans. Such sights induce us to write to you and send this petition to the generous United States.

The village of Kosavapaty is in the Jesuit diocese of Trichinopoly which includes three districts of Tinnevely, Madurat, Trichinopoly. The diocese contains 400,000 Christians and our parish 13,658. Our parish is situated in the Madura District. Our Bishop, Mgr. J. M. Barthe, S. J., is now unable to help us in any way owing to continued increase of the Catholic population and to the dispersion of the French

Jesuits in the generous country of France. We have no hope from France and so we apply to the generous land and sister land of the United States. A little endeavor on your part, either by means of your paper or by any means, will easily satisfy our petition and your charity. *Da et dabitur vobis*, is not unknown to all of us. We have no church and our chapel which can contain not more than 200 is only a thatched hut. The people here are too poor to commence a church—but a church is absolutely necessary, and the inability to make one exist makes us run to your generosity. The church to be built will cost Rs. 12,000 or 4,000 dollars. Our parish priest who begs everywhere cannot arrive at 1000 dollars and so the balance must come from the generous United States through your means. Be generous to us and God will repay you a thousandfold. Take all means possible, make use of this letter in any way possible. Your name will be in reverence with us and public and private prayers will be recited for you.

Please send us a favorable answer through our Parish priest,

The Reverend Father M. J. VISUVASUM, S.J.

Roman Catholic Church, Dindigul, Madura Dt., Madras Presidency, India, April 12, 1904.

To avoid heavy postage only four of the principal men of the village have signed.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF OUR AMERICAN NEGROES.

Important facts concerning the religious condition of our blacks, and very important religious characteristics of this large element in our population, are noted in the recently published report of the Atlanta Conference. The deep sense of religion in the negro, his just ambition in religious matters, his quickness to distinguish the reality from the sham, his ability to grasp religious truth when properly and zealously presented to him, are here, at least in part, appreciated, while the spiritual needs of our black people, and the opportunities of fruitful labor amongst them are pointed out. We quote the comments of the *New York Evening Post*, of May 19, 1904:

One of the most impressive facts brought out in the present monograph is the strong desire of the negro to have churches

of his own, with the great number of instances in which they have been successfully established and maintained. "Nothing is more striking or hopeful for the negroes than the manifest fact that mere charity of patronage, however bountiful, has not satisfied them," is one of the conclusions. "The richest church has nearly the smallest negro membership, not because it does not give to them, but because it does not treat them as equals. The church with the largest negro membership is confronted by the strange fact that its black members have actually refused alms, while the Methodist Episcopal Church has a hard time to keep its colored members from secession, despite pecuniary advantages." While in many cases they were established by missionary efforts of the whites, the 27,000 negro churches, with their three and a half million members and thirty millions of property, are monuments to the negro's own zeal. The congregation becomes his social unit. His naturally demonstrative and emotional nature gives its character to his worship.

The vital present problem is the supplanting of the old-time emotional exhorter, famous only for the "rousement" of his discourses, divorcing his religion entirely from practical morality, and often setting the worst of examples in his personal life, by the educated minister, who becomes a force for good among his people. The change in the old order encounters tremendous difficulties. The negroes are prone to schism, and are only too ready to leave a church or get rid of its pastor if the preaching fails to suit their taste. Young men who are capable of better things in the pulpit are often forced by circumstances too strong for them into following those traditions of the negro church which takes it farthest back toward barbarism.

Those who compiled the Atlanta Conference report of '98 chose as fields for more detailed study a black-belt county and cities and towns of various sections, both North and South. Opinions which were collected from intelligent negroes, as well as white men, show decided differences in regard to the way in which the Church is fulfilling its trust. In Thomas County, Ga., where the churches have split until there is one to every 150 negroes, the investigator reports that the young people look upon these largely as "bureaus to provide amusement" (not all white churches are free from like reproach), and that "some of the secret societies are more vigilant as to their con-

stituencies than the church." Scandals concerning the preachers are frequent. "The majority of ministers," says the report, "are unlearned or ignorant men, ignorant in the sense of fitness for leadership." In the larger cities, on the other hand, where common interest in property keeps congregations together, the standard appears to be far higher. Many instances are reported in which colored ministers have the thorough esteem and confidence of the white men in their communities. Outside of certain localities, the evidence can hardly be disputed that there has been improvement of late years both in the character of ministers and the general moral level of the people. "Forty years ago," says the report of the Baptist Home Mission Society, "the minister who could read was the exception; now the exception is one who cannot." Under conditions of freedom, it is the almost unanimous opinion of those, both white and black, whose views have been sought that the crying need of the negro church is for a devoted, intelligent and high-principled ministry.

"The best negroes," said a Southern delegate before the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church recently, "are the Roman Catholics and the Presbyterians." The element of truth behind such a statement as this is probably that the class which leaves the "shouting" Baptist and Methodist Churches for a colder intellectualism, on the one hand, or a solemn ritual on the other, is likely to be above the average in intelligence and character. One of the contributors to the Atlanta report makes an interesting analysis of the history of the negro ministry. The minister of slavery and early freedom was ignorant, but a real leader of his people in temporal as well as spiritual affairs. Such instances are to be found as that of "Uncle Jack" in Virginia, whose freedom was bought for him by his white neighbors, and whose influence over his people was so great that planters, instead of punishing their slaves, often referred them to the discipline of their pastor, which was more effective. After the war, the negro congregations were without homes, and the minister who could raise money for church building came into favor regardless of his piety or morality. Church debts since that time have made it necessary to have ministers who could keep the churches full, and have distracted interest from the spiritual aspects of religion. When the chil-

dren in the colored public schools of Atlanta were asked for their definition of Christianity, less than half gave preference to a moral conception over a more or less hazy theology. The minister most needed by the negro is the one who brings his religion into as close connection as possible with every-day life.

INDIAN MISSIONARY WORK.

A LEAGUE FORMED IN NEW YORK FOR THE PURPOSE OF BUILDING CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS FOR CATHOLIC INDIANS.

The Marquette League, to arouse interest in Catholic Indian missions and schools, was organized in New York, May 13, at a meeting in the office of Eugene A. Philbin. The League aims to interest wealthy Catholics in the erection and support of Indian missions and schools. It was stated that of the 270,000 Indians in the United States, 106,000 are Catholics.

The League undertook the work of erecting eighteen chapels. It was said that \$1,000 will build a chapel and \$500 support a missionary. The League is supported by Archbishop Farley, Cardinal Gibbons, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, the last of whom is a member of the Indian Board.

These officers were elected: Edward Eyre, president; W. R. Grace, vice-president; Thomas B. Minahan, secretary; Joseph P. Grace, treasurer. Directors—The Rev. Dr. H. G. Ganss, Thomas F. Mulry, Eugene A. Philbin, John Crane and Thomas W. Hayes.

A CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN NORWAY.

THE FOLLOWING INTERESTING EXTRACT IS FROM THE NON-CATHOLIC "LITERARY DIGEST" OF NEW YORK.

A renaissance of Catholicism in Norway seems to be an established fact. At present only 2,000 people, out of a total population of 2,300,000, profess the Catholic faith, and of these 800 or 900 are in Christiania. During the past half century, however, the number of conversions per year has increased. A writer in the *Revue Generale* (Brussels) considers the subject, dating the real progress of the movement from the conversion of the famous Dr. Sverdrup, Minister of Education, who is described as a second Cardinal Newman, according to this article:

"It is exactly three hundred and fifty-seven years since the Reformation was imposed on Norway by the Danish-Norwegian kings.

"These kings were, for political reasons, the principal authors of the Reformation. Their aim was to utterly destroy the independence of Norway that they might reduce it to the position of a Danish province. The property of the churches and the monasteries was confiscated and turned over to the Danish nobles and the 'king's servants,' who established themselves in the country. The substitution of Lutheran preachers for the Catholic bishops and priests was not brought about so easily. Many of the new pastors were killed.

"Despite oppression, however, the people cherished their ancient religious forms; and even to-day, although they are said to be Lutherans, the inhabitants of the country are really, as far as their beliefs are concerned, true Catholics.

"The Reformers carefully preserved the Catholic institutions and ceremonies—the vestments, Mass, communion, belief in transubstantiation, and the sacramental forms. The writer believes in a real Catholic revival, especially in religious instruction. He refers to the work of Mgr. Falize, the famous Norwegian pastor, whose church and school and journal in Christiania are well known throughout all Scandinavia."

A CATHOLIC MISSION IN THE ARTIC ZONE.

A Boston daily paper thus notices the work of a French Catholic Bishop amongst the Esquimaux:

"Prince Albert (Northwest Territory) includes the cathedral and the 'palace' of His Grace, Monseigneur Pascal, the Catholic Bishop of a diocese bounded on the south by the same parallel of latitude as Saskatchewan Territory, on the west by longitude 109 degrees W. up to Clearwater River, northeast of Lake Athabasca, thence diagonally northeastward to the junction of longitude 100 degrees W., with the height of land between the Arctic Ocean and Hudson Bay, thence eastward to Hudson Bay and northward to the Pole. Over this enormous territory are scattered the missionaries whom His Grace directs. He himself travels far and wide every year over his wilderness, sometimes by sledge and dog train.

“His Grace is perhaps the gentlest old man who ever presented the appearance of having been smoked over ten thousand campfires. Possibly the French letters of introduction addressed to Sa Grandeur, Monseigneur Pascal, St. Albert, accounted in some degree for his peculiarly gracious demeanor to the heretic who presented them. In his old cassock he sat in the shabby little sitting room of his square brick house, the ‘palace,’ and told sweetly the history of his education, priesthood, travels and aspirations. Born in France, he came out to Canada in 1869, spent in Montreal five years of preparation for his mission, started on it in 1874, went by rail from Duluth to Moorhead, there took wagon, and for three months journeyed steadily northwestward into the arctic Mackenzie River wilds. The plains were often black with buffalo. Savage Indians, eager for grub at the price of everlasting damnation, often heavily levied on the missionary’s supplies.

“Years and years he spent up there. Exactly when he was ordered to this southerly region was not asked; but he succeeded to the bishopric some eight years ago, if his broken but fluent English was heard aright. It proved much more comprehensible than his interlocuter’s French.”

OZANAM ON THE IRISH MISSIONARIES.

In a recent lecture, Rev. Dr. Brann, of New York, spoke of the admiration for the ancient missionaries of Erin which was entertained by the noble-hearted founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

The second part of the *German Studies* is devoted to *Civilization Among the Franks*, and in it there is one chapter on the work of the Irish missionaries of the sixth century. Ozanam loved the land, the race, and the character of those wonderful Western Celts, who may be said to have re-converted Europe after the barbarian invasion and the destruction of the Roman empire. The heart of one whose blood, lineage and faith are derived from the same Celtic source as these apostles derived theirs, cannot read their fascinating story in the beautiful pages of Ozanam without palpitating with love for the noble and Christian Frenchman, who made the faithful record of their labors, their sufferings, and their glory in his luminous pages.

We follow these Irish missionaries across the Irish Sea to England and Scotland; we see them build schools and religious houses for the education of the Caledonians and the Saxons. Then we follow them across the Channel, down the Rhine to South Germany, into France, into the Alps to Switzerland, over them to Southern Italy; marking their way by institutions of learning at Malmedy, Luxevil and Stavilo, at St. Gall and at Bobbio; braving the wrath of the vicious and the ignorant, half-savage Teuton and Frank, and giving patron saints like St. Kilian to Wurzburg, St. Virgilius to Salzburg, St. Cataldus to Tarentum, St. Fiacre and others to France, and St. Gall to the Canton named after him in Switzerland. No more interesting episode can be found in the writings of Ozanam than the story of the missionary labors in Gaul of the learned and indomitable Irishman, St. Columbanus, the spiritual father of many monasteries and convents, and the fearless missionary, in face of corrupt kings and queens and a degraded people.

THE RUSSIANS AND THEIR RELIGION.

THE NEW YORK "FREEMAN'S JOURNAL" TELLS US OF THE
CZAR AND HIS PEOPLE.

The real Russian, who and what is he?

In a nation composed of 120,000,000 people, an answer to this question might at first thought be considered difficult.

But it is not. The Russians of old Russia are purely Slavonic. The Slavs claim antiquity as great as the Greeks, and racial characteristics similar to the Greeks. Their alphabet is like the Greek, their mythology is similar, and their religion is the same.

The Slavic tribes occupied the territory of Russia long before the Goths and Vandals destroyed the civilization of old Rome.

The earliest form of government in Russia was tribal. For a long time the ruler of the tribes was known as the grand prince, or the great father of the vassal princes.

The title of Czar has been in existence only since 1547, and of Emperor since Peter the Great's assumption of it in 1721.

Seventy-five per cent. of Russia's vast population are people who live from the soil, either by agriculture or the grazing of their cattle and horses.

So complex is the great nation known as Russia, so little understood are the ideals of its people by the world at large, that travelers and observers have found a comprehensive description of the national life of Russia a difficult task. The result of undertaking it is a mass of books, no two of which agree as to what the real Russia is. Some writers have lived in St. Petersburg, and have written of Russia from the St. Petersburg viewpoint. Others have traveled in Siberia, and have written of Siberia as Russia; others still have been among the ancient tribes of the mystic mid-Asian borderland, in Poland, in any or all of the countries that fringe the main body of Russia, and have come away with only a local view.

The great Russian churchman who said to Senator Beveridge, "Russia is not a state, it is a world!" voiced a truth.

The main divisions of the Russian people may be grouped as follows:

1. Slavonic—the people of Russia proper and the Poles. There are five territorial divisions among the Russian people (including the Cossacks), and two grouped with the Poles, the latter Servians and Bulgarians.

2. Lithuanians and Lettonians.

3. Wallachians (of the Latin race).

4. Four groups of Iranian peoples, namely, Armenians, Kurds, Persians and Ossetinians.

5. Indo-European peoples, namely, Greeks, Gypsies, Swedes, Germans.

6. Caucasians, namely, Georgians, Lesghi, Kistes and Tcherkess.

7. Jews.

8. Finnish peoples, seventeen divisions.

9. Tartar peoples, nine divisions.

10. Mongols, ten divisions, including the people of Oriental blood in Siberia and in the Pacific provinces.

There are in Russia more than 12,000,000 Mahometans, 12,000,000 Roman Catholics, nearly 6,000,000 Protestants, 4,000,000 Jews and 3,000,000 adherents of other beliefs, beside 15,000,000 dissenters from the established Greek Church. These dissenters have left the mother church chiefly because of differences of belief in matters of ritual and not from any fundamental divergence from the Church's teachings.

An English writer describes an Easter spent in a Russian city, remarking as a preamble that he found the people the most religious he had ever seen.

"The Russian's religion," he says, "is not something for Sunday only, to be brought out with his best hat and coat. It is the real thing of everyday life. He uses it all the time."

INDULGENCES GRANTED TO THE FAITHFUL FOR THE NOVENA OF GRACE IN HONOR OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

For almost three centuries the faithful have been wont to appeal with confidence to St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, renowned for his preaching and miracles, especially by the devout exercise which on account of its great efficacy, proved in the pressing needs of life, they have not hesitated to call "the Novena of Grace." To encourage this pious exercise, the Sovereign Pontiffs have long since granted partial or plenary indulgences, restricted nevertheless to certain places and especially to the churches of the Society of Jesus. Now, however, that more abundant fruits of piety may be gathered from these novenas, petition has been made to our Holy Father, Pope Pius X., that he would deign to enrich such novenas with indulgences, wherever they may be held. His Holiness in an audience of March 23, 1904, accepting this petition very graciously from the undersigned Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, has deigned to grant to all the faithful who perform the said exercises at any time of the year, either in public or private, the following indulgences, which may also be applied to the souls in purgatory and can be gained only twice during the year:

1st. An indulgence of 300 days can be gained on each day of the novena by those who with at least contrite heart and devotion recite the following prayer or, if it be not at hand, the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and the *Glory be to the Father* five times.

2d. A plenary indulgence for those who after the completion of this pious exercise, having within eight days confessed and received Holy Communion, shall pray devoutly for the intention of His Holiness.

PRAYER TO BE RECITED ON EACH DAY OF THE NOVENA. .

“St. Francis Xavier, most amiable and full of charity, I reverently adore with thee the Divine Majesty, and as I rejoice exceedingly at the singular gifts of grace which He conferred on thee during thy life and of glory after thy death, I thank Him most earnestly and I implore thee with all the affection of my heart that by thy efficacious intercession thou mayst be willing to obtain for me the chief grace of living a holy life and dying a holy death. Moreover, I ask thee to obtain for me (*mention here the spiritual or temporal favor desired*). If, however, what I humbly beg of thee be not for God’s glory and the greater good of my soul, do thou, I beseech thee, obtain for me what is more conducive to both. Amen. The *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary* and the *Glory be to the Father*.”

The present grant to last forever, notwithstanding anything to the contrary.

Given at Rome from the Secretary’s office of the same Holy Congregation March 23, 1904.

ALOYSIUS CARD. TRIPEPI, *Prefect*.

PRO SECRET. JOSEPH M. CANON COSELLI, *Subst*.

THE PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XX YEAR.

OCTOBER, 1904.

No. 4.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

On Sunday, the last day of July and the feast of St. Ignatius, about 700 Polish people came on a pilgrimage from Schenectady, under the direction of their pastor, Father Derezewski. He sang High Mass and preached. The usual pilgrimage services followed. In the afternoon Father Thompson, S.J., and Father Derezewski preached in the Ravine. Some 200 other pilgrims from various places took part in the services.

A small number of persons were staying in the vicinity, and some of them went to Holy Communion each morning. On the first Friday, sixteen approached the altar.

On the Sunday following (August 7), about 200 persons, chiefly of the Polish parish in Amsterdam, visited the Shrine, and were addressed by Father Wynne, S. J., in the Ravine. In the evening, the Novena of our Lady of Martyrs, in preparation for the Assumption, was begun in the Chapel, and most piously followed by all the persons staying at the Shrine.

During the week, on August 12, a large party of ladies—30 or 40—members of an historical society in Canajoharie, and all non-Catholics, visited the Shrine, and manifested the greatest interest in the historical and religious associations of the place. They desired particularly to see the gold chalice and crown, which they photographed. Before leaving they made an offering of money, and bought several pamphlets descriptive of Auriesville.

On the 14th came a very large pilgrimage from Troy and Albany, followed late in the forenoon by another of Italians.

Any one who was happy enough to witness the extraordinary religious fervor of the multitude at the Shrine on that day could never forget it; 800 persons, at least, went to Holy Communion. The sermon in the Ravine was preached by Father Campbell. Father Wynne also addressed the pilgrims, and made known to them the steps just now being taken in the process of beatification of the Martyrs. He told them, moreover, to their great pleasure, that he was on his way to speak at the dedication of a monument at Pompey, N. Y., to Father Lemoyne, one of the early Jesuit missionaries. The procession and triple Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was extraordinarily impressive in that enormous gathering. Their piety was touching; and one saw here and there such manifestations of faith as that of a grandfather who desired to hold his little grandson's hand and have him walk with him as he carried the canopy over the Blessed Sacrament.

The patronal feast of the Assumption was celebrated with much devotion by the people from the surrounding places. Father Campbell, S.J., was in charge, assisted by Father Lamb, S.J.

The pilgrimage from Saugerties came on Sunday, 21, consisting of about 500 persons. Fathers Murray, St. John and Foley, came with it. Almost an equal number of pilgrims came from places nearer, so that the gathering was remarkable.

During those weeks little parties of Sisters, principally Sisters of Mercy and of St. Joseph, came to Auriesville. Various improvements have been made on the Fathers' house and on the grounds, particularly on the way to the Ravine.

Twenty cars brought the Utica pilgrimage on August 28, in charge of Mgr. Lynch and Father Dougherty. Before the two Masses said for them ended, the Polish pilgrimage came in 18 cars from Schenectady. So many people came, also, from Amsterdam, that a special train was put at their disposal; and the train of the Polish people was stopped at Amsterdam on its return. Our readers can realize how impressive were the Way of the Cross, the procession to the Ravine, and especially the procession of the Blessed Sacrament, formed by this great multitude. The pastors of the various congregations addressed the people and led them in their devotion of the Way of the Cross, besides carrying the Blessed Sacrament in pro-

cession. The weather was propitious, and the measure of popular happiness full.

An interesting little bit of scientific work was done some days after, by Father John Brosnan, S.J., Lecturer on Physics in Woodstock College, Md. He determined the height of the Shrine grounds above the river—139 feet at the XII. Station; 111.89 above the tow-path. The Hill of Prayer is 36 feet higher.

One of the chief events of the season was the purchase of additional ground for the Shrine. The store property was purchased on October 1, and it is our earnest hope that in our next number we may be able to announce the purchase of the property adjacent to the Shrine on the east, including the structures standing between the hills and the railroad. For the successful issue of this transaction we need considerable money, and we confidently appeal to the friends of the Shrine to help us by their donations.

The last Sunday at the Shrine was September 4. About 50 persons were present. Amongst these was Father Désy, S.J., from Canada, to whom has been intrusted the direction of the preliminary proceedings in the process of beatification of the Martyrs. He was surprised and delighted at the appearance of the Shrine grounds and Ravine. There were a few visitors on September 8, feast of Our Lady's Nativity, and a few remained until the 10th, when the Shrine was closed for the year. Some days before, statues of two angels, the gift of the Convent of Kenwood, had been set in their places in the sanctuary.

The court of inquiry into the virtues and heroic deaths of Father Jogues and his lay companions, Lalande and Goupil, and of the missionaries who died on Canadian soil, Brebeuf, Daniel, Lalemant, Garnier, Chabanel, was summoned in Quebec, September 15, the Archbishop presiding, and is at present in session. Four witnesses have already been heard, and during this month Dr. Lowery, of Troy, and Fathers Wynne and Campbell, of New York, will give their testimony. To make the lives of the missionaries, particularly of Father Jogues, better known, Father Campbell will begin to give lectures about them during the coming winter, beginning in New York, in November.

QUEBEC, THE MISSION HEADQUARTERS.

FOUR chief trading posts stand out on the St. Lawrence, rising from the mouth of the river as far up as Montreal: Tadousac, Quebec, Three-Rivers and Villemarie. Each year the Indians bring here their fur pelts, which they exchange for European products. There is a fort at Tadousac, where a hundred or so of French traders have found shelter, and a small church, called the Church of the Holy Cross. It is built of stone and was erected by the Jesuits and is a trading center for the Montagnais and the northern tribes, who flock here in great numbers during the season, to trade and also to be instructed in the faith and receive the Sacraments of Baptism, Penance and Holy Eucharist.

There are four stone churches in Quebec, the Parish Church, the Jesuits', the Ursulines' and the Hotel-Dieu, a college for boys, built and conducted by the Jesuits, "whose literary studies are in a flourishing condition, and where education is carried on on a level with any establishment in Europe;" a convent for young girls under the care of the Ursuline nuns; a hospital where the Sisters receive and nurse with equal care the French and the Indians; a court of justice composed of a seneschal, a lieutenant-general, both civil and criminal, and a private lieutenant, also civil and criminal; finally, a council board, comprising the Governors of Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, the Superior of the Jesuits and the three most important men of the colony.

Quebec is yet, notwithstanding historians call it a city, nothing more than a market town of some eight hundred souls and is divided into the upper and lower town. The warehouses, the stores and private houses are along the edge of the river, and on the heights stand the fort, the public buildings, the nunneries, the house of the Cent-Associés and the parish church.

The stronghold spreads out between the fort and the house of the Cent-Associés; and to the north of it, above the fort and within the fortifications, one hundred and fifty Hurons, who formerly lived on the Isle of Orleans, are settled here.

Three Rivers, though of much less importance, was, after

Quebec, the oldest trading post of New France. There was a church built and paid for by the Jesuits, called the Church of the Immaculate Conception, a manor house, founded in 1634, by Father Le Jeune, and a prosperous mission, especially during the season, when the Algonquins and the Ottawas brought their cargo of fur pelts to the fort.

Villemarie, thanks to the Association of Notre Dame of Montreal, had already, after fifteen years of existence, besides its simple wooden church, a hospital a short distance from the river (it was founded by Miss Manse who, with a few pious women, cared for the inmates); a school for small girls and boys, in a very primitive state yet, but where Sister Bourgeois showed such great zeal, laying the foundations of the well-known educational congregation of Notre Dame. The population of the post at this time numbered about two hundred souls; and this small colony lived in a saintly manner, at peace with one another, in a spirit of piety and faith such as one sees in a monastery. The walls of Our Lady of Good Help were rising rapidly, Father Le Moyne having laid the cornerstone.

Apart from these two chief centres of French population, there were still two other missions: that of Sillery, whose church was attended by the French colonists settled here and there about the residence of the Fathers, by the sedentary Indians and the wandering Montagnais; that of Miscon, where there were quite a number of Frenchmen, more or less attracted hereto by the traffic, the hunting and especially the fishing. This last mission included the district of Miscon, Richiboucton and Cape Breton. "The district of Miscon," says the *Relation* of 1659, "is the most largely populated, the best ordered and contains the greatest number of Christians; it includes the Indians of Gaspé, those of Miramichi and Nepigigoüet." The missionaries' house and the chapel were situated on the Island of St. Louis, near the French colony; from there the Jesuits overlooked the vast territory which extends from Gaspé as far as Cape Breton.

These churches of Quebec, Three Rivers, Montreal, Tadoussac, Sillery and Miscon were under the control of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. They alone performed the clerical functions: they offered up Mass, administered the Sacraments, instructed the people, taught the children their catechism,

preparing them for first communion. On the outskirts of Quebec, at Chateau-Richer and Beaupré, on the hillside of St. Genevieve, solitary houses were built here and there by the colonists, on land granted them by the Seigneur of the place. The Jesuits neglected not that part of their flocks; "as often as possible they would go, with their portable chapels, and celebrate one or two Masses at some of the most suitable houses, and they even went to a great distance sometimes, so as to give the colonists who were scattered along the river the benefit of the Sacraments."

In the *Relation* addressed to the Holy Father, the Bishop of Laval, in speaking of his apostolic vicarship, says of the Fathers: "They are of the greatest help to me, not only in the discharge of their parochial duties amongst the French, but also amongst the Indians. Always ready to hear confessions and to preach the Divine Word, they also teach catechism to the children and the illiterate and encourage every one to piety in private as well as in public. They give as much individual attention to the common people as they do to those in society, performing numberless acts of mercy and distributing many alms. They receive no compensation for administering the Sacraments."

The same prelate was writing about that time, to the Provincial of the Jesuits: "I have seen and have admired the work done by the Fathers; they have been successful not only with the Neophytes whom they have freed from a state of barbarism and brought to the knowledge of the true God, but also with the French people whom, by their example and the holiness of their lives, they have inspired with such sentiments of piety, that I do not fear to assert in all truth, that your Fathers here exhale the true odor of Jesus Christ wherever they work."

These good men not only discharged their parochial duties with zeal, by the power of their example, by word and the administration of the Sacraments, but they also watched over the welfare of the people, the maintaining of order and that of good morals; to the annoyance of some, a fact for which historians blame them, they induced some active intelligent men to give up trading and cultivate the ground instead, thinking thereby to help the wise growth of the colony.

Some indeed were victims of their devotion to the French

settlers. At St. Charles of Miscon, Father Turgis, while caring for the sick, was taken ill with malaria, from which he died. His companion, Father de Marché, became so ill that he was compelled to return to France. Father de Noüe was overtaken in a snow storm, on his way to say Mass at Fort Richelieu, and was found dead. He was on his knees with eyes upturned to heaven. At Three Rivers Father Le Jeune and Father Buteux constituted themselves nurses for the French, who were nearly all victims of cholera; they never left their bedside day and night. Smallpox broke out in Quebec in the fall of 1639 and caused the death of many Indians and Frenchmen; and when the nuns gave up, ill from sheer exhaustion and want, again did the Fathers take charge of the hospital until those devoted nurses were better. It was the zeal of the Catholic faith which animated them, the love of country which inspired this devotion, this self sacrifice.

No doubt the Jesuits only did then for the French people, what any other religious order, inspired by the same spirit of charity, the same patriotism, would have done in their place; perhaps these orders might even have succeeded better. It remains to be said though, that, after all, Providence had decreed that the priests of the Society of Jesus, for the space of nearly thirty years, to the exclusion of all other religious orders and in the absence of a secular clergy, should be the pastors and fathers, the guides and friends of the French colonists settled on the banks of the St. Lawrence. This is the testimony given them by contemporaries; it is the opinion the Bishop of Laval gives of them in his letters "to the Sovereign Pontiff to His Most Catholic Majesty the King and to his mother, the Queen, to the most illustrious Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of the Propaganda and to a great number of other persons." Every one, no doubt, did not think like the bishop, for he himself says to the General, Goswin Nickel: "For you have here people who are envious and also some enemies who are very indignant with you and me; but they are poor judges who rejoice in evil and cannot bear to see truth prevail."

The race of such men as the Prelate complains of, is by no means extinct; it is found in writers who, although inherently honest, have been fed on prejudices, men who have neither fixed tenets of faith nor positive opinions, who are fair enough

to see and state facts well, but not broad-minded enough to discover their causes with certainty, to understand their relation to each other with accuracy. It is also found among historians who seem to deliberately sacrifice truth and justice to feelings which it were better not to name: they would like people to believe that the French colonists were not evangelized, that the work of the Jesuits in the colony, from 1632 to 1660, is an historical legend; and by dint of assertions they dare bring forward, without proofs to back them, they go so far as to say that the "History of New France" is a prayer book, that there is everything in the work but the History of New France; which fact, notwithstanding, does not deter these historians from quoting and analysing in the greater part of their works conscientious and learned writers, such as Ferland and Charlevoix.

However, if the Jesuits had enemies in the French colony, they had a still greater number of friends. The governors and the people trusted them. The Canadian government made use of them, under trying circumstances, now to bring about an alliance, again to execute a treaty or represent their interests in France. In 1641, the governor, Mr. de Montmagny and the "most prominent Frenchmen of the colony" adjudged Father Le Jeune to make the trip to Paris for the public good; on two occasions, Father Druillettes was sent to Boston by the Council and the governor of Quebec, to conclude a treaty with the English; Father Jogues was sent to the Mohawks, through Mr. de Montmagny, with the object of securing peace, when these barbarians were threatening war; Father Le Moyne was sent to negotiate with the Onondagas in the interests of the colony; five times he visited the Iroquois as an ambassador, and the last time he was seized upon and condemned to death; orders were given to cleave his head. But martyrdom had no terrors for him; he knew his life was at stake every time the governor sent him on a mission to the Mohawks or the Onondagas. He escaped death, however, and after several months spent in captivity, returned to Montreal with eighteen Frenchmen whose liberty he had obtained.

"The missionaries have been since Champlain," says Moreau, "the most active and most useful means of colonization. We owe them our most important discoveries. On many

occasions, through their influence over the Indians, they have deterred them from declaring war on the colony; the most faithful friendships, the greatest devotion on the part of the native tribes, have always been secured through them." De Quen went up the Saguenay in 1652 and discovered Lake St. John, called in Montagnais Paconagami; Jogues and Raimbault were first in reaching the Sault Ste. Marie; Champlain and the Franciscan Friars landed before the Jesuits in the country of the Hurons, but the Jesuits went over every inch of that immense peninsula, which forms to-day the eastern section of Michigan, which was inhabited in the first half of the seventeenth century by the Hurons, the Petuns (the tobacco people) and the Neutral Nation; Brebeuf and Chaumonot went down as far as the Niagara River; Le Moyne was the first Frenchman to visit the Onondagas and after him came Ménard and Chaumonot who preached the gospel from the Mohawk to the Genesee, in all the beautiful valleys of Western New York; Druillettes went up the still unexplored river, the Chaudière, as far as the source of the Kennebec, and down the Kennebec to the sea. He evangelized the Abénakis and spent several winters with the Ommamiouck and the Papinachois, in regions north of the St. Lawrence never yet travelled by white men; Buteux, about the same time, went up the St. Maurice to the Attikamègues, a timorous tribe to whom he brought the faith; most of the Algonquin and Montagnais tribes received a call from the black robe; and while the Jesuits explored the Saguenay, the St. Maurice, the river Ottawa, the Oswego, the Richelieu and the Chaudière, and went forth either as ambassadors or apostles, in countries where no Frenchman had ever penetrated before, the Fathers of Miscon and Cape Breton travelled over the entire eastern coast of Acadia searching for souls to convert.

There is no denying that these important discoveries, these venturesome excursions and the constant mingling in a friendly way with the Indians contributed greatly to the progress of the French colony; it helped to extend its boundaries and opened new paths to its commerce.

Moreover, the ascendancy the Fathers gained over the Indians, through their capacity and the assistance they gave them, was one of the great forces of the government of New France; none but the most prejudiced have ever said any-

thing to the contrary; and those who were upright and high-minded have, in all justice, conceded that they used this extraordinary power to further the colonial interests. Finally, the conversion of the Indians was not only a most excellent means of security and prosperity for the colony, but at the same time it built up of these same Indians, according to the expression of a writer, "so many barriers" between the French and the English. As long as the converted Indians were true to their faith, they also remained devoted to the French cause, and Canada with the help of such powerful allies was able to resist all British assaults. But "when these barriers were weakened at one point, demoralized at another, when the English colonies, by means of trading and strong waters caused, as it were, gaps in this long line of breastworks, nothing was left to them but their wonderful display of courage in defeat." Mr. Garneau, who was never friendly to the Jesuits, congratulated Champlain "in having secured for his country the ruinous tracts of land of New France, almost without the help of a soldier and altogether through the missionaries and the treaties contracted at the right time." By the propagation of Catholicism in the midst of the Indian tribes, the Jesuits no doubt accomplished great things for their country and if there was any political side to it, at least it was very good policy.

Must we add, to come down to a lower order of things, that thanks to their connections in France and the friends of the Society, they obtained means for the colony which it never could have secured otherwise? These enabled them to build chapels, a college at Quebec, also to help a great many unfortunates, and contributed to the growth of the colony and the Indian missions.

These missions were not only the means of securing peace and prosperity to the colony, but were also appointed by the government to help toward colonization. No doubt our sovereigns and navigators had in view, when founding the colony of Canada, the increased wealth of France, the glory of discovery and the commercial gains; but the evangelical work was much in their thoughts and their hopes. It was entirely to help the propagation of the faith among the Indians that a decree from the council of the king dated March 27, 1647, caused "to be given the sum of five thousand livres

toward the maintenance of the Jesuits who are labouring to convert the savages of North America." It was with the "desire to help the poor Indians and guide them to the 'true faith' that the decree of July, 1651, allows once more the above-named amount, and grants them, among other favors, the privilege of settling in all the islands and in any part of the land, where they may exercise their functions and are not to be troubled in any way."

Without in any way doing less for the colonists than was due them in their ecclesiastical character, in fact doing more for them than was required in the discharge of their duties, still the Jesuits always looked upon the Indian missions as their chief work, and that from the time they first arrived in Canada. This is why we have witnessed such zeal, such self-sacrifice on their part, as called forth words of praise from their worst enemies. A great many amongst them, Jogues, Daniel, Brebeuf, Gabriel Lalemant, Garnier, Chabonell, Garreau, Buteux, generously gave their life for the cause, the others could say with the apostle: "I made many journeys, I encountered many dangers; dangers on water, dangers from pagans, dangers in the desert, dangers from the false brothers; I suffered all kinds of torment, fatigue, long vigils, hunger, thirst, cold and nakedness." Each and every one of them inspired respect and confidence and all won the love of the natives through the ardor of their charity truly heroic. And when war drove the Hurons from their miserable country, the missionaries helped them get together the scattered remnants of their nation; they founded for them a settlement, first on the small island of St. Joseph, then at the extreme end of the Isle of Orleans. The Algonquins, the Montagnais, the Acadians, the Abénakis and the Iroquois also received proofs of the apostolic devotion of the religious of the Society of Jesus. We have spoken of it elsewhere. "And everywhere," says the historian, "their heroic and at the same time humble self-sacrifice has astonished the philosopher and won the admiration of Protestants." This testimony is very much prized coming as it does from Garneau.

Were the labors of these missionaries crowned with the success they deserved? No, if we are to believe their enemies. But the missionaries themselves think differently. Father Jérôme Lalemant, whose uprightness and integrity has never

been questioned, wrote in 1650 to his Provincial, immediately after the final dispersion of the Huron tribe: "When I first came to this country, twelve years ago, I found but one Christian Huron family and two or three amongst the Algonquins and the Montagnais; and now, on leaving this country, it is doubtful if there is one family in any of these tribes which has not been converted."

It is true that these nations at this time were much less numerous than in 1638, war, famine and disease having depopulated them; the Hurons especially were reduced to a few hundred souls, and eight years later, in 1658, there were barely one hundred and fifty in Quebec, the remainder being captives of the Iroquois or scattered here and there with the western tribes. Whatever may be said of their number at the time, this is what Bishop Laval wrote, in 1660, of the conversion of the Indians of New France: "So far the barbarians called to the Faith have contributed more to the Church Triumphant than to the Church Militant. No sooner had a family, a town or a nation embraced Christianity, than a great many perished from disease, hunger or the terrors of war. And so Heaven was enriched through their death. Everywhere were their Jesuit labors fruitful, but it seemed as if they tilled the Lord's ground only to fill the celestial granaries with His chosen ones."

The Jesuits, as has been seen, had, since their return to Canada in 1632, saved a great many children and Indian adults; but comparatively few remained of these believers in 1658; the sedentary Indians at Sillery, Quebec and Montreal were in small numbers; the wandering tribes, composed of the Montagnais, the Algonquins, Mohawks and Acadians were more numerous. It would be difficult to give a true estimate of their number, for the *Relation* gives no precise figure of these roving Indians. We only know that several of them came to Tadousac every year, to perform their religious duties; others came to Sillery, Three-Rivers and Montreal at the time of the trading of the fur pelts, and fortified their souls with the Sacraments; finally the missionaries of Miscon had converts in every part of their vast mission—converts who were no doubt more fervent than numerous. If we add to this Christian population those whom the fear of the Iroquois and long distances kept away from the French

missions and whom the Jesuits visited every year, one can understand this phrase of Bishop Laval in his official *Relation* of 1660: "The barbarians converted to Christianity are scattered 'in large numbers,' men and women, and they make known the Gospel to those around them."

Before closing this chapter it seems necessary to go back to another sentence of the same Prelate to Goswin Nickel, the General of the Society of Jesus: "You have here people who are envious and also some enemies who are very indignant with you and me." The Jesuits, at least, were in very good company when fault was found with them. They had enemies, covetous men, who were not to be trusted, but happily they were in a minority, though a disturbing one. There were men who envied them, noting with jealousy their power over the Indians, the pious affection shown them by the French population, the respect and reverence with which the first governors regarded them, and the important but generally dangerous missions confided to their care by the Colonial authorities.

They also had enemies, and that is easily understood, for it is but one step from envy to hatred and jealous people generally take this step without any trouble. And then, being what they are, how could the Jesuits help having enemies? The Society of Jesus had always enjoyed the singular privilege of having warm friends on its right and decided foes on its left. It had in Canada at the time only a few enemies, but it had a great many more in Paris, and these echoed the complaints and calumnies of the others.

The missionaries were accused of trading. We have already said what we think, what the "Cent-Associés" themselves thought of this slanderous accusation.

They were accused of not "gallicizing" the Indians, for fear of losing their power over them. This unmerited reproach has been answered elsewhere. The Jesuits said to their detractors: What you ask is an impossibility; we have tried, and experience has taught us that no one can ever gallicize the Indians. But they were not satisfied, and anxious to prove that their adversaries were either lying or not showing their good-will in the matter, they persisted in their demands. Bishop Laval, the Abbé de Queylus and even the

Jesuits tried once more to *gallicize* the Indians but their attempts proved a pitiful failure.

The missionaries were also accused of being more interested in the Indians than in the affairs of the colony. According to their enemies, the Jesuits, in this work of evangelizing, displayed such zeal and devotion, such rare courage as to be beyond praise; but on the other hand, they neglected the children's education and did not give the parishioners confided to their care the full benefit of the services these had a right to expect. The reader has seen, by all that has been written above and also throughout this history, how unfair and untrue was such an accusation. All contemporaries, Champplain, Boucher, Marie de l'Incarnation, Bishop Laval and others have been fair, on this point at least, to the Jesuits, and as for their work, it speaks eloquently for them. The early generations of the true Christian Frenchmen were less ungrateful than certain historians of our day, who have fallen heir to the hatred of a few malevolent minds of those times, men of whom Bishop Laval wrote: "They are poor judges, who rejoice in evil and cannot bear to see the truth prevailing . . . they do not like the religious of the Society of Jesus, either through jealousy or because the Fathers are not friendly to those who think of nothing but earthly gains."

They were accused of making the conscience narrow and timid, inasmuch as they alone had the care of souls. The Lord-Lieutenant Talon repeated this accusation later on, and to prevent, according to him, this tyranny over the faithful, he asked Colbert to "cause to be sent to Canada four good religious (the Franciscan Friars) who will not put a constraint on the conscience." Marie de l'Incarnation, in 1658, answered in this wise: "Those who say that the Jesuits put a constraint on the conscience in this country make a great mistake, I assure you, for we live here in great liberty of mind. It is true that they alone have the direction of souls, but they put no constraint whatever, and those who seek God and are desirous of living according to His maxims find peace in their hearts. However, there might be cases where it would be necessary to have recourse to some one else, and that is, in part, why we ask for a bishop." In the year in which Marie de l'Incarnation wrote this to her son, the Abbé de Queylus was in charge of the parish of Quebec, with two secular priests

as assistants; now, it seems that very few penitents confessed to them, perhaps three or four, while throngs crowded about the confessionals of the Jesuits, "Proving obviously," wrote Father Ragueneau to his Provincial, "that they are falsely accused of burdening the conscience with an intolerable yoke."

They were also accused of not only hindering the sale of liquors but also endeavoring to turn the colonists from fur trading. Both accusations are not without cause, for they rest on actual facts. Were the religious wrong in acting thus? Were they not guided by wise motives? The whole question rests on this. Well, it must be admitted that they thought, with a great many others, that it would redound to the interest of the colony, if active and intelligent men were encouraged to cultivate the ground instead of joining the traders, for in this way the number of true colonists would be increased. And those who are well versed in the history of those times must admit that the traders not only neglected to till the soil, but actually thwarted any effort in that way. Apart from these earthly considerations, a higher motive guided the Jesuits, when they advised colonists to improve the land; they could see with their own eyes to what moral excesses trading led them; they knew that the traffic in furs led them slowly but surely to that of liquors; that the latter was necessary to the former, one of the requisite conditions for its success. We will mention this liquor-traffic further on. At present, we may be allowed to say that the Jesuits owed it to their conscience to restrain, by the means in their power, by their advice and good word, a traffic whose fatal results they knew so well.

Finally a last accusation, and this the most serious of all, was that of going beyond the limits of their sacred functions, deviating from the rules of their Institute, when taking a too active and immediate part in all that concerned the interests of the colony. Colbert spoke of this grievance when writing his *instructions* to the Lord-Lieutenant of New France; "The Jesuits, whose piety and zeal have greatly contributed in attracting people here, have won such an authority over them as goes beyond their province, which is that of caring for the soul only." Their power was, indeed, very great, but it was not of their seeking; it came naturally to them. There were distinguished men among them, men who could rule

and command; no one could equal them at that time, in intellect or knowledge; they directed the minds of governors, of judges and of all the inhabitants; they were consulted in all important decisions; their advice was sought on all matters relating to law and order, and they always urged wise measures to suppress licentiousness, drunkenness and excesses of all kinds; they had great influence over the Indians; the most perilous missions and those of the greatest importance to the colony were confided to them; they had charge of the nunneries, they taught the people, instructed the children and evangelized the Indians; finally a royal decree named the Superior of Quebec member by right of the Supreme Council; anything less would have been surprising.

But was not this very influence to be the cause of jealousies and hatred? Does it not explain the complaints of some, the grievances of others? Less than all this would have been sufficient to start malice, envy and hatred. The Jesuits being advisers as well as directors of conscience, all severe measures were supposed to come from them, all rules and regulations regarding law and order; being members of the Supreme Council, any decision that was displeasing was ascribed to them. To be sure, there were enemies who were forever blaming them, discontented, jealous men who hated to see the priests take part in anything, who were always on the lookout for the black hand of the Jesuit. The men of this opposing party were few in number, but being loud in their complaints, they made quite a clamor; and these reaching across the seas, were heard at the king's court, during Colbert's ministry.

Still, we will admit willingly, that it would have been better if the Superior of the Canadian missions had not sat in Council; this high position, without in any way interfering with his priestly functions, might, in some cases, have been detrimental to the spiritual welfare of the colony. The Council had charge of all questions of law, religious, military, legal and secular. The priest was then called upon to pass on all these questions. And with his influence over the governor and the other councillors, were there not difficulties and danger even? The Fathers of Canada were not far from thinking this might happen, since they asked, in a consultation held on the 6th of August, 1647, should they hold the office of councillor.

It was decided that so it had to be, says the Journal. Besides, we know by many unpublished letters, preserved in the records of the Society, and written from Quebec to the Rev. Provincial of the Society of Jesus, that many Fathers would have preferred to see the Superior out of office. No doubt he was most useful to both colony and religion; but could he not have been just as useful by giving his advice privately to the governor and other members of the Council and not as councillor himself? And in this way, what numerous complaints might perhaps have been avoided! This opinion, which we give in all freedom, does not in any way lessen the good the Superiors accomplished while in office; it justifies still less their enemies' outcry against them and the missionaries of Canada.

We will now end this chapter and with it that period which Lord Elgin called, *the heroic age of Canada*. The French population was not large, two thousand inhabitants at most, while the English population settled in Massachusetts was upwards of forty thousand. The rapid increase of the English colony was disastrous from a moral and religious point of view. This cannot be said of the French colony, which, being composed of the best families, maintained its principles of religion and morality, so that the very thing with which the government of Paris found fault, the want of activity in colonizing, was in itself for the good of the country. Compelled to work for their living and to be on the alert day and night so as not to be taken by surprise by the enemy, inured to a life of suffering and privation, these colonists who, few in number, were both soldiers and workmen, acquired extraordinary energy and wonderful courage. In short, guided by zealous and learned priests, edified and encouraged by believers and men whose conduct was irreproachable, removed from the powerful snares of vice and bad example, they acquired Christian habits which they transmitted to their descendants in all their purity, their strength and simplicity. In justice to the Jesuits the French Canadians have always given them credit for these good results. Certain historians would like to refer to this as legendary, but it is to be hoped that history will maintain its right and will not allow evil to prevail over truth.

The country was now ripe for a definite organization of

the civil and military power, for the founding of a bishopric and the secular clergy. A new order of things is about to begin; the colony, after thirty years of struggles and endeavors, is ready for better things. Mazarin is nearing his end, and Colbert is in power. What place will the Jesuits take, what will be their work in the new colony? This remains to be seen in the continuation of this history.

CAMILLE DE ROCHEMONTEIX, S.J.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A TRUE STORY.

IT was Father Benedict Perry, one of the patriarchs of Emborough Abbey, who told the story, which has become, already, one of the traditions of the neighborhood. It happened in the early sixties, more than forty years ago, when Father Benedict was but newly come from the novitiate, and had but recently been made parish priest of the village church. There were fewer "Romans," even in Emborough, in those days than there are now; to-day, the vicar ministers to a very sparse flock of church people, the methodist preacher to an even scantier one. Family by family, they have gone over to the Faith of their fathers. But that, as I say, has happened since, though Father Benedict himself received not a few wanderers into the Fold of Christ.

Joe Fry, senior, father of the present Joe, was alive, in those days, and like his son was postmaster, blacksmith, carrier, and horse dealer, for Emborough and the neighborhood, with a reputation for honesty of which he was pesky proud. A horse warranted by Joe Fry would sell at any horse fair within twenty miles, or more, without further guarantee, which is something unusual, in the gentle art of horse dealing. Joe, senior, was not a Catholic, nor did he ever become one, but, in his character of good, old Tory churchman, he had a broad, kindly tolerance for the religion of men whom he could respect as they respected him.

So it came to pass that, on a certain spring morning in the year of grace 1863, Joe drove Father Benedict from Emborough to Easton-on-Sea, a good, honest ten miles by road, though not so far if you went across country, as Englishmen

are wont to do. Joe, of a social disposition, beguiled the way with much talk on subjects of local interest, crops, markets, the iniquities of Radical agitators, the disastrous result of free trade, and such like. To all of which Father Benedict, whose father was a convert parson of the straitest sect of British Tories, listened with interest, and in which he took such share as Joe would allow him. Truth to tell, Joe loved the sound of his own voice, and Father Benedict's part in the conversation was chiefly that of listener. But he listened so well that he rose very high, indeed, in old Joe's estimation.

Father Benedict, as already said, was but newly come to Emborough, and more recently, still, into his parish, the limits of which were vague but wide. He was not, therefore, as familiar with the various hamlets, farms and houses, comprised within its boundaries, as he became in later days, so well, that he could, I believe, have walked from one end of it to the other—"from Dan to Beersheba"—blindfold; and did traverse it, many a time and oft, on nights "as dark as a wolf's throat," as they still say in the country of the West Saxons.

A tiny spire, away to the right, attracted his attention; for spires, you must know, are not common in Somersetshire, where church towers—originally used, no doubt, as places of defence—are more common.

"What place is that?" he asked, pointing.

"That," said old Joe, following the direction indicated by Father Benedict's outstretched finger, "that's Marton in Mendip," "Marton" being Zumerzet for "Morton," and "Morton in Mendip," a localism for "Morton Saint Peter." "That's wheer 'Mary o' the Necklace' do bide," Joe continued, in a matter-of-fact tone, as if imparting the most ordinary piece of information that could be imagined.

"Mary, who?" returned Father Benedict, "I never heard of her. What is her real name?"

"Let me zee," answered the blacksmith; then, presently: "Theer, if I haint clear forgot. She ha' been knawn as 'Mary o' the Necklace' this twenty years and more. Widow of a miner man, she were;"—this somewhat disparagingly, for miners do not rank high in the estimation of an agricultural population—"coom from Cardiff way, I did hear." Joe, of course, had never journeyed that far in his fifty odd years of existence.

"Yes, but why 'Mary of the Necklace?'" Father Benedict persisted, wishing to get at facts, not at legends, soubriquets, and mere local traditions, interesting as these doubtless were—in their proper place.

"Well, Zur," answered Joe, at some loss to explain a long familiar fact in words, doubtless, for the first time; "you zee, she-do zit by her door, on the hroadside, all day in zummer, and by her virezide in winter, and do turn a string o' beads in her fingers, and whisper, whisper, to herself the hull toime, she do. That's why they do call her 'Mary o' the Necklace.'"

"What church does she go to?" asked the Benedictine, to whom the "string o' beads," and the "whisper, whisper," had given more than a faint hint of a most interesting possibility.

"Church? She doant goo to no church, though passon he's tried main hard to get her; nor to chapel, neyther, though the local preacher tried a main deal harder. Passon, he do zay she's an obstinate Roman, though she do speak English of a zort; and the minister calls she a blinded papist—though she do zee clear, fo' a ooman as wold as she." Joe was, evidently, unaware of the sarcasm that underlay his words. Also, of any offence they might convey to his immediate hearer.

The interesting possibility was becoming a still more interesting certainty, which was why Father Benedict was anxious for further and fuller particulars.

"Is she an Englishwoman?" he inquired, when Joe paused—to expectorate, if the chonicler must be exact as to details. He was out of breath, after so long and—to him—so unnecessary an explanation.

"Not Zumerzet, anyway," was the rejoinder; Joe, with true local patriotism thought that Zumerzet was England—or the best of it, at all events. "Coom from Ireland, she did, or zum zich vurrin parts, I did hear." This, even more disparagingly than he had spoken of the miner-husband from Cardiff. Local patriots, like patriots of a larger type, have their prejudices, and are at no pains to conceal them. Joe, in fact, could Father Benedict have realized it—as he did, later—was remarkably tolerant. Too much so, according to some of his more consistent neighbors. But this by the way. Irish? Father Benedict—small blame to him—had hoped that "Mary of the Necklace" might prove to be one of the scattered remnant to be found in the West Country, gathered mostly, in this

part, at all events, round Bonham, where Mass has been said, without cessation, since the Days of Faith, and is still said, by a Benedictine monk, as of old. That Mary, like Maidulph the Monk, the loved Master of Aldhelm the Bishop, came from Erin, the Island of Saints, did not, you may be sure, lessen Father Benedict's interest in her. Rather, it increased it.

His business at Easton accomplished, Father Benedict returned to the monastery, in those days governed by a Prior, afterwards the first Abbot. He sought an interview with Father Prior at the earliest opportunity.

"There is a Catholic old woman living at Morton Saint Peter, so Joe tells me," he said.

"At Morton?" returned Father Prior; "strange! We made all the inquiries possible, but we never heard of her. Joe Fry told you, you say?"

"Yes, Father. He called her 'Mary of the Necklace,' but, when I questioned him, said the vicar called her an obstinate Roman, and the Methodist preacher a blinded Papist."

The Prior laughed heartily. "He repeated those opprobrious terms to you?" he asked, with pretended seriousness. "What was he thinking about? I'm surprised at my old friend Joe. I shall have to talk to him."

Father Benedict laughed, too. "He said she spoke English 'of a zort'" he continued, "and that she could see very well for an old woman."

"Better and better," said Father Prior, more amused than ever; "this unconscious, sarcastic Somerset humor is the funniest thing I ever met. But"—more seriously—"let us see how it is we never heard of this poor woman before. Can you account for it?"

"Easily, I think, Father," answered Father Benedict. "Morton Saint Peter is a new parish, cut off from Morton Simon's only two years ago. The new vicar is a strenuous 'anti-Roman' and would not, certainly, volunteer information of that kind. Father Norbert Robinson"—this was the first parish priest—"no doubt made inquiries when we first came here, but Mary, it seems, has only been in Morton twenty years. Father Peter Roberts, evidently, never heard of her."

"No," returned the Prior, thoughtfully, "the old, evangelical rector of Morton Saint Simon's hardly ever visited that

end of his parish; in latter years not at all; and this new man, as you say, would certainly not volunteer information of that kind. He has never loved us since his sister, Mrs. Forde, of Easton, became a Catholic. He blames me for that—and I am content to take the blame. However,” the Prior went on, “you will invade his territory to-morrow, and find out all about ‘Mary of the Necklace.’”

“Yes, Father.” Then the bell sounded for Vespers, the First of their Holy Father, Saint Benedict, and they parted for the present.

The next day, Joe Fry drove Father Benedict to “Marton-in-Mendip.” Joe, as you may imagine, was naturally curious. “Goin’ to see ‘Mary o’ the Necklace?’” he inquired, not seeking to hide his curiosity, being no whit ashamed of it.

“Yes,” answered Father Benedict; “will she be indoors, or out, do you think?”

“Indoors, I hreckon,” returned Joe; “you zee,” he continued, “she be main wold, nigh on ninety, and it’s cold yet, for the end o’ March. Main cold, for zure.”

It was cold. But the March sun shone brightly, and all Nature, fields, hedgerows, trees, every living thing, was rising to new life. Joe, for once in his life, was silent. Perhaps he felt, instinctively, that his companion was disinclined to conversation, for Joe’s instincts were those of Nature’s gentle-folk. He had lived, you see, in daily, hourly intercourse with the Great Mother, all his life, and had caught no small measure of her spirit.

In truth, Father Benedict was more disposed to silence than to speech. Who was this woman he was about to meet? For twenty years, so Joe had told him yesterday, she had lived at Morton Saint Peter, unknown to the Community at Emborough. Was he, or were his predecessors in the parish, chargeable with neglect in the matter? Surely not. They—and he—had made all the inquiries possible; a house-to-house visitation of all the country in a ten-mile radius was impossible for obvious reasons. Those visited would, for the most part, resent it; in any case, the time spent on such a task would involve neglect of those known as Catholics, or of other important and pressing duties.

It was a six-mile drive over hilly roads, but Joe’s horses were used to hills, and this one covered the distance in less

than forty minutes. They passed the little church, more beautiful near at hand than even at a distance—which is a severe test of beauty, in architecture, as in human beings. Then a few scattered cottages, whose inmates turned out to stare at Father Benedict, and to nod in friendly fashion at their old acquaintance, Joe. Then the vicarage, where the vicar was working in his garden, but did not look up. Perhaps he had seen them coming, and had no welcome, even for Joe Fry. Lastly came a little cottage by the roadside. A tiny column of smoke rose from the miniature chimney. “She do be zitting by the virezide,” said Joe, pulling up. “Woa, mear, woantee, dang thee!” But the mare knew that such language was only Joe’s way, and meant nothing serious.

Father Benedict got down and knocked at the door in the porch. A low voice bade him “Come in!” and he entered.

“Mary of the Necklace” was very old; that he saw at a first glance. Also that, in her withered fingers, she clasped a well-worn rosary of wooden beads, that had once been white, but were now brown with age. He learned later that her uncle, an Irish Capuchin Friar, had left them to her when he died, sixty years previously. She had used them ever since.

Her lips, he noticed, moved, even in the moment that he glanced round the cottage, as if they had no time for rest. The cottage, he saw, was spotlessly clean. That was a task her women neighbors thought it an honor to undertake, and of which none had a monopoly. Mary had won their hearts many years ago and had kept their love.

Then, before he could speak, her old eyes, which had rested since his entrance on his habit, brightened, as at the coming of a long-expected friend. The worn fingers lessened their hold on the beads and dropped to her lap. The whispering ceased—she spoke out—quite calmly, yet with a note in her voice as of one who welcomes a friend whose coming has been long delayed.

“Have you come at last, Father?” That was all. There was no surprise, much less reproach conveyed. Then, ere he could recover from his reverent astonishment, she continued: “Sure,” she said, “I asked the Blessed Mother, every time I said the beads, not to let me die without a priest. Ye’ve come

at last, Father. Mebbe, I'll be afther goin' soon. Sure, I'll be glad to go, now."

What could Father Benedict say in answer to such an expression of simple faith, of utter resignation, as this? No words of his seemed adequate. Almost without volition on his part—were they not given to him?—the right words came: "Oh, woman! great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

She looked up, smiling. "Sure, that's the Blessed Master's sayin'," she said; then added: "'Tis He and His Blessed Mother sent you to me the day, Father. Will ye be hearin' me confession?"

She had waited twenty years to make it. Of the priests at Emborough she had heard nothing; news travels slowly in the Mendips, even nowadays; when she came to Morton, in 1840, it travelled even more slowly yet. Men knew nothing, and cared less for what happened in the next village. How should they hear or tell of the coming of Papist monks to a place fully six miles away?

It was a scene, a confession, which Father Benedict remembered, with a feeling akin to tears, till his dying day. What had she to confess, indeed? It was the confession of one of God's chosen saints, of one of Mary's true children. Then, when she had finished, and had received absolution, she asked, simply: "Will ye be afther bringing me the Blessed Sacrament to-morrow, Father?"

"Certainly, I will," he assured her; then he sat and talked awhile, learning her history. She was, as Joe Fry had told him, an Irishwoman from Cork, married to a countryman, who had settled, first, at Cardiff, then, in hopes of better wages and of purer air, at Morton Saint Peter. But "her man" had been killed, crushed by falling coal, within a year of their coming to Morton, nor had his body ever been recovered. "Sure," she commented, with a certain quiet satisfaction, "'twas better than bein' buried by 'a heretic priest.'" And Father Benedict, though the son of a "heretic priest," was strongly disposed to agree with her.

He made his report, on his return, to Father Prior, who was moved but little less than he was. Next morning Joe Fry drove him once more to Morton Saint Peter. And, though Joe knew it not, there was One with them for whom "Mary of the Necklace" had waited for twenty years.

Nor had she waited in vain. *Desiderium pauperis exaudivit Dominus*; the Lord had, indeed, heard the desire of His poor servant, and had come to her, at last. This, too, the Blessed Mother had obtained for her. This, too, Father Benedict never forgot, as long as he lived.

But Joe Fry was destined to drive Father Benedict to Morton Saint Peter yet once more. The news was brought by a crony of Joe's, who came from Morton Saint Peter about a colt he wished to buy, which Joe had to sell. "Do ee know," he said, when the business had been satisfactorily transacted and both buyer and seller were content, "Do ee know that 'Mary o' the Necklace' be dead?"

"Noa," said Joe in astonishment; "when did she die, then, do ee zay?" which is the Zumerst mode of anxious entreaty.

"Last night as ever was," was the reply. "My little lass vound her this marnin' when she went with the milk. Bill Martin"—the village carpenter—"do be vixin' her up. Where be'st gooin' now?" the crony inquired, surprised at the effect of his piece of news, to which he had attached no special importance.

"To tell Vather Perry," answered Joe, promptly; "a Papist she were," he said to himself, as he hurried up the road to the abbey, "and a Papist burial she shall have vor zure."

Joe's word proved true, putting "Catholic," of course, for his "Papist" and for the "Roman" used by the vicar of Morton Saint Peter. Father Benedict found her, sleeping her last sleep, peacefully in the coffin made for her by the hard-drinking village carpenter, who shed tears over his task and "swore off" after her death, as he had promised during her life time. The little room was crowded with weeping women and children, who followed her to her last resting place. The well-worn beads, brown with age and use, were clasped in her thin fingers, which had ceased, at last, to tell them over. The lips had ceased to whisper, but she had gone, as a poor woman said, "to pray for us in heaven." And Father Benedict felt that "Mary of the Necklace" needed no better epitaph.

"They shall see His Face, and His servants shall serve Him."

FRANCIS W. GREY.

THE BEATIFICATION AND CANONIZATION OF SERVANTS OF GOD.

THAT all may clearly understand the status of such causes, a compendium of which, in pursuance of the practice of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, I here append, I have thought it would be agreeable to the reader to begin by explaining all that is required, according to the practice introduced by the Constitutions and the Decrees of the Sovereign Pontiffs for the obtaining of beatifications and canonizations.

THE BEATIFICATION OF CONFESSORS.

To bring the cause of a Confessor to the happy issue of Beatification, is a matter of extreme difficulty and the following things have to be done.

I. The choice of a Vice-Postulator has to be made by the Postulator-General or Chief Mover of the Cause, whose duty it will be to promote all the legal investigations which have to be made by the authority of the Ordinaries or Bishops living outside of Rome.

II. The drawing up of the Processes which are to be made by the authority of the bishops. These processes are of three kinds: 1. *Informative*, which take cognizance of the repute of sanctity, and of the miracles of the Servant of God, both in general and in particular. There may be several such Processes, if witnesses are to be examined in different dioceses. 2. Processes *de non cultu*, which have to show that the decree of Urban VIII was observed, in not paying any public cult to the Servants of God, prior to Beatification. Such Processes are usually instituted by the Bishop of the place where the remains are kept. 3. The writings of the Servants of God are examined and this work is called the Process of Research. Such Processes can also be instituted in various dioceses wherever such writings are or may be found. That these minor Processes may be juridically instituted, an Instruction must be asked from the Promoter Fidei by the Postulator-General and by him transmitted to the Bishops.

III. These Processes must be sent to Rome, to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, by a Bearer chosen by the Judges, or by any safe way, if, by a rescript, dispensation from sending it by a Bearer is obtained.

IV. The opening of the Processes, their translation if necessary, into Italian, the draughting of a public copy and the deputation by the Sovereign Pontiff of a Cardinal who will act as the Relator or Positor of the Cause. All this is to be petitioned for by rescripts of the Sacred Congregation which are to be conformed by the Pope.

V. The revision of the writings of the Servant of God by theologians deputed by the Cardinal Relator who shall have obtained that faculty by rescript. While this is being done by the Advocate and the Promoter of the Cause, chosen by the Postulator-General, the *Positing*, as it is called, or Pleading with regard to the Introduction of the Cause is prepared. This consists of a Summary of the Processes of Information; the information itself; the replies to the animadversions or difficulties which were raised by the Promotor Fidei and transmitted to the Postulator.

VI. The Case is then printed and distributed to Cardinals and Officials of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, forty days before the day assigned for the discussion.

VII. If in the writings of the Servant of God nothing is found against faith and morals, a decree is issued, permitting the Cause to proceed so as to discuss the question whether a Commission is to be assigned or not to introduce the Cause.

VIII. At the time appointed by the Sacred Congregation, an Ordinary Congregation is convened in which the afore-said question is discussed by the Cardinals appointed to safeguard the Rites, and by the officials of the Sacred Congregation, without the voting or intervention of Consultors which, at the present time, is always granted by rescript.

IX. If it seem well to the Congregation a decree is issued, assigning the Commission of Introduction, and the Sovereign Pontiff signs it or subscribes to it. Henceforward, the Servant of God is juridically invested with the title of "Venerable."

X. A petition is then sent for Remissional Letters to the Bishops outside of Rome, by which they are granted the faculty of instituting a Process by apostolic authority, on the

repute of sanctity and miracles in general. This faculty is granted by rescript and is transmitted by the Postulator-General to the Bishops.

XI. While the Apostolic Process is being instituted abroad, the Procurator of the Cause prepares a plan for discussing the question *de non cultu*, and at the appointed time, an Ordinary Congregation is held in which the aforesaid question is discussed, and if it is established that the decrees of Pope Urban VIII have been followed, a decree is issued to proceed with the Cause.

XII. After the Apostolic Process with regard to the reputed sanctity and miracles has reached Rome, and the same, as we have said above in speaking of the Ordinary Processes, has, in conformity with a corresponding number of rescripts, been opened and translated into Italian, and translated and declared valid, a declaration is drawn up by the Advocate about the repute of the Servant of God in general, and then, at its appointed time, a discussion is held in the Congregation which is likewise Ordinary, whether the repute of sanctity and miracles in general of the Venerable Servant of God is established, and if the majority of the votes are in the affirmative, a decree in accordance is promulgated.

XIII. Then new Remissorial Letters are transmitted to the foreign bishops to institute Apostolic Processes about the repute of sanctity and miracles in particular. When these letters are sent, and the Processes are held within the time conceded by the Sacred Congregation (namely, within eighteen months) in keeping with a corresponding number of rescripts, they are sent to Rome, opened by the Cardinal Prefect, translated into Italian and an authenticated summary drawn up by the Chancellor.

XIV. When this is done, the Advocate files the plea to discuss the question of the validity of the Processes both Informative and Apostolic.

XV. On the day assigned, the discussion of the aforesaid question is held in the Congregation of the Rota, because only the Judges of the Sacred Roman Rota can vote on this point. And if the difficulties of the Promotor Fidei are satisfactorily answered a decree is issued on the validity of the Processes.

XVI. Meantime there is prepared whatever is necessary for the discussion of the greatest question on the Causes of Con-

fessors, namely: Whether it is proved that the Venerable Servant of God practised the theological and cardinal virtues in a heroic degree. This is debated in three Congregations, called respectively, the Antepreparatory, the Preparatory and the General. The first is convened in the house of the Cardinal Relator of the Cause, and in it only the Consultors of the Sacred Congregation of Rites vote. The second is held in the Vatican Palace, and the Consultors vote but in presence of the Cardinals proposed for the safeguarding of Rites, the Cardinal Prefect of the same Congregation presiding. The third is likewise held in the Vatican, the Sovereign Pontiff presiding, and the Cardinals and Consultors voting. For each Congregation the advocate draws up the pleas, called respectively the plea, the new plea, the newest plea, with regard to the virtues. There is no passing from one Congregation to another unless the majority of the Consultors shall judge that the difficulties of the Promotor Fidei were satisfactorily answered.

XVII. When the decision of the General Congregation is favorable, the Sovereign Pontiff is asked to sign a solemn decree which will declare that the heroic character of the virtues of the Servant of God has been established. Then only is the decree promulgated and printed when the Sovereign Pontiff, after supplication to God, will give his consent and by his supreme judgment confirm the judgment of the Sacred Congregation.

XVIII. The miracles now have to be proved; two only if the heroicity of the virtues has been certified to, both in the Ordinary and Apostolic Processes by eye witnesses; three if the eye witnesses were present only on the Ordinary Processes; four if the conclusion about the virtues was arrived at through witnesses who merely heard. When the miracles are sufficiently proved in the Apostolic Processes for the virtues already declared valid, then without delay the advocate draws up the plea for the question of miracles. When there is no mention of miracles except in general in the Apostolic Processes, then new Apostolic Processes are to be held for the miracles in particular, and, therefore, all is to be done that we have noted above for the Apostolic Processes for the virtues.

XIX. The discussion of miracles in particular proceeds in the very same way and order as has been just explained for the virtues, and if the result is favorable after the General Con-

gregation, a Decree is drawn up confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff by which the miracles are declared to be proven. It is to be noted, however, that in the first plea in the Antepreparatory Congregation, besides the information of the Advocate, the votes of physicians are required and are printed; one of these physicians being chosen by the Postulator, another by the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

XX. When the miracles are proved, nothing is done for the solemn beatification before another Congregation is held, in which once only the question is discussed, whether, given the approbation of virtues and miracles, the Solemn Beatification can be safely proceeded with. If the majority assent, then finally, when a Decree to that effect is promulgated and a time fixed by the Sovereign Pontiff, the Solemn Beatification of the Servant of God is held in the Vatican Basilica, and the public cult and veneration of the Venerable Servant of God is permitted.

THE BEATIFICATION OF MARTYRS.

I. The Causes of Martyrs in so far as regards the Informative Processes, the *Prôcesses de non cultu*, and those for the Introduction of the Cause, proceed in the very same way as the Causes of Confessors. As soon as the Commission is assigned for the Introduction of the Cause, matters move more expeditiously than for the Beatification of Confessors.

II. Remissional Letters are no longer given to institute an Apostolic Process to establish the repute of Martyrdom and of Miracles in general; but Remissorial Letters are immediately sent to inquire about the Martyrdom, its Cause, as well as the specific signs or miracles; because there is no longer any question about the repute in general.

III. The question of miracles is not discussed as before, in separate Congregations, but in the same ones that consider the questions of the Martyrdom and its Cause.

IV. The Signs or Miracles which are now required, are no longer of the first order, but miracles of the third order suffice, and their number is not determined. In fact, sometimes judgment about such signs is dispensed with altogether.

V. The single question about the Martyrdom and Miracles which was wont to be discussed in three Congregations, viz., the Antepreparatory, the Preparatory, and the General, is now for the most part by dispensation of the Sovereign Pontiff.

which is to be obtained by decree for each case, discussed in a single Congregation which is styled Particular. It consists of six or seven Cardinals appointed to safeguard the Rites, and four or five prelates specially designated for the work by the Sovereign Pontiff. The plea, which is the only one, is drawn up in the usual fashion, and if the majority of votes is in favor, a Decree is issued to declare that the Martyrdom, its Cause and Miracles are established.

VI. Finally, as for the Confessors, the question is proposed and debated whether it is safe to proceed, and ultimately the Solemn Beatification is pronounced.

THE CANONIZATION OF CONFESSORS AND MARTYRS.

I. After the public cult, either of Confessors or Martyrs, has been permitted by the Pope, if two miracles at least are reported to have been performed, owing to their intercession, then the question of Canonization can be brought up. For this, it is only necessary that it be determined as above, and in three Congregations, whether the two miracles performed after the veneration of the Servant of God was permitted, are proven. The discussion proceeds in the usual manner; and if the truth of the miracles is established, again a Congregation is held to determine if it is safe to proceed, and then steps are begun for the Solemn Canonization by the Sovereign Pontiff, and a Bull issued which does not concede but enjoins a public cult.

From what we have said about the mode and order of procedure in the Causes of Beatification and Canonization it can be inferred that a long, not to say very long, time is required for the Cause of a Confessor, especially for the initial steps; namely, from the establishment of Processes of Information to the final issue of obtaining the Decree about its being safe to proceed. This obtains in our days especially when so many, both old and new Causes, are being proposed to the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Moreover, the Constitution of the Congregation of Rites forbids the discussion of several major questions at one and the same time. That is so because (a) the same Cardinals and the same Consultors have to vote on all the questions; (b) there is only one Promotor Fidei and one Subpromotor, and to them alone are all animadversions made and referred; (c) the same

Cardinals and Consultors, with the rest of the Officials, are bound to treat the question and express their opinion not only on the Causes of the Servants of God, but also on the matter of Sacred Rites. To expedite all this in a briefer time, once a week a Congressus, as it is called, which is a sort of condensed Congregation, is held, in which along with the Cardinal Prefect, all the major officials of the Sacred Congregation vote. In it all minor and practical questions are disposed of, both with regard to the Rites and with regard to the Servants of God, and replies are given by Rescripts which have to be confirmed by the Sovereign Pontiff. But the Ordinary Congregation, as well as those of the Rota, and those that deal with the Virtues and Miracles, are convened to the number of at least sixteen every year. Therefore, it would be unjust to impute sluggishness to the Reverend Fathers of the Congregations because of the slow progress of Causes for Beatification.

1654—LE MOYNE—1904

UPWARDS of 2,000 people made the pilgrimage to Pompey Monday, the Feast of the Assumption. The Catholics of Pompey, of Syracuse, and of the country side joined with non-Catholic friends and neighbors in the religious and civic ceremonies in commemoration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the coming of the Jesuits to the country of the Onondagas. Prominent in the throng assembled to do honor to the memory of the saintly Le Moyne and to listen to the story of courage—the record of the glorious achievements of the heroic Black Robe and his equally heroic and revered companions—were priests and laymen, Jesuits and Protestant ministers, professional men and clerks, mechanics and farmers, the Indian and his paleface brother, all reverent and all proud of the opportunity given them to participate in the great commemoration.

The exercises were of a dual nature, but all owed their initiative to the beloved pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Rev. George S. Mahon, and their success to the energy and resourcefulness of the Catholic people of Pompey and the committees of Le Moyne Council, Knights of Columbus, of this city, who labored with untiring devotion under Father Mahon's direction for the success of the affair.

Appropriately the exercises opened with solemn high mass, which was begun at 11:45 o'clock.

The service at 11 A. M. at the Church of the Immaculate Conception was largely attended, the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary being celebrated. The Rev. George S. Mahon was the celebrant. The Rev. J. J. McLoughlin, of Cortland, acted as deacon, the Rev. A. J. Hayes, of Cazenovia, as sub-deacon, and the Rev. D. C. Flynn, of St. Patrick's Church, Binghamton, was master of ceremonies. The Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., of New York, preached the sermon. Members of Le Moyne Council, Knights of Columbus, sang under the direction of Professor C. J. Kresser, and there were solos by Mrs. T. Frank Dolan, Mrs. C. J. Kresser, Mrs. T. J. Kendrick, Miss Nora C. Kehoe, Miss Margaret Kendrick, Miss Margaret Kearney, Miss Agnes Sweeney, Miss Frances McMahon, Miss Beatie McMahon, Hugh F. Mulherin, Jr., Joseph Pfohl, Thomas McMahon, Raymond Walsh, William Gleason, Dr. Thomas Dwyer, Tom Webb and Paul Edward.

Rev. J. V. Simmons, of Binghamton, who was to have preached the sermon of the day, gave way to Father Wynne, who came as the representative of the Society of Jesus. His sermon was on the feast rather than on Le Moyne. He preferred, he said, not to encroach on the subject which had been allotted to other speakers. Father Wynne delivered an able lecture on Le Moyne, Dablon, Chaumonot and other Jesuit pioneer missionaries last fall before the Onondaga Historical Association.

Dinner was served at noon by the ladies of the parish.

At 2 P. M. the Le Moyne exercises began in the newly-planted Le Moyne grove near the church. Grand Knight Charles A. Richardson, of Le Moyne Council, Knights of Columbus, acted as temporary chairman, and introduced Mayor Forbes, permanent chairman. Supervisor Martin Maxwell, of Pompey, delivered the address of welcome, to which Chief Baptiste Thomas, of the Onondaga Indians, and the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., of New York, responded. Chief Thomas spoke for the Indians and Father Wynne for the Jesuit Fathers. Mayor Forbes spoke interestingly of the old and the new Syracuse.

The principal address of the afternoon was by Rev. William

M. Beauchamp, S.T.D., a Protestant Episcopal minister who is the leading authority on local history and a student of Indian affairs, whose researches and writings have made him known throughout the world. The *Sun* has the privilege of reproducing Dr. Beauchamp's lecture for the benefit of its readers. It is entitled "The French Missionaries on Indian Hill, Pompey."

DR. BEAUCHAMP'S ADDRESS.

In the year 1604 a little child slept in its cradle in a French home, and the mother, watching her infant's slumbers, was all unconscious of the rugged paths the untried feet should tread in the days yet to come. Beyond the cradle lay three-score years of his life. With all the prophetic hopes of a mother's heart, no thought had she that men of another tongue, in an unknown land and a new age, should speak his praises three centuries later. Champlain had entered the St. Lawrence the year before, and men were reading his story in France while her babe lay in its cradle, but this meant nothing to her. Fifty years later the unconscious child was to be one of the best known men in Canada and New York, nor was his fame to decrease. •

We do not know all the story of Le Moyne's home life, but in calling him Simon his parents may have hoped he would be a great fisher of men, like the Apostle of old, whose name he bore. So we find him, as a man, trained for a religious life, a missionary of the Church. As such he came to Canada in 1638, taking part in the great Huron missions, sharing with others their grandeur and their gloom. This was the beginning of the later experience. The Huron language and customs, alike familiar to him, were nearly those of the Five Nations of New York, and the tragic downfall of the Hurons and others brought many of his friends and flock here. When he came to Onondaga, the messenger of peace, the herald of his order, it was the land of an enemy, yet there he found friends on every side. Jogues had died among the Mohawks; two other Jesuit fathers had been captives there, but Simon Le Moyne was the first white man who trod the streets of the Onondaga towns and mixed with their people, free, honored

and in peace. As the town of Pompey honors its illustrious pioneer to-day, so all the first families of Pompey turned out to greet him when he ascended Indian Hill, August 5, 1654, now 250 years ago.

There Le Moyne began his answering speech. Peace and joy walked with him. War fled at his approach. The Onondagas carried out their stately ceremonial welcome with speeches and songs. At night there was a council. The next day he devoted to religious duties, meeting old Huron friends, who were now captives. Of these he found many. He thanked God for their faith, and that He "built a temple there, where He is adored in spirit and in truth."

The next day brought an interesting incident. A Huron woman, who was a captive, lived in one of the field cabins outside of the great village on Indian Hill. She had taken care of another captive, a girl of the neutral nation, a people destroyed after the Hurons. So well had she instructed her in the faith that the Father was much surprised. He asked why she had not baptized one so well taught, for this was often done in time of need. She thought this not allowed, except when there was danger of death. The Father then performed the rite, and gave the girl her teacher's name. He said: "This was the first adult baptism at Onondaga; for it we are indebted to the piety of a Huron."

The next day was also spent in visiting and religious acts. He gave and received consolation as he went about, seeing himself, as it were, in the midst of a church already formed, so many were the Huron captives. August 10 there was a council in Le Moyne's cabin, the home of Garakontie, the principal chief, for there seems to have been no district council house as yet. The four nations of the Upper Iroquois were fully represented, and a Mohawk chief was called in. Le Moyne opened the council with prayers in the Huron tongue, and then mentioned those present by nations, tribes, families and individuals from his manuscript notes. I would like that paper myself. He spoke in the Indian way and tongue for two hours, walking to and fro, delivering nineteen messages. They answered in the usual way.

The next day was spent in feasts and rejoicings, but a fire

at night put the whole town in peril. From one bark cabin to another the flames spread, until more than twenty cabins were burned. This hardly checked the joy. The following day religious duties again kept him busy, but he recovered some precious books taken from his dead friends in the Huron and Petun' countries, showing that the Onondagas shared in their destruction.

August 13 came the formal leave-taking of the grand council, preceding his departure two days. There were the customary ceremonies, and he made two presents. One of these planted, figuratively, "the first post on which to begin a cabin. This is like laying the first stone in France of a house one intends to build." The "second present was to throw down the first bark that is to cover the cabin." This was in allusion to the mission to be founded on Lake Ontario at Salmon River. For some reason the place was changed to Onondaga Lake.

The next day was quiet, his business being over, and the Onondagas making preparations for the Erie war. Ochi-ongueras, a young Onondaga chief, who was to lead 1,800 men against the Eries, earnestly asked Le Moyne for baptism, representing the danger to which he would be exposed, and the courage it would give him. For some days the Father had been instructing him, and something he may have learned before. The result was that on the morning of August 15, just 250 years ago to-day, he baptized this young Onondaga chief, giving him the name of his own French traveling companion, Jean Baptiste. It was the first baptism of an adult Onondaga. Following this came a parting feast in Le Moyne's cabin, attended by the Agoianders, or principal people of the land. Then came the last and formal parting a mile away on the northern base of Indian Hill. The chiefs of the council awaited them there, to say adieu and ask for his return.

All this took time, short addresses not being the rule, so that they slept that night near the east line of Syracuse, probably near Genesee Street. The next morning they were on their way to the lake and salt spring, near the north line of the present city. The account is well known. The Indians did not use salt at that time, and feared this strange water, thinking a demon lived in and polluted it. Possibly they hoped that Le Moyne might make it pure. He did turn it into a source of health and profit on the 16th of August, making salt that

day and carrying a sample to Quebec. Apparently they fished part of the day with good luck, for he said: "This lake abounds in fish—in salmon, trout and other fish."

The next day they left the lake, sailing down the river to Oswego, first of all white men, but stopping where Phoenix now is, to mend their canoes, console some Hurons and baptize children.

Thus the first public Christian prayers, the first adult baptisms, the first council with a white man in Onondaga County, were in Pompey in August, 250 years ago.

I pass from these initial acts to another of the following year. Fathers Chaumonot and Dablon left Montreal October 7, 1655, and were escorted to their town by a score of Onondagas. The journey still had the zest of novelty, but seemed less perilous now that Le Moyne had led the way. The two Fathers took their several parts. Dablon wrote the journal in a picturesque way; Chaumonot made speeches as admirably, evidently preferring that to using the pen. Not a word did he write while Dablon was away. While they were here Father Le Moyne was in the Mohawk country.

Dablon's journal is graphic and good. The first Sunday above Montreal they built an altar and a chapel of boughs, pressed wine from the wild grapes, and thus performed their devotions in a simple woodland way. Sometimes they wanted food and sometimes had abundance. They admired the beauty of the scene and then toiled wearily through the rapids. The Huron captives at Salmon River were visited and consoled, and the wilderness was crossed to Brewerton, where they lodged. The next night was spent where Le Moyne had lodged the year before. Thence the way to Indian Hill was much like his; greetings on the way, a reception and speeches at a distance from the town, a procession and march into it. The streets were fresh swept and everywhere thronged, the Onondagas were in holiday attire and temper, the houses were crowded with children, the gifts were many and the excitement great. The house of Garakontie became their home, as it had been that of Le Moyne, nor could that noble Onondaga chief do enough for them. The French looked on him as the great king of all the country, exercising royal power, though without its name. He was a splendid specimen of his race. Feasts and councils followed, but religious work was not neg-

lected, the Fathers seeking out the old Huron converts. The salt spring was visited, but one having yet been observed. This was not at the later mission, but south of the marsh, in the first ward of Syracuse. A fresh water spring was but a little way off. They had prayers with the Hurons on their first Sunday on the hill, but on the 14th there was Mass, an altar having been placed in the house of Teotonharason, a woman of wealth and influence, who had been in Quebec.

On the 17th came that striking scene where the Onondaga chief sang the six songs of rejoicing and peace, the people making suitable responses. These were the words:

O the beautiful land,
The beautiful land where the French will dwell.
Good news is this! very good news!
It is every way good, my brother;
It is every way good that we speak together;
It is every way good that we have a heavenly speech.
My brother, I salute thee.
My brother, thou art welcome.
Ai, ai, ai, hi. I the delightful voice,
The delightful voice that thou hast!
Ai, ai, ai, hi. O the delightful voice,
The delightful voice that I also have!
Ai, ai, ai, hi.
My brother, I salute thee,
Yet again I salute thee.
Everything is good; without feigning I accept
The heaven which thou hast made me see;
Yes, I agree to it, I accept it.
Farewell to war, farewell to the axe;
Till now we have been insane;
But, henceforth, we will be brothers;
Yes, brothers indeed we will be.
To-day the great peace is made.
Farewell to war, farewell to arms;
The whole affair is every way beautiful;
Thou dost uphold our cabins
When thou comest among us.

These songs were followed by others from the Cayugas. Two other events marked that day. Holy Mass was cele-

brated, and the measurements for a chapel were made, and its site chosen. The next day, November 18, 1655, it was built, that being the anniversary of the dedication of St. Peter's Church at Rome. That grand edifice was of marble, and this of bark, but one glory of the humbler house was that it was the first Christian chapel in Onondaga County. Indeed, the first in New York west of Albany. The same day it was sanctified by the baptism of three children. Its frame was of poles, arched over at the top and covered throughout with broad pieces of bark. In this chapel was held the first Christmas service in this county. This was preceded by a social feast on Christmas Eve.

The Erie war was then about over, but they saw some painful sights, a few of the many which Indian Hill witnessed, and Dablon recorded others of war and superstition. The New Year's feast was fully described, but the sacrifice of the white dog had not then been added. Amid varied scenes the winter passed, and then Dablon returned to urge the sending of the proposed colony. Without it there might be war.

They left Quebec May 17, 1656, slowly ascended the St. Lawrence and reached the great lake short of provisions. No fishermen were at Salmon River, and the hungry voyagers called it La Famine, a name it long retained. Weary and starving, they reached the Oswego and began its ascent. At Oswego Falls seasonable relief came, and the kettles overflowed with salmon and Indian corn. There was nothing but joy, and Dablon added: "One fine day effaces the memory of ten bad."

You are all familiar with the entrance of the French into Onondaga Lake, July 11, 1656. The salute from the five cannon, the five ranks formed by the twenty canoes, the white flag bearing the name of Jesus, the black robes of the Jesuits, the gay uniforms of the soldiers, the hunting skirts of the colonists, the scaffolds on which the chiefs appeared, the great throng of Indians in all their finery, the quiet lake and the surrounding forests, all these are well-known features of the scene, graphically set forth in the *Relation*. It is yet an untried subject for an artist, a picture we would be glad to see as it was.

The place of landing was at the high land between Liverpool and Syracuse, the spot where the mission house and fort were soon built, and where, forty years later, Frontenac had his camp and fort. There were then no salt springs near the spot, as has been erroneously supposed, but many a fresh water fount. The forest had first to be cleared, so that the chapel was not immediately built, and for a time there was little shelter there. As late as July 27 Dablon noted that the French at the lake "were working to prepare us a house that we shall call Sainte Marie of Gannentaa." This was designed more for a French residence than for direct missionary work, yet it soon became a resort for some of the Indians, and a few huts were clustered around. The Onondaga Church proper was on Indian Hill, maintaining its services and gaining its converts there.

To that place a band of fifteen soldiers escorted the Father Superior July 17, marching into town through two long rows of people, who were as delighted with their evolutions as we with a street parade. Then came another band in full uniform, "beating the drum; there never were seen so many cheerful faces. It seemed that the hearts of the savages issued from their eyes." So like were the Onondagas then to what we are now. The work of the mission was properly on Indian Hill. The contrast may be seen in the words of the *Relation*: "The month of August was for us a time of exercise of all kinds; we had built a chapel at Onnontaghe; a part of our Fathers having remained there, the others went through the cabins. They hardly ceased from morning till evening to preach, catechise, baptize, teach the prayers, and to respond to the questions of the one and the other; so much do these good people show an inclination for the faith. The French who are at Sainte Marie of the Lake of Gannentaa work at all the trades of a town, lodged us all, and preserved us in the midst of these barbarous nations.

Sickness came at the lake, and the Onondagas did all they could for the French. Two of these died, and the Indians mourned for them and covered their graves with presents. When work was systematized two Fathers remained at Indian Hill, because of its importance, the great annual council of the Five Nations being held there. Two went to the Senecas and Cayugas, and two were reserved for general work.

All gathered quickly at the lake when their wonderful escape was planned and performed in March, 1658.

With the flight of the French colony the war became fiercer than ever, but during all this Garakontie well earned his title of Father of the French. Wherever he heard of a French captive whom he could ransom he brought him to Onondaga. All he could not save he provided for their comfort and procured them religious privileges, caring for twenty-six in this way. They still had their little bark chapel, and French Hurons and Onondagas daily met there morning and evening for united worship. The oldest Frenchman conducted the service and lay baptism was frequent. Garakontie provided the bell to call them to prayers and gave the captives frequent feasts.

In July, 1661, when things seemed at the worst, a Cayuga chief came to Montreal to offer peace. He brought back four Frenchmen, but a Black Robe must return with him. Without this there would be no peace, and on this depended the lives of twenty Frenchmen. The French soon agreed. The *Relation* says: "We were then prayed to give some one of our Fathers, who would go to sacrifice himself for the public, and for the safety of these poor Frenchmen who groaned in so dangerous a captivity, and to serve the designs of Divine Providence." The man was soon chosen.

Le Moyne had been to the Iroquois four times. He was selected for a fifth visit, from which few thought he would return. In spite of what others thought he set out July 21, regarding "the day of his departure as one of the happiest days of his life." Weeks passed and more weeks still, and nothing was heard from him. Two months had elapsed when there came a letter dated "At the Chapel of Onnontaghe, this 25th of August and 11th of September, 1661," telling of his arrival and grand reception. When he approached Onondaga Garakontie came two leagues to meet him, perhaps near Fayetteville or a little farther north. This was an unusual honor, for it was then the custom to kindle the woodside fire about a mile from the town. It is worth while to read his own account of his welcome. For miles the Onondagas greeted him as an old, trusted and welcome friend. They were not content with one salutation, but ran on, placing themselves again by the path that they might salute him a second, third

fourth time. They made him presents, till I have wondered what he did with them. Hearing countless benedictions, seeing everywhere smiling faces, he marched gravely on between two lines of people, making his ambassadors cry. He drew near the town, almost hid from his eyes, for the houses, trees and palisades were covered with people. For a moment he stopped to return thanks to you. Making his home with Garakontie again, he fortunately found the grand council in session. He said: "It was the 12th of August that all the Ancients being called to the council by the sound of a bell, they are exhorted to lend me their ear; the cries are made everywhere, and all range themselves in the cabin where I am lodged, which is one of the largest in the town." Some French prisoners were to be sent back at once. The rest would return with Le Moyne the following year. The experience of these prisoners is interesting, but cannot be given now. Through the winter Le Moyne was at Indian Hill and in Seneca County, and reached Montreal August 31, 1662, with eighteen released prisoners and an escort of twenty Onondagas. Glad was his reception and interesting his tale. He said he would commence his account at "the little chapel of barks, which had seen marvels which do not appear in the great churches of marble and porphyry; it was not alone the asylum of three churches; let us say of eight or ten, since there are in Onnontaghe so many conquered nations."

Garakontie's grand scheme did not succeed at once. Le Moyne died November 24, 1665, and war lasted till 1666. The next year the missions were resumed with new names, that of Onondaga appearing as St. John Baptist. In 1668 Father Julien Garnier had gone there, and in two days a new chapel was built for him. Father Milet was sent to his aid, so important was the station. Thenceforth services were regularly maintained till the Onondagas removed to Butternut Creek.

I scarcely need say that the story of a colony and massacre near Jamesville in 1669 has no foundation. There was no village there till 1681, and we have continuous accounts of the missions till that time. In fact, when Father Milet celebrated Christmas on Indian Hill in 1669, the chapel was too small, and he divided his congregation, keeping Christmas with unusual dignity. He assembled the older people by a bell once

used at the lake; a smaller one called the children. No hint was there of trouble.

One of the impressive sights of Indian Hill or its vicinity was the burial of Garakontie, for many years the warm friend of Le Moyne. He then lived a mile from the chapel, possibly at the Castle, and took a severe cold while going to the midnight Mass of Christmas, 1675. It ended in pneumonia, and he died while all were praying around him. Father de Lamberville was present, and had known him long. He said he was the first to propose peace with the French, that his secret warning saved the colony, and his care delivered twenty-six French prisoners. The chief made a dying feast of adieu, and asked Lamberville to bury him in the French manner, in a coffin and without the usual articles. Also, that he would place a high cross at his grave, that it might be known as that of a Christian. All this was done, the whole nation mourning its greatest chief. After the burial Lamberville went to his own cabin, observing deep mourning for eight days, according to the custom of the land. The account is very pathetic in every way.

The Onondagas were drifting westward. The place called the Castle had twenty-four large cabins in 1677, and seems to have been a Christian colony, judging from its relics. There were soon outlying hamlets beyond. The time came when the Onondagas left the town of Pompey altogether, and I close my address with this closing scene.

Father Jean de Lamberville wrote from Onondaga August 25, 1682, that on his arrival he found the Onondagas moving to the site near Jamesville. He said, however, that their village had stood on the old site for nineteen years, making it probable that he spoke of the one at the Castle. Indian Hill had been occupied very much longer. They went to and fro in large processions, bearing their goods. Their robes, their belts of wampum, the carved or painted work of their houses, their beautiful mats and household utensils, their implements of all kinds, their stores of grain, all had to be borne on the back or carried thence by hand. It was the work of many days. At length the last load had gone, the last Indian disap-

peared, the chapel and houses were tenantless, the old fields abandoned. No man dwelt in the valley or on the hills occupied by the Onondagas for a hundred years. They sought a new home and the dead alone remained. So they said regretfully of Pompey's smiling hills and vales, now but a fair cemetery: "*Ote-queh-sa-he-eh!*" It is the field of blood—of those who are dead.

SWEET-SCENTED LEAVES.

THERE was a peaceful little breakfast taking place on the balcony overlooking Miss Devereux's flower garden. It comprised a glass of water, a dish of strawberries, a loaf of bread, a great many crumbs, a tame robin, and a very old lady.

Sarah had forgotten to bring the cream, but on principle her mistress never rang for anything that had been forgotten. "Ask for nothing, and refuse nothing," was one of the mottos which had guided her tranquil life.

So far the robin seemed to be getting the best of it: Miss Devereux sat gazing at a clump of Madonna lilies, lost in thought.

She presented a charming picture in her grey silk dress, white shawl and black mittens, with a cap of curious design, giving an original finish to the whole. Her caps were especially manufactured after a drawing done by an artist admirer in the days gone by, and it was in accordance with a promise which he had exacted that she wore those two attractive curls on either side of her face.

Of course, she knew that she was beautiful. She had always known it. How could she help it considering all that the poets had written, and the artists had painted, and the newspapers had said? and without being in the least given to vanity, she fully intended looking lovely to the end.

"Why should the Devil have all the pretty women?" as her father used to say. Miss Devereux never outgrew the habit of quoting him, and she still did things she thought he would have liked, "to please him," although he had been dead for half a century.

The growth of the trees in her garden was the only record

of the flight of time. Forty years ago she had planted that great copper beech which was now sheltering her from the hot sun. The latter part of her life had glided uneventfully away, but what memories must she not have had of a youth spent at more than one foreign court, where, as the daughter of the English Ambassador, she associated with the most distinguished and cultivated men and women of the period.

Devotion to her father was understood to have been the cause of her remaining single, but no one ever really knew the history of her heart. There were said to be royal autographs in her birthday book, and flattering inscriptions in more than one of the elegantly bound volumes on her shelf, which offered food for speculation to the curious. She herself never referred to them. Unlike most elderly people, Miss Devereux did not talk about the past. Her mind seemed to be continually occupying itself with the immediate future—which was sometimes thought to have been the secret of her having kept so young.

Just now she was meditating on the tall stems of her Madonna lilies, and wondering how many of their green buds would be fully open by the Feast of Our Lady's Humility.

She cultivated a long herbacious border expressly for the altar vase of the parish church, and spent much time and thought each week in planning out a scheme of colors and arrangement suited to the season and the Church's year.

"Next Sunday, the octave of the Most Pure Heart of Mary, we must still have white campanula and blue delphinium, with a back ground of large ferns. Then the following week," she murmured, "the Feast of the Precious Blood, I should like all scarlet lychnis and red valerian in the large vases, and crimson roses in the smaller ones, with, perhaps, a spray or two of asparagus green, here and there, to lighten the effect."

She counted over exactly how many of each would be required, mentally fixing the angle of every stem and the position of every flower, just as though she herself acted the part of sacristan, whilst, in reality, all she did was to leave her basket on Saturday afternoon at the presbytery door. The priest's housekeeper did the rest.

Those altar vases might have proved a serious trial to any one less holy. They were never arranged in the least, as Miss Devereux had planned; yet week after week, year after year,

she went on thinking them out with the same artistic taste and religious imperturbability. At the beginning she had said to herself, "It is *just so* in God's sight. He knows my intention," and during Mass she buried herself so deeply in her devotions that it is possible she never saw how the long sprays which she had taken so much trouble to pick were cut down ruthlessly to half their height, all bunched together anyhow, and crammed in tight.

Miss Harty had neither much time nor much taste, but she had once declared when help was offered, "that she did so much enjoy the altar flowers;" so it was only to be supposed she did her best. *Her* intention was also known to God. No word of criticism ever passed Miss Devereux's lips.

"Only to have the kindest, holiest thoughts" had been her aim ever since the time of her first Communion, and the tenderness of her eyes, the tranquillity of her brow, the sweetness of her whole expression, proved that the resolution had been kept. She was very happy. Her vivid and beautiful imagination had enabled her, since the change of circumstances resulting from her father's death, to make this cottage and this little walled-in garden suffice for her content.

To link the present with the past, she divided her garden into three: besides the altar flowers there was "the birthday border," and "the border for the dead." The latter was just now looking very bare, unprecedented demands having been made upon it lately, and not a single white cornflower, nor spray of sweet alyssum now remained. Only last week she had gathered them all for the grave of that courteous old gentleman, who never failed to pay his annual visit, and bend over her hand and kiss it when he went away.

Shrivelled, grizzled, tanned, aggressively upright, his tight-fitting clothes, and the cane which he habitually flourished, seemed to bespeak him of a military type. No one in Aldenham knew his exact position nor his name. The maid who opened the door used to announce "the General," and the station-master, finding that he invariably travelled first-class, named him "my lord." That he was the most faithful of Miss Devereux's ancient friends or lovers, was the impression generally received, but it amounted to nothing more than a vague impression. No one had ever heard him say, "Good-bye, dear heart," nor her, "My Paolo!" and he was known

at his club as a firm believer in platonic friendship. The romance of it all lay buried in the past. A friendship which had spread itself over sixty-seven years lay wreathed beneath the corn flowers from her garden now. The best, the truest, and the last to go, of all the inhabitants of her girlhood's world! She could not have borne it, she sometimes felt, were it not for her many friends amongst the young.

A lively interest in each successive rising generation had kept her affections continually occupied. Whether the child, or the grandchild of her original acquaintance, there was always someone whose birthday must be chronicled and anniversary kept with a graceful letter in a fine old-fashioned handwriting, accompanied by a box of flowers: *rose de neige* anemonies, yellow hose-in-hose, fair Maids of France, red bergamot, or old clove carnations, with a sprig or two of sweet-briar, or rosemary—for remembrance.

Her numerous god-children looked forward to these floral offerings from her old-world garden, and would have felt that something was wanting to complete the day without "Aunt Etheldreda's posy."

Just as no christening would have been complete without her socks. She constantly had a pair of baby socks on hand, made white and pink or white and blue, according to whether the recipient was a girl or a boy, and it was declared that no one could crochet that particular pattern except Miss Devereux.

"Patience works wonders!" she would say, when her handiwork was praised. Patience might have been taken as the key-note of her harmonious life; yet sometimes, its practicality was called in question; especially with regard to her methods of servant-training, though in the result she was nearly always proved to have been right. At the end of each year her servants never failed to obtain good situations, and with one or two exceptions, never failed to keep them.

This was the work to which Miss Devereux had set herself when she took her cottage and retired from the world; and for nearly half a century she had gone on training young girls who were sent to her from a neighboring Convent School, or found neglected by visiting Sisters in the East End of London. She invariably made friends with them, wrote to them regularly after they left her, invited them back to stay with her during their holidays, and contributed some of her own needlework towards their trousseau when they married.

It was indeed a work of charity, and one not altogether without anxiety. She called it "her harvest." "I think of them not as they are, but as they will be," she said.

Sometimes the very girls who had given her the most trouble in the beginning, turned out the most satisfactory in the end. One came back quaintly to remark, that her present mistress would so much like to make Miss Devereux's acquaintance—"she felt so grateful to her!" Another, who had married and gone to India, returned after fifteen years, with the manner and appearance of a lady, bringing her son to show him the rooms she used to sweep and the fire-places she used to clean; and the boy displayed an intimate knowledge of it all, even the coal house and the boot shed, and the steps at the awkward corner of the passage, where his mother used to stumble and drop the tray.

The constant damage done to her glass and china was perhaps the most annoying part of Miss Devereux's domestic arrangements. Her present Sarah had an unfortunate habit of balancing a crowded tray upon her knee whilst she kicked the door open, and was undeterred by more than one serious downfall. A sanguine temperament enabled her to exclaim, "that's a lucky chance!" when only two spoons, one saucer, a jugful of hot water and half a dozen lumps of sugar deposited themselves upon the floor.

"How *can* you keep your temper when china falls?" lady visitors were wont to ask.

"I resorted years ago to the expedient of a cheap and easily replaced tea-set," Miss Devereux would smilingly explain.

Sarah was perhaps the roughest and the wildest of all the East End girls whom it had ever been Miss Devereux's lot to educate, and she was subjected to much good humored chaff on her account. "Is she tamer yet?" people would inquire. "You ought to be a Christian Scientist," declared the more modern ones, "Sarah as she is: Sarah as she will be: and Sarah as I see her!" what a delightful subject for a lecture platform! However, Miss Devereux did not feel herself in the least drawn towards Christian Science. The Catholic Church, into which she had been baptized eighty-four years ago, still satisfied all her needs.

II.

"Wishing you many happy returns of your birthday. Pinch it hard, Mum, and it 'll smell delicious," said Sarah, plumping down a pot of sweet-scented geranium on the corner of the breakfast table, blue paper, dampness, and all, just as she had purchased it a few minutes previously for a penny half-penny in the market place.

For an instant her mistress was divided as to whether she should spare her servant's feelings, or the cloth: then the quickness of her hand and the sweetness of her smile saved both. "But this is extremely kind of you!" she said, "How did you know it was my birthday?"

"Please, Mum, I saw it in the almanac on your bureau—St. Etheldreda's day—and I know that was your name because when I first came I used to read your letters—before you found me out, and told me not to."

Miss Devereux's smile did not relax at the recollection of the intense curiosity which the girl had shown a month ago over her innocent correspondence. She turned towards the plant and caressed the leaves.

"But you are not pinching it, Mum?" This is how it's done."

"I do not think I should like to, thank you. I know it is very sweet. Yes, beautiful," as Sarah's none-too-clean fingers were thrust under her nose, "and I shall value it exceedingly, both for its own sake and for the kind thought which prompted you to give it to me."

She cut the bass with a pair of scissors which hung at her side, unwound the flimsy paper in which the pot was wrapped, took down a saucer from the cupboard, and placed the pot exactly in the centre of the table; whilst Sarah stood still, watching her gentle, graceful movements with admiration. She seemed to be waiting for something. At last her mistress spoke.

"Beautiful plant! Possessing that quality which of all others I most admire: the worse you are treated the sweeter you become. What a lesson that teaches! If only one could imitate so lovely an example!"

Sarah clapped her hands and stared. There was a little condescension, verging upon contempt, mixed with the affection of that stare.

"Which is just about the way you would think of it, Mum. I said to myself as I was bringing it home, 'now as sure as fate the Mistress will have one of her queer sayings about it, see if she don't.' The sweeter the worse you treat it, indeed! I'll just tell that to Jubilee Bounds and she will laugh. We have a good bit of fun together when I go out of a Sunday evening over the curious things you say."

"I am glad to think that I am able to amuse you," said Miss Devereux goodnaturedly, "but this particular remark was not intended to be funny in the least. I was thinking of those verses which I read and explained to you last night about turning the other cheek, and doing good to those who ill-use you."

"And I've been thinking of it too, Mum, and it won't wash, that's what I tell you. First class for metal and brass of all kinds, as the advertisements say, but it won't wash clothes."

Her mistress' expression denoted disapproval. There was a limit, Sarah knew, to the freedom of speech which she was allowed. She pulled herself together.

"Begging your pardon, Mum, I was forgetting myself, but I didn't intend any harm. My meaning is, it's above and beyond the likes of me. Treat me fair and I'll treat you honest has always been my motto; but if it comes to hitting take care that I don't hit the hardest."

"Christianity—" began Miss Devereux gently.

"You're not a Christian, Mum," interrupted Sarah, "I've said it to Jubilee scores of times if I've said it once, and I don't mind repeating it again: 'She's not in the least like a Christian,' says I, 'my lady's a Saint.'"

Miss Devereux fairly laughed.

"And do you not consider that a Saint must be a Christian?"

"Lor! no. Why I've associated with Christians all my life, and they aren't no different to other people—that I *can* tell you: Cheat you as soon as look at you, when they don't think they'll be found out. You take it for granted, now don't you? The biggest apples will be at the top of the sack. But a Saint—well, a Saint—"

"Yes, do tell me. I should like to hear your definition of a Saint."

Sarah gazed out on to the garden, collecting her thoughts before framing them in words.

"A Saint is a Christian what acts as a Christian—that's what a Saint is." And without waiting for further argument she bounced away.

"My little Saint! Possessing all the qualities of a Christian," murmured Miss Devereux, smiling affectionately at her birthday present, "You testify to the goodness of Sarah's heart!" Yet she admitted to herself that Sarah was a little difficult to manage, her ideas and principles being unorthodox in the extreme. It was believed that in her infancy she had received the grace of Catholic baptism, but between that date and the time when the Sisters found her selling matches in the street, she had been given no religious instruction. It was to be expected, therefore, reasoned her mistress, that she would not settle down all of a sudden. Mass she would not attend; the catechism she declined to learn; the New Testament she openly criticized. Nevertheless Miss Devereux persevered with her evening readings, and prayed continually for Sarah, the prayers which she herself refused to pray.

"We must have patience," she said, when after three months Father Harbord remarked that the improvement was not yet visible. Sarah's manner towards him left much to be desired, and a friendship between her and his "highly respectable" housekeeper, which both he and Miss Devereux did much to encourage, failed to ripen. She preferred instead the rather vulgar, overdressed young person who served in the green grocer's shop. It was a pity, but Miss Devereux never doubted that her taste in friends would advance with her general education, and found numerous opportunities of sending her with notes and messages to the presbytery.

At the end of six months Miss Harty and Sarah began to find that they really had things in common. Sarah was to be seen regularly at Mass and Benediction, and something was even said about her preparing for her first confession—Miss Devereux was very thankful and very pleased.

Then a most unfortunate thing happened. The widowed charwoman who regularly came to scrub on Saturdays was always a little given to gossip, and had to be discharged. Sarah sometimes thought her mistress might have taken more interest in local matters; she never even noticed what people wore as they were passing the window, she did not care in the least to know who was having a fowl for dinner, and a tele-

graph boy might knock at the door of the house opposite half a dozen times in the morning without exciting her curiosity.

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Jones, "a little news passed around does anybody any harm."

"Much you'd care if it did!" said Sarah bluntly. She had no faith in Mrs. Jones.

"Could you work to-morrow at the presbytery?" asked Miss Devereux, coming into the kitchen, "Father Harbord has sent to say that his housekeeper is going to spend the day at home."

"Oh! then you've heard it, too!" cried Mrs. Jones.

"Heard what?"

"That when Jane Harty went back last night she found her mother dead drunk on the kitchen floor."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Miss Devereux. "Oh! but I feel sure it is not true. I have always understood that Mrs. Harty is a most respectable woman. You must have been misinformed. I think Father Harbord mentioned that she was not quite well."

This was all that was said at the time, but to her neighbors in Meeting Alley the charwoman repeated the conversation according to her light: "Miss Devereux says it's a terrible thing for poor Jane Harty the way her mother drinks;" and one or two of her hearers took the earliest opportunity of telling the housekeeper. Miss Harty was furious. Of course she informed Father Harbord, and he, already overworked, worried, ill, yet full of zeal, new to his parish, and anxious for an atmosphere of charity and peace, preached a sermon on the Eighth Commandment, which gave rise to much comment among the congregation.

"What does it all mean?" they asked. "Father Harbord has not been known to speak so strongly before."

His housekeeper, on the contrary, did not consider that the sermon was half forcible enough, and so she took upon herself to attack Miss Devereux as she was leaving the Church: "How did you *dare* say that my mother drank?"

"But I never did!"

"Then how could Mrs. Jones have known it if you hadn't told her?"

"That I cannot say."

"No! I should think not, indeed!" screamed out Miss

Harty to the little crowd that had gathered round; whilst old Miss Devereux hastily withdrew. In speaking the truth she felt that she had paid her tribute to justice, in leaving the excited housekeeper triumphant she paid her tribute to humility. The very idea of standing her ground and arguing the matter out would have appeared to her impossible.

It was on Sarah's account that she most regretted what had occurred. For her own consolation she could take refuge in the Penitential Psalms, and although she was not able to discover exactly where her fault lay, she felt convinced that she must have been to blame in some way for making every one so angry.

From thence forward the disapprobation of the congregation was very marked. At the weekly meetings of the Altar Society, held at the Convent, the other ladies looked daggers when she appeared upon the scene, and the presence of the nun, alone, restrained them. They spoke in whispers about "poor Miss Harty, who was so terribly upset."

"Mother takes on something awful about Miss Devereux giving out she was a regular drunkard," the housekeeper declared. "And if she does take a drop of gin now and again to keep her heart up Miss Devereux will have herself to thank for it."

"How you can go to Church, Mum, along of all them cats, and the Priest no better than the rest, beats me!" said Sarah, "I'd never put my foot inside their door again; and I'd say something about old Mother Harty that *would* make her sit up,—if it was me."

"Then, fortunately, it is not you," replied Miss Devereux smiling, but the tears were not far off. She felt this affair very keenly: that every one should believe her capable of having set on foot a hideous slander; she, the gentlest, most tender-hearted of women, who never even indulged an unkind thought. She was often discovered by Sarah bending over the birthday geranium.

"I cannot tell you how much you have helped me," she said one day, "in giving me this lovely plant for an example. I am trying to be like one of its sweet-scented leaves."

"You're too good for this world!" said Sarah, "they can't understand you—that's what it is. There's never all this fuss kicked up about the people who are always gossiping. If

you'd only just give them a piece of your mind all round, that would soon bring them back to their senses."

But even as she spoke Sarah knew that that was not her mistress's way. She still took flowers, her very best, each Saturday to the presbytery; she still employed Mrs. Jones, though in the capacity of laundress now instead of charwoman, out of deference to Sarah's feelings, and she opened the back door herself every Friday evening and took the clean clothes in with a kind word and a smile.

"I'd slam the door in her face, if it was me," said Sarah, "that's what *she* deserves."

Of the manner in which Miss Harty shut the presbytery door, never a word was said.

The saddest of Miss Devereux's trials was when a proud young mother refused her offer of some baby socks. Sarah saw her crying bitterly over the silver paper parcel on her return, and many people observed tears running down her cheeks during the Baptismal ceremony. This was the first baby for generations that had not worn her socks!

"How have I made so many enemies?" she sobbed.

Yet there remained spiritual gifts; if she was not to be allowed during her last remaining days to do kind actions for her neighbors, she could at any rate re-double her prayers.

Father Harbord noticed the greater frequency of her visits to the Church, and he also noticed that Sarah was now absenting herself altogether.

"I am afraid," he remarked, "that this unfortunate affair is having a prejudicial effect upon her mind." And the severity of his manner gave Miss Devereux the impression that he believed her guilty. Perhaps he did, having heard a hundred times his housekeeper's accusations, and never once Miss Devereux's defence.

Great was his surprise when, a few weeks later, Sarah came to him, in the humblest manner, to ask to be received into the Church. Her ready answers to his questions convinced him that she was already well instructed.

"Are you doing this to please your mistress?" he asked.

"No, Father, she doesn't know anything at all about it."

"Is it in consequence of anything that she has said?"

"Nothing she has said. It's what she's *not* said."

The priest looked puzzled, and Sarah's newly acquired manner deserted her.

"All this tom-foolery about Jane Harty's mother," she said, relapsing into the language of the past. "Set of old cats, that's what I call them. Of course Mother Harty drinks—drinks like a fish, and always has done, and everybody except Miss Devereux knows it."

Father Harbord seemed incredulous.

"No, she doesn't know it *yet!* and wouldn't believe it if you told her it was Gospel—she's that innocent."

"But what has this to do with your desire to be a Catholic?"

"Why the way she takes it, to be sure! Turning the other cheek, and all that sort of thing used to seem to be nothing but *cant* before; I didn't believe any human being would be able to carry it out when it came to the point; and here I see her day after day as sweet and meek under it all! I feel that *is* religion, and I want to be like her. She can't live much longer, and I'd give the world to go where she does when I die."

The Priest had turned away so that Sarah might not see his face, and she continued: "There's a book of hers called 'The Devout Life' beside her bed, and I've read that chapter on *Patience* times out of mind. Lately her marker's been always there, and her tear drops have pretty well spoiled the pages,—from *one* point of view. To my way of thinking it would read like tommy-rot if it *wasn't* her book. Do you see?"

Father Harbord inclined his head.

"She writes down anything that strikes her extra particularly in a sort of diary, and I read them over when I'm dusting (that isn't like reading her letters, is it? she told me I mustn't do that), and yesterday I found she'd written: 'I did not come into this world for nothing. Some one shall love God more for my having been created.' Then there's her Christmas cards, that she's making a collection of, for all the people who've been blackguarding her. Not that I understand exactly what they are, myself, but the paintings round are beautiful, and it's something to do with her going to Church so often."

"I think I will come back with you at once, and see your mistress," said Father Harbord, going to fetch his hat.

Miss Devereux was not in her sitting room when he en-

tered, and he spent the time of waiting, whilst Sarah found her, in looking round the room. Everything struck him to-day in a different light: the frilled muslin curtains, the pink and white cretonne, the open piano, the vases of chrysanthemums, the bullfinch singing in the window. There was an atmosphere of refinement and industry about it all quite incompatible with a gossiping mind.

He moved towards the centre table where a dozen newly addressed envelopes had been spread out to dry. The writer had evidently been called away suddenly: in all probability some one had come to the back door asking for help and sympathy. Twelve beautifully illuminated cards lay beside the envelopes. Father Harbord was not a judge of art, but he understood the spiritual offerings notified by those words and numbers.

"3 Communions.

"6 Masses.

"12 Rosaries.

"100 Veni Creators.

"50 Litanies," he read on each.

Then his own name caught his eye. He looked closer. Yes, one of the cards and one of the envelopes was addressed to him. Amongst the other names he noticed, Miss Harty, Mrs. Harty, Mrs. Jones, the baby's mother, Sarah, and all the ladies of the Altar Society.

One smaller card, without an envelope, also attracted his attention; it struck him as being more prettily decorated than any of the others; there were butterflies and flowers all round the edge, like that old book of Memling's, which he had once seen in the Doge's palace in Venice.

"For poor little Baby Sock-less," was the inscription on the back.

He was still holding it in his hand when Miss Devereux came in.

The color mounted to her face.

"Oh! I was not going to really post them," she said, collecting the envelopes and putting them away into a drawer.

"Then I must beseech you not to deprive so many people of so great a happiness."

She half opened the drawers again, and hesitated.

"You see, I am not sure," she said, "how they would be received."

"I think I can answer for that if you will allow me to deliver them personally."

"Oh Father! would you? could you?"

"All except this," replied he smiling, still holding the baby's card. "And I am going to ask you to entrust me with it until she is old enough to understand."

Of course Miss Devereux gratefully consented, and the thought flashed upon both their minds that long before the child could understand, her benefactress would have passed away. Nevertheless, Father Harbord resolved that every detail of the beautiful old lady's appearance and manner should be described to her and held up as an example. With this intent he studied her carefully as she turned to gather some geranium leaves; and though he did not understand the meaning of her action he noticed the happy smile with which she placed one in each envelope before finally closing it.

Only Sarah understood the significance of those sweet-scented leaves.

VIOLET BULLOCK-WEBSTER.



THE MISSIONS.

THE YELLOWING HARVEST.

"Behold I say to you: Lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest."—St. John iv. 35.

So the civilized nations evidently think in their own sense. The whole earth is parcelled out for trade or occupation, with little thought of the spreading of Christianity. So the Church thinks, too, in the sense of the Divine Master; and hence her mission outposts are being pushed forward everywhere. Still it is the age-old story: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." (St. Matth. ix. 37). No wonder that the Lord of the harvest, "seeing the multitudes, had compassion on them, because they were distressed, and lying like sheep that have no shepherd." An awful responsibility lies on all Christian people. The spreading of the revelation of God and the divinely appointed means of salvation is, as we may say it necessarily was, confided to them. If the unfortunate division of Christendom had not happened in the sixteenth century, the

Gospel would have been now announced, in all likelihood, over the whole world, which the great Catholic discoverers were then opening up. Catholic Spain alone, in a wonderfully short space of time, spread Christianity over half the globe.

For a hundred years now, the Catholic missions, almost entirely destroyed in the eighteenth century, have been developing everywhere. And the increase in the Church's members, resources, and influence, has been so great, that, although thwarted on every side by heretical endeavor, she can put forth much of her ancient strength. Heretical sects have overrun a great part of the world at the present moment. Their story is the powerless one of a Christianity disrupted into dust by the individual whim of each one. They are not divinely sent; and hence, notwithstanding their enormous resources, their success is little.

The opening up of the world's dark pagan *hinterlands* by the civilized nations, for their own purposes, offers new opportunities for the communication of the Gospel message and means of salvation. The formerly measureless distances are now passed over in pleasure trips; no land is now hidden; no language quite unknown. Hence it is a time to inspire every Catholic heart to implore "the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers."—(St. Matth. ix. 38). "Thrust in the sickle and reap, because the hour is come to reap, for the harvest of the earth is ripe."—(Apoc. xiv. 15).

POPE PIUS X. AND THE BLACKS.

Impelled by the opportunities now offered of coming to the spiritual as well as temporal assistance of the poor African blacks, Pope Pius has lately commended by an Apostolic Brief the great Sodality of St. Peter Claver, created for the purpose of spreading the Gospel light amongst the Africans, and of saving them from the diabolical tyranny of the Mahometan Arabs. Chief amongst the sodalities formed to aid the negroes, says Pope Pius, is this of St. Peter Claver, presided over by Countess Maria Teresa Ledochowska. He appoints as its heavenly patrons the Blessed Mother of Good Counsel and the Apostle of the negroes, St. Peter Claver; while the festival of these patrons is raised to the dignity of *major double rite* for the Sodality everywhere. St. Peter Claver is said to have baptized a third of a million of African slaves with his

own hand. The love which he had for these poor abandoned creatures, his care to provide them with food and medicine as well as the means of eternal life, is known to everybody.

BISHOP VAUGHAN TO CARDINAL GIBBONS ON AMERICAN MISSIONARIES.

(Written on the occasion of our Catholic Centennial.)

“ Had it been my good fortune to have been with the American Bishops upon the occasion of your Centennial, there is one thought above all others that I should have striven to give utterance to. I know you would have pardoned me, for I know that the American people welcome the expression of all thoughts, of all projects, that are intended to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind.

“ That thought presses so forcibly upon me that I make bold to declare it to your Eminence, and to submit it, for what it may be worth, to my venerable colleagues in the episcopate. You are contemplating your first centenary of existence as a Church. You are passing out of infancy and are beginning to exhibit the gigantic powers and energies which seem to be the birthright of your northern continent. Hitherto you have been occupied and engrossed with gathering together and ministering to the emigrants who all through this century have been landing upon your shores, not only in units and tens and twenties, but, as it were, in flights and flocks, which have in turn scattered themselves over your vast States. Your attention has also been given to the Indian and the Negro. You have not, indeed, compassed your aim or wholly achieved your mission to the American continent; but your public records and statistics prove, your Eminence’s recent pastoral letter demonstrates, how well you are on your way; how wonderfully God has blessed your endeavors; how zealous and enterprising have been the bishops and the priests; how responsive, how generous, how filled with the sentiments of faith and charity have been your people. Never, unless, indeed, it were in the opening of the Irish Church after the preaching of St. Patrick, has there been so rapid and exuberant a growth as that of the American Church.

“ And now, in the presence and commemoration of these facts, what is the thought that emboldens me? It is covered

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